

Edward THE Broderick
WORKS,
Mary IN Dray—
VERSE AND PROSE,
OF *Joniles*
WILLIAM SHENSTONE, Esq;
K
IN TWO VOLUMES.

—“His ego longos
“Cantando puerum memini me condere foles.” *Virg.*

VOLUME FIRST.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

MR SHENSTONE was of that class of men of letters, to whom the character of Author is adventitious and secondary: without professedly assuming the function of public writers, their compositions, the spontaneous effusions of genius and taste, have originally no further aim than their own pleasure, and the amusement of their select friends. Their productions are of consequence characteristic, and strongly tinged with the temper and predominant humours of the author, and hold up to the intelligent reader, as in a mirror, the image of the author's mind. They are at the same time interesting, as coming from the heart, and conveying its emotions in a natural and affecting manner.

A GREAT part of the poetical works of Mr SHENSTONE, are (as he himself expresses it) "The exact transcripts of the situation of his own mind;" the offspring of an elegant genius and a feeling heart, begot in literary leisure, and rural retirement. They are replete with strokes of nature and passion, which his situation and

Feelings at the time seem naturally to have inspired; and abound in frequent allusions to the beautiful scene of his retirement from the world. Exclusively therefore of our curiosity to be acquainted with the history of an author whose works we peruse with pleasure, some short account of Mr SHENSTONE's personal character, and situation in life, may not only be agreeable, but necessary, to the reader; as it is impossible he should enter into the true spirit of his writings, if he is entirely ignorant of those circumstances of his life, which sometimes so greatly influenced his reflections.

MR SHENSTONE was the eldest son of a plain country gentleman in Shropshire, who farmed his own estate. The father, sensible of his son's extraordinary capacity, resolved to bestow upon him a learned education, and sent him a commoner to Pembroke College in Oxford, designing him for the church; but though he entertained the most reverend notions of the Divinity and his attributes, he never could be persuaded to enter into orders. In his private opinions he adhered to no particular sect, and hated all religious disputes. But whatever were his own sentiments, he always shewed great tenderness to those from whom he differed. Tenderness, indeed, in every sense of the word, was his pecu-

liar characteristic; his friends, his domestics, his poor neighbours, all daily experienced his benevolent turn of mind. Indeed, this virtue in him was often carried to such excess, that it sometimes bordered upon weakness; yet if he was convinced that any of those ranked amongst the number of his friends, had treated him ungenerously, he was not easily reconciled. He used a maxim, however, on such occasions, which is worthy of being observed and imitated; "I never (said he) will be a revengeful enemy; but I cannot, it is not in my nature, to be half a friend." He was of an unsuspicious temper; but if suspicion was once awakened in him, it was not laid asleep again without difficulty.

As to his political principles, he seems to have been a stranger to party-zeal on whatever side. He heartily loved and honoured his country: and his writings breathe that free and independent spirit which the tenor of his studies, no less than his temper, tended to inspire. In short, he seems to have been an English country gentleman of the plain old stamp.

He was no oeconomist; the generosity of his temper, and the elegance of his taste, prevented him from paying a proper regard to the use of money; his fortune was ill suited to his heart. Hence we

and him sometimes pouring forth a desponding, querulous strain, complaining of those narrow circumstances which stinted his bounty, and checked his love of art. Indeed he exceeded the bounds of his paternal fortune, which before he died was considerably encumbered. But when one recollects the perfect paradise he had raised around him, the hospitality with which he lived, his great indulgence to his servants, his charities to the indigent, and all done with an estate not more than three hundred pounds a-year, one should rather be led to wonder that he left any thing behind him, than to blame his want of oeconomy. He left however more than sufficient to pay all his debts; and by his will appropriated his whole estate for that purpose.

It was probably from some considerations on the narrowness of his fortune, that he forbore to marry; for he was no enemy to wedlock, had a high opinion of many among the fair sex, was fond of their society, and no stranger to the tenderest impressions. One, which he received in his youth, was with difficulty surmounted. The lady was the subject of that sweet pastoral, in four parts, which has been so universally admired; and which, one would have thought, must have subdued the loftiest heart, and softened the most obdurate.

HIS person, as to height, was above the middle stature, but largely, and rather inelegantly formed; his face seemed plain till you conversed with him, and then it grew very pleasing. In his dress he was negligent, even to a fault; though when young, at the University, he was accounted a Beau. He wore his own hair, which was quite grey very early, in a manner somewhat particular; not from any affectation of singularity, but from a maxim he had laid down, that, without too slavish a regard to fashion, every one should dress in a manner most suitable to his own person and figure. Among the shades in his character may perhaps be reckoned, a fondness for knick-knacks, and a passion for *vertu*: an innocent foible, which he sometimes betrays in his writings, and sometimes agreeably rallies in himself. In short, his faults were only little blemishes, thrown in by Nature, as it were on purpose to prevent him from rising too much above that level of imperfection allotted to humanity.

HIS character, as a writer, will be distinguished by simplicity with elegance, and genius with correctness. And though he seems to have possessed a sublimity equal to higher attempts; yet, from the indolence of his temper, he chose rather to amuse himself in culling flowers at the foot of the mount, than to take the trouble of climbing

the more arduous steep of Parnassus. But whenever he was disposed to rise, his steps, though natural, were noble, and always well supported. In the tenderness of elegiac poetry he hath not been excelled; in the simplicity of pastoral, one may venture to say he had very few equals. Of great sensibility himself, he never failed to engage the hearts of his readers: and, amidst the nicest attention to the harmony of his numbers, he was always careful to express with propriety the sentiments of an elegant mind. In all his writings, his greatest difficulty was to please himself. In one of his letters, speaking of his love-songs, he says, "Some were written on occasions a good deal imaginary, others not so; and the reason there are so many is, that I wanted to write ONE good song, and could never please myself." It was this diffidence which occasioned him to throw aside many of his pieces before he had bestowed upon them his last touches: the Editor hath suppressed several on this account; but though he was afraid of inserting what might injure the character of the author, yet, as the sketches of a great master are always valuable, he was unwilling the public should lose any thing material of so accomplished a writer. In this dilemma it will easily be conceived, that the task he had to perform would become somewhat difficult. How he has acquitted himself, the public must judge.

Nothing, however, except what our Poet had already published, has been admitted without the advice of his most judicious friends, nothing altered, without their particular concurrence. It is impossible to please every taste; but 'tis hoped that no reader will be so unreasonable, as to imagine that the author wrote solely for his amusement: his talents were various; and though it may perhaps be allowed that his excellence chiefly appeared in subjects of tenderness and simplicity, yet he frequently condescended to trifle with those of humour and drollery: these, indeed, he himself in some measure degraded by the title which he gave them of *LEVITIES*; but had they been entirely rejected, the public would have been deprived of some *JEUX D'ESPRITS*, excellent in their kind, and Mr SHENSTONE's character, as a writer, would have been but imperfectly exhibited.

BUT the talents of Mr SHENSTONE were not confined merely to poetry; his character, as a man of judgment and penetration, will best appear from his prose works. It is there we must search for the acuteness of his understanding, and his profound knowledge of the human heart. It is to be regretted indeed, that some things are here unfinished, and can be regarded only as fragments: many are left as single thoughts, but

which, like the sparks of diamonds, shew the richness of the mine from which they came; or, like the foot of a Hercules, discover the uncommon strength, and extraordinary dimensions of that hero. I have no apprehension of incurring blame from any one, for preserving these valuable remains: they contain many veins of thought uncommon and new: they will discover to every reader, the author's sentiments on several important subjects. And there can be very few, to whom they will not impart many thoughts, which they would never perhaps have been able to draw from the source of their own reflections.

ELEGIES,

WRITTEN ON

Many different OCCASIONS.

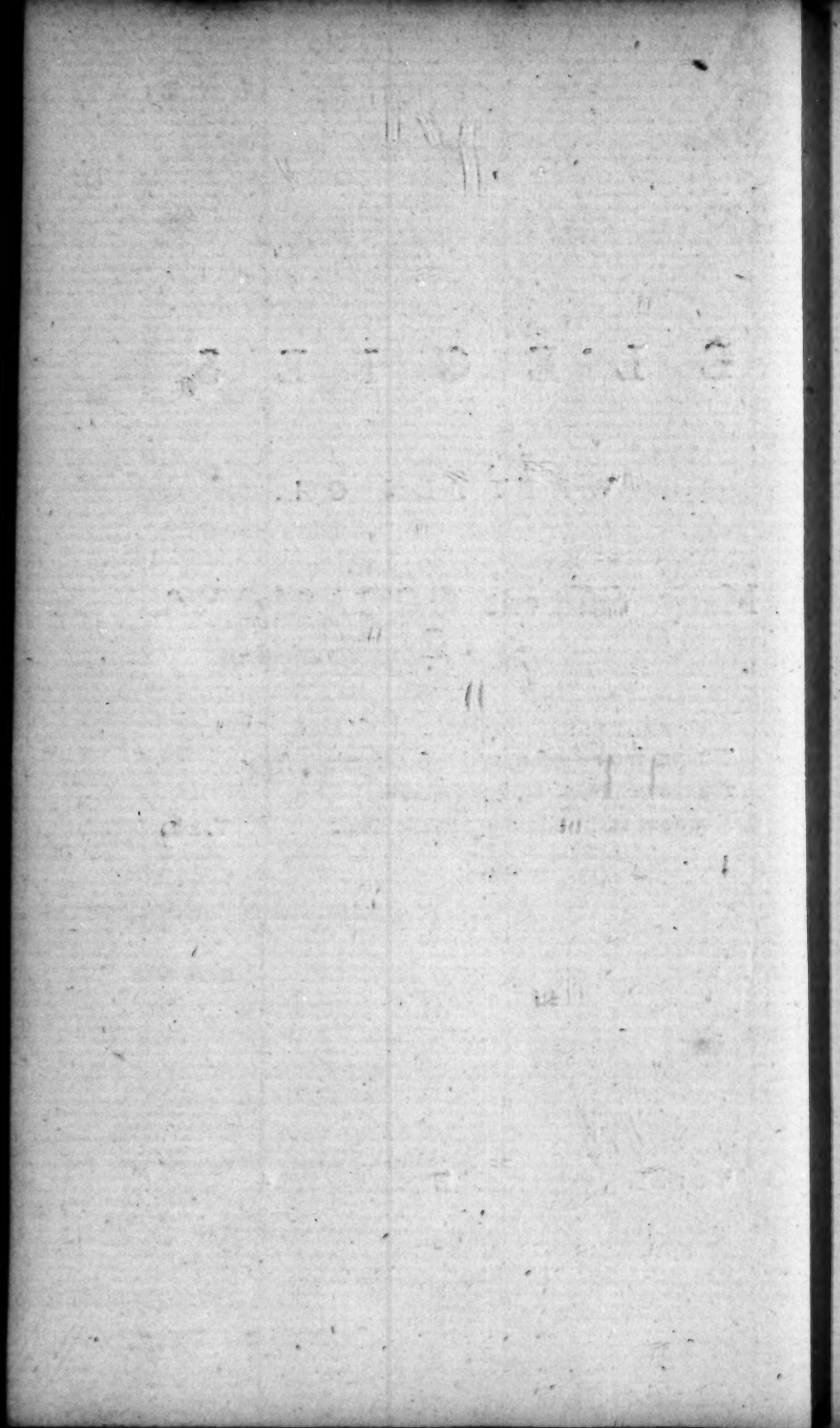
Tantum inter densas, umbrosa cacumina, fagos
Assidue veniebat; ibi hæc incondita, solus,
Montibus et silvis studio jactabat inani.

VERG.

VOL. I.

B

†



PREFATORY ESSAY

O N

E L E G Y.

IT is observable, that discourses prefixed to poetry are contrived very frequently to inculcate such tenets as may exhibit the performance to the greatest advantage. The fabric is very commonly raised, in the first place, and the measures by which we are to judge of its merit are afterwards adjusted.

There have been few rules given us by the critics concerning the structure of elegiac poetry; and far be it from the author of the following trifles to dignify his own opinions with that denomination. He would only intimate the great variety of subjects, and the different * styles in which the writers of Elegy have hitherto indulged themselves, and endeavour to shield the following ones by the latitude of their example.

If we consider the etymology of the † word, the epithet which ‡ Horace gives it, or the confession which || Ovid makes concerning it, I think we may conclude thus much however, that Elegy, in its true

* This essay was written near twenty years ago.

† ε-λεγε-ιν, a particulam dolendi.

‡ Miserabilis elegos.

|| Hec nimis ex vero nunc tibi nomen erit.

Ovid. de morte Tibulli.

and genuine acceptance, includes a tender and querulous idea ; that it looks upon this as its peculiar characteristic, and, so long as this is thoroughly sustained, admits of a variety of subjects, which, by its manner of treating them, it renders its own. It throws its melancholy stole over pretty different objects, which, like the dresses at a funeral-procession, gives them all a kind of solemn and uniform appearance.

It is probable that Elegies were written at first upon the death of intimate friends and near relations ; celebrated beauties, or favourite mistresses ; beneficent governors, and illustrious men : One may add perhaps, of all those who are placed by Virgil in the laurel grove of his Elysium, (*Vide* Hurde's dissertation on Horace's Epistles),

Quique sui memores alios fecere merendo.

After these subjects were sufficiently exhausted, and the severity of fate displayed in the most affecting instances, the poets sought occasion to vary their complaints ; and the next tender species of sorrow that presented itself, was the grief of absent or neglected lovers. And this indulgence might be indeed allowed them ; but with this they were not contented. They had obtained a small corner in the province of love, and they took advantage from thence to over-run the whole territory. They sung its spoils, triumphs, ovations, and rejoicings *, as well as the captivity and exequies that attended it. They gave the name of Elegy to their pleasantries as well as lamentations, till at last, through their abundant fondness for the myrtle, they forgot that the cypress was their peculiar garland.

* Dicite Io Paean, et Io bis dicite Paean.

Ovid.

In this it is probable they deviated from the original design of Elegy; and it should seem, that any kind of subjects treated in such a manner as to diffuse a pleasing melancholy, might far better deserve the name, than the facetious mirth and libertine festivity of the successful votaries of love.

But, not to dwell too long upon an opinion which may seem perhaps introduced to favour the following performance, it may not be improper to examine into the use and end of Elegy. The most important end of all poetry is to encourage virtue. Epic and Tragedy chiefly recommend the public virtues; Elegy is of a species which illustrates and endears the private. There is a truly virtuous pleasure connected with many pensive contemplations, which it is the province and excellency of Elegy to enforce. This, by presenting suitable ideas, has discovered sweets in melancholy which we could not find in mirth; and has led us with success to the dusty urn, when we could draw no pleasure from the sparkling bowl. As Pastoral conveys an idea of simplicity and innocence, it is, in particular, the task and merit of Elegy to shew the innocence and simplicity of rural life to advantage; and that in a way distinct from Pastoral, as much as the plain but judicious landlord may be imagined to surpass his tenant both in dignity and understanding. It should also tend to elevate the more tranquil virtues of humility, disinterestedness, simplicity, and innocence; but then there is a degree of elegance and refinement no way inconsistent with these rural virtues; and that raises Elegy above that *merum rus*, that unpolished rusticity, which has given our Pastoral-writers their highest reputation.

Wealth and splendor will never want their proper weight: the danger is, lest they should too much

preponderate. A kind of poetry, therefore, which throws its chief influence into the other scale, that magnifies the sweets of liberty and independence, that endears the honest delights of love and friendship, that celebrates the glory of a good name after death, that ridicules the futile arrogance of birth, that recommends the innocent amusement of letters, and insensibly prepares the mind for that humanity it inculcates, such a kind of poetry may chance to please; and if it please, should seem to be of service.

As to the style of Elegy, it may be well enough determined from what has gone before. It should imitate the voice and language of grief; or, if a metaphor of dress be more agreeable, it should be simple and diffuse, and flowing as a mourner's veil. A versification therefore is desirable, which, by indulging a free and unconstrained expression, may admit of that simplicity which Elegy requires.

Heroic metre, with alternate rhyme, seems well enough adapted to this species of poetry; and however exceptionable, upon other occasions, its inconveniencies appear to lose their weight in shorter Elegies; and its advantages seem to acquire an additional importance. The world has an admirable example of its beauty in a collection of Elegies * not long since published; the product of a gentleman of the most exact taste, and whose untimely death merits all the tears that Elegy can shed.

It is not impossible that some may think this metre too lax and prosaic: Others, that even a more dissolute variety of numbers may have superior advantages. And in favour of these last, might be produced the example of Milton in his Lycidas, together

* N. B. This preface was written near twenty years ago.

with one or two recent and beautiful imitations of his versification in that monody. But this kind of argument, I am apt to think, must prove too much; since the writers I have in view seem capable enough of recommending any metre they shall chuse; tho' it must be owned also, that the choice they make of any, is at the same time the strongest presumption in its favour.

Perhaps it may be no great difficulty to compromise the dispute. There is no one kind of metre that is distinguished by rhymes, but is liable to some objection or other. Heroic verse, where every second line is terminated by a rhyme, (with which the judgment requires that the sense should in some measure also terminate), is apt to render the expression either scanty or constrained. And this is sometimes observable in the writings of a poet lately deceased; though I believe no one ever threw so much sense together with so much ease into a couplet as Mr Pope. But as an air of constraint too often accompanies this metre, it seems by no means proper for a writer of Elegy.

The previous rhyme in Milton's *Lycidas* is very frequently placed at such a distance from the following, that it is often dropt by the memory (much better employed in attending to the sentiment) before it be brought to join its partner: And this seems to be the greatest objection to that kind of versification. But then the peculiar ease and variety it admits of, are no doubt sufficient to overbalance the objection, and to give it the preference to any other, in an Elegy of length.

The chief exception to which stanza, of all kinds, is liable, is, that it breaks the sense too regularly, when it is continued through a long poem. And this may be perhaps the fault of Mr Waller's excel-

lent panegyric. But if this fault be less discernible in smaller compositions, as I suppose it is, I flatter myself, that the advantages I have before mentioned resulting from alternate rhyme, (with which stanza is, I think, connected), may, at least, in shorter Elegies, be allowed to outweigh its imperfections.

I shall say but little of the different kinds of Elegy. The melancholy of a lover is different, no doubt, from what we feel on other mixed occasions. The mind in which love and grief at once predominate, is softened to an excess. Love-elegy, therefore, is more negligent of order and design, and, being addressed chiefly to the ladies, requires little more than tenderness and perspicuity. Elegies that are formed upon promiscuous incidents, and addressed to the world in general, inculcate some sort of moral, and admit a different degree of reasoning, thought, and order.

The author of the following Elegies entered on his subjects occasionally, as particular incidents in life suggested, or dispositions of mind recommended them to his choice. If he describes a rural landscape, or unfolds the train of sentiments it inspired, he fairly drew his picture from the spot, and felt very sensibly the affection he communicates. If he speaks of his humble shed, his flocks and his fleeces, he does not counterfeit the scene; who having (whether through choice or necessity, is not material) retired betimes to country solitudes, and sought his happiness in rural employments, has a right to consider himself as a real shepherd. The flocks, the meadows, and the grottos, are his own, and the embellishment of his farm his sole amusement. As the sentiments therefore were inspired by nature, and that in the earlier part of his life, he hopes they will retain a natural appearance; diffusing at

ONE ELEGY.

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least some part of that amusement, which he freely acknowledges he received from the composition of them.

There will appear perhaps a real inconsistency in the moral tenor of the several Elegies; and the subsequent ones may sometimes seem a recantation of the preceding. The reader will scarcely impute this to oversight; but will allow, that mens opinions, as well as tempers, vary; that neither public nor private, active nor speculative life, are unexceptionably happy; and, consequently, that any change of opinion concerning them may afford an additional beauty to poetry, as it gives us a more striking representation of life.

If the author has hazarded throughout the use of English and modern allusions, he hopes it will not be imputed to an entire ignorance, or to the least disesteem of the ancient learning. He has kept the ancient plan and method in his eye, though he builds his edifice with the materials of his own nation. In other words, through a fondness for his native country, he has made use of the flowers it produced, though, in order to exhibit them to the greater advantage, he has endeavoured to weave his garland by the best model he could find; with what success, beyond his own amusement, must be left to judges less partial to him than either his acquaintance or his friends.—If any of those should be so candid as to approve the variety of subjects he has chosen, and the tenderness of sentiment he has endeavoured to impress, he begs the metre also may not be too suddenly condemned. The public ear, habituated of late to a quicker measure, may perhaps consider this as heavy and languid; but an objection of that kind may gradually lose its force, if

20 A PREFATORY ESSAY, &c.

this measure should be allowed to suit the nature of Elegy.

If should happen to be considered as an objection with others, that there is too much of a moral cast diffused thro' the whole; it is replied, that he endeavoured to animate the poetry so far as not to render this objection too obvious, or to risk excluding the fashionable reader; at the same time never deviating from a fixed principle, that poetry without morality is but the blossom of a fruit-tree. Poetry is indeed like that species of plants which may bear at once both fruits and blossoms; and the tree is by no means in perfection without the former, however it may be embellished by the flowers which surround it.

E L E G Y I.

He arrives at his retirement in the country,
and takes occasion to expatiate in praise
of simplicity. To a friend.

FOR rural virtues, and for native skies,
I bade Augusta's venal sons farewell?
Now, 'mid the trees, I see my smoke arise,
Now hear the fountains bubbling round my cell.

O may that genius which secures my rest,
Preserve this villa for a friend that's dear!
Ne'er may my vintage glad the sordid breast!
Ne'er tinge the lip that dares be unsincere!

Far from these paths, ye faithless friends, depart!
Fly my plain board, and dread my hostile name!
Hence! the faint verse that flows not from the heart,
But mourns in labour'd strains the price of fame!

O lov'd simplicity! be thine the prize!
Assiduous art correct her page in vain!
His be the palm, who, guiltless of disguise,
Contemns the pow'r, the dull resource to feign!

Still may the mourner, lavish of his tears
For lucre's venal meed, invite my scorn!
Still may the bard dissembling doubts and fears,
For praise, for flatt'ry sighing, sigh forlorn!

Soft as the line of love-sick Hammond flows,
'Twas his fond heart effus'd the melting theme:
Ah! never could Aonia's hill disclose
So fair a fountain, or so lov'd a stream.

Ye loveless bards! intent with artful pains
 To form a sigh, or to contrive a tear!
 Forego your Pindus, and on ——'s plains
 Survey Camilla's charms, and grow sincere.

But thou, my friend! while in thy youthful soul
 Love's gentle tyrant seats his awful throne,
 Write from thy bosom—let not art controul
 The ready pen that makes his edicts known.

Pleasing when youth is long expir'd, to trace
 The forms our pencil or our pen design'd!
 "Such was our youthful air, and shape, and face!"
 "Such the soft image of our youthful mind!"

Soft whilst we sleep beneath the rural bow'rs,
 The Loves and Graces steal unseen away;
 And where the turf diffus'd its pomp of flow'rs,
 We wake to wint'ry scenes of chill decay!

Curse the sad fortune that detains thy fair;
 Praise the soft hours that gave thee to her arms;
 Paint thy proud scorn of ev'ry vulgar care,
 When hope exalts thee, or when doubt alarms.

Where with Oenone thou hast worn the day
 Near fount or stream, in meditation rove;
 If in the grove Oenone lov'd to stray,
 The faithful muse shall meet thee in the grove.

E L E G Y II.

On posthumous reputation. To a friend.

O GRIEF of griefs! that Envy's frantic ire
 Should rob the living virtue of its praise!
 O foolish Muses! that with zeal aspire
 To deck the cold insensate shrine with bays!

When the free spirit quits her humble frame,
To tread the skies with radiant garlands crown'd,
Say, will she hear the distant voice of Fame?
Or hearing, fancy sweetness in the sound?

Perhaps ev'n Genius pours a slighted lay;
Perhaps ev'n Friendship sheds a fruitless tear;
Ev'n Lyttleton but vainly trims the bay,
And fondly graces Hammond's mournful bier.

Tho' weeping virgins haunt his favour'd urn,
Renew their chaplets, and repeat their sighs;
Tho' near his tomb Sabzan odours burn,
The loit'ring fragrance will it reach the skies?

No, should his Delia votive wreaths prepare,
Delia might place the votive wreaths in vain:
Yet the dear hope of Delia's future care
Once crown'd his pleasures, and dispell'd his pain.

Yes—the fair prospect of surviving praise
Can ev'ry sense of present joys excel:
For this, great Adrian chose laborious days;
Thro' this, expiring, bade a gay farewell.

Shall then our youths, who fame's bright fabric raise,
To life's precarious date confine their care:
O teach them you, to spread the sacred base,
To plan a work thro' latest ages fair?

Is it small transport, as with curious eye
You trace the story of each Attic sage,
To think your blooming praise shall time defy,
Shall waft like odours thro' the pleasing page?

To mark the day when, thro' the bulky tome,
Arround your name the varying style refines!
And readers call their lost attention home,
Led by that index where true genius shines?

Ah! let not Britons doubt their social aim,
 Whose ardent bosoms catch this ancient fire!
 Cold interest melts before the vivid flame,
 And patriot ardours but with life expire!

E L E G Y III.

On the untimely death of a certain learned
 acquaintance.

IF proud Pygmalion quit his cumbrous frame,
 Funereal pomp the scanty tear supplies;
 Whilst heralds loud with venal voice proclaim,
 Lo! here the brave and the puissant lies.

When humbler Alcon leaves his drooping friends,
 Pageant nor plume distinguish Alcon's bier;
 The faithful muse with votive song attends,
 And blots the mournful numbers with a tear.

He little knew the sly penurious art,
 That odious art which fortune's favourites know;
 Form'd to bestow, he felt the warmest heart,
 But envious fate forbade him to bestow.

He little knew to ward the secret wound;
 He little knew that mortals could ensnare;
 Virtue he knew: the noblest joy he found,
 To sing her glories, and to paint her fair:

HWAS he skill'd to guide his wandering sheep,
 And unforeseen disaster thinn'd his fold;
 Yet at another's loss the swain would weep,
 And for his friend his very crook were sold.

YE sons of wealth, protect the muses train;
 From winds protect them, and with food supply;
 Ah! helpless they to ward the threaten'd pain!
 The meagre famine, and the wint'ry sky!

He lov'd a nymph : Amidst his slender store
He dar'd to love, and Cynthia was his theme ;
He breath'd his plaints along the rocky shore,
They only echo'd o'er the winding stream.
His nymph was fair ; the sweetest bud that blows
Revives less lovely from the recent show'r ;
So Philomel enamour'd eyes the rose ;
Sweet bird ! enamour'd of the sweetest flow'r !
He lov'd the muse ; she taught him to complain ;
He saw his tim'rous loves on her depend ;
He lov'd the muse, although she taught in vain ;
He lov'd the muse, for she was virtue's friend.
She guides the foot that treads on Parian floors,
She wins the ear when formal pleas are vain ;
She tempts patricians from the fatal doors
Of Vice's brothel, forth to Virtue's fane.
He wish'd for wealth, for much he wish'd to give ;
He griev'd that Virtue might not wealth obtain ;
Piteous of woes, and hopeless to relieve,
The pensive prospect sadden'd all his strain.
I saw him faint ! I saw him sink to rest !
Like one ordain'd to swell the vulgar throng ;
As though the virtues had not warm'd his breast,
As though the muses not inspir'd his tongue.
I saw his bier ignobly cross the plain ;
Saw peasant hands the pious rite supply ;
The gen'rous rustics mourn'd the friendly swain,
But pow'r and wealth's unvarying cheek was dry !
Such Alcon fell ; in meagre want forlorn !
Where were ye then, ye powerful patrons, where ?
Would ye the purple should your limbs adorn,
Go wash the conscious blemish with a tear.

ELEGY IV.

OPHELIA'S Urn. To Mr G——.

THROUGH the dim veil of evening's dusky shade,
 Near some lone fane, or yew's funereal green,
 What dreary forms has magic Fear survey'd!
 What shrouded spectres Superstition seen!

But you secure shall pour your sad complaint,
 Nor dread the meagre phantom's wan array;
 What none but Fear's officious hand can paint,
 What none but Superstition's eye survey.

The glimm'ring twilight and the doubtful dawn
 Shall see your step to these sad scenes return:
 Constant, as chrystal dew's impearl the lawn,
 Shall Strephon's tear bedew Ophelia's urn.

Sure nought unhallow'd shall presume to stray
 Where sleep the relics of that virtuous maid:
 Nor aught unlovely bend its devious way,
 Where soft Ophelia's dear remains are laid.

Haply the muse, as with unceasing sighs
 She keeps late vigils on her urn reclin'd,
 May see light groups of pleasing visions rise;
 And phantoms glide, but of celestial kind.

Then Fame, her clarion pendent at her side,
 Shall seek forgiveness of Ophelia's shade;
 "Why has such worth without distinction dy'd,
 "Why, like the desert's lily, bloom'd to fade?"

Then young Simplicity, averse to feign,
 Shall unmolested breathe her softest sigh:
 And Candour with unwonted warmth complain,
 And innocence indulge a wailful cry.

Then Elegance, with coy judicious hand,
 Shall cull fresh flow'rets for Ophelia's tomb!
 And Beauty chide the Fates severe command,
 That shew'd the frailty of so fair a bloom!
 And Fancy then, with wild ungovern'd woe,
 Shall her lov'd pupil's native taste explain:
 For mournful sable all her hues forego,
 And ask sweet solace of the muse in vain!
 Ah! gentle forms, expect no fond relief;
 Too much the sacred Nine their loss deplore:
 Well may you grieve, nor find an end of grief—
 Your best, your brightest fav'rite is no more.

E L E G Y V.

He compares the turbulence of love with the
 tranquillity of friendship. To MELISSA,
 his friend.

FROM Love, from angry Love's inclement reign
 I pass a while to Friendship's equal skies:
 Thou, gen'rous maid, reliev'st my partial pain,
 And cheer'st the victim of another's eyes.

'Tis thou, Melissa, thou deserv'st my care:
 How can my will and reason disagree?
 How can my passion live beneath despair?
 How can my bosom sigh for aught but thee?

Ah, dear Melissa! pleas'd with thee to rove,
 My soul has yet surviv'd its dreariest time;
 Ill can I bear the various clime of love!
 Love is a pleasing, but a various clime!

So smile's immortal Maro's fav'rite shore,
 Parthenophe, with ev'ry verdure crown'd!
 When strait Vefuvio's horrid caldrons roar,
 And the dry vapour blasts the regions round.

Oh blissful regions! oh unrival'd plains!
 When Maro to these fragrant haunts retir'd!
 Oh fatal realms! and oh accurs'd domains!
 When Pliny 'mid sulphureous clouds expir'd!

So smiles the surface of the treach'rous main,
 As o'er its waves the peaceful halcyons play;
 When soon rude winds their wonted rule regain,
 And sky and ocean mingle in the fray.

But let or air contend, or ocean rave,
 Ev'n hope subside amid the billows tost;
 Hope, still emergent, still contemns the wave,
 And not a feature's wonted smile is lost.

E L E G Y VI.

To a lady, on the language of birds.

COME then, Dione, let us range the grove,
 The science of the feather'd choirs explore;
 Hear linnets argue, larks descant of love,
 And blame the gloom of solitude no more.

My doubt subsides——'tis no Italian song,
 Nor senseless ditty, cheers the vernal tree;
 Ah! who that hears Dionē's tuneful tongue,
 Shall doubt that music may with sense agree?

And come, my muse! that lov'st the sylvan shade,
 Evolve the mazes, and the mist dispel;
 Translate the song; convince my doubting maid,
 No solemn dervise can explain so well.——

Pensive beneath the twilight-shades I sat,
 The slave of hopeless vows, and cold disdain!
 When Philomel address'd his mournful mate,
 And thus I constru'd the mellifluent strain.

- "Sing on, my bird—the liquid notes prolong,
 "At ev'ry note a lover sheds his tear;
 "Sing on, my bird—'tis Damon hears the song;
 "Nor doubt to gain applause, when lovers hear.
 "He the sad source of our complaining knows;
 "A foe to Tereus, and to lawless love!
 "He mourns the story of our ancient woes:
 "Ah! could our music his complaints remove!
 "Yon plains are govern'd by a peerless maid;
 "And see, pale Cynthia mounts the vaulted sky,
 "A train of lovers court the checquer'd shade;
 "Sing on, my bird, and hear thy mate's reply.
 "Ere while no shepherd to these woods retir'd;
 "No lover blest'd the glow-worm's pallid ray;
 "But ill-star'd birds that list'ning not admir'd,
 "Or list'ning envy'd our superior lay.
 "Cheer'd by the sun, the vassals of his power,
 "Let such by day unite their jarring strains:
 "But let us chuse the calm, the silent hour,
 "Nor want fit audience while Dione reigns."

E L E G Y VII.

He describes his vision to an acquaintance.

Cætera per terras omnes animalia, &c. Virg.

ON distant heaths, beneath autumnal skies,
 Pensive I saw the circling shades descend;
 Weary and faint I heard the storm arise,
 While the sun vanish'd like a faithless friend:

No kind companion led my steps aright;
 No friendly planet lent his glimm'ring ray;
 Ev'n the lone cot refus'd its wonted light,
 Where Toil in peaceful slumber clos'd the day.

Then the dull bell had giv'n a pleasing sound;
 The village-cur 'twere transport then to hear;
 In dreadful silence all was hush'd around,
 While the rude storm alone distress'd mine ear.

As led by Orwell's winding banks I stray'd,
 Where tow'ring Wolsey breath'd his native air,
 A sudden lustre chas'd the sitting shade,
 The founding winds were hush'd, and all was fair..

Instant a graceful form appear'd confess;
 White were his locks, with awful scarlet crown'd,
 And livelier far than Tyrian seem'd his vest,
 That with the glowing purple ting'd the ground.

"Stranger," he said, "amid this pealing rain,
 "Benighted, lonesome, whither wouldst thou stray?
 "Does wealth or pow'r thy weary step constrain?
 "Reveal thy wish, and let me point the way.

"For know, I trod the trophy'd paths of pow'r;
 "Felt ev'ry joy that fair ambition brings;
 "And left the lonely roof of yonder bow'r,
 "To stand beneath the canopies of kings.

"I bade low hinds the tow'ring ardour share;
 "Nor meanly rose to bless myself alone:
 "I snatch'd the shepherd from his fleecy care,
 "And bade his wholesome dictate guard the throne.

"Low at my feet the suppliant peer I saw;
 "I saw proud empires my decision wait;
 "My will was duty, and my word was law;
 "My smile was transport, and my frown was fate."

Ah me ! said I, nor pow'r I seek, nor gain ;
Nor urg'd by hope of fame these toils endure ;
A simple youth, that feels a lover's pain,
And from his friend's condolence hopes a cure.

He, the dear youth, to whose abodes I roam,
Nor can mine honours nor my fields extend ;
Yet for his sake I leave my distant home,
Which oaks embosom, and which hills defend.

Beneath that home I scorn the wint'ry wind ;
The spring, to shade me, robes her fairest tree :
And if a friend my grass-grown threshold find,
O how my lonely cot resounds with glee !

Yet tho' averse to gold in heaps amass'd,
I wish to bless, I languish to bestow ;
And tho' no friend to Fame's obstrep'rous blast,
Still to her dulcet murmurs not a foe.

Too proud with servile tone to deign address,
Too mean to think that honours are my due ;
Yet should some patron yield my stores to bless,
I sure should deem my boundless thanks were few.

But tell me, thou ! that like a meteor's fire
Shott'st blazing forth, disdain'g dull degrees,
Should I to wealth, to fame, to pow'r aspire,
Must I not pass more rugged paths than these ?

Must I not groan beneath a guilty load,
Praise him I scorn, and him I love betray ?
Does not felonious envy bar the road ?
Or falsehood's treach'rous foot beset the way ?

Say, should I pass thro' Favour's crouded gate,
Must not fair Truth inglorious wait behind ?
Whilst I approach the glitt'ring scenes of state,
My best companion no admittance find ?

Nurs'd in the shades by Freedom's lenient care;
 Shall I the rigid sway of Fortune own?
 Taught by the voice of pious Truth, prepare
 To spurn an altar, and adore a throne?
 And when proud Fortune's ebbing tide recedes,
 And when it leaves me no unshaken friend,
 Shall I not weep that e'er I left the meads,
 Which oaks embosom, and which hills defend?
 Oh! if these ills the price of pow'r advance,
 Check not my speed where social joys invite!
 The troubled vision cast a mournful glance,
 And fighting vanish'd in the shades of night.

E L E G Y VIII.

He describes his early love of poetry, and its
 consequences. To Mr G——. * 1745.

AH me! what envious magic thins my fold?
 What mutter'd spell retards their late increase?
 Such less'ning fleeces must the swain behold,
 That e'er with Doric pipe essays to please.
 I saw my friends in ev'ning circles meet;
 I took my vocal reed, and tun'd my lay:
 I heard them say my vocal reed was sweet;
 Ah fool! to credit what I heard them say!
 Ill-fated bard! that seeks his skill to show,
 Then courts the judgment of a friendly ear!
 Not the poor vet'ran, that permits his foe
 To guide his doubtful step, has more to fear.

* N. B. Written after the death of Mr. Pope.

Nor could my G—— mistake the critic's laws,
Fill pious Friendship mark'd the pleasing way:
Welcome such error! ever blest'd the cause!
Ev'n tho' it led me boundless leagues astray!

Couldst thou reprove me, when I nurs'd the flame?
On list'ning Cherwell's osier banks reclin'd,
While foe to fortune, uneduc'd by fame,
I sooth'd the bias of a careless mind.

Youth's gentle-kindred, health and love, were met;
What though in Alma's guardian arms I play'd?
How shall the muse these vacant hours forget?
Or deem that bliss by solid cares repaid?

Thou know'st how transport thrills the tender breast,
Where Love and Fancy fix their op'ning reign;
How nature shines in livelier colours drest,
To bless their union, and to grace their train.

So first when Phœbus met the Cyprian queen,
And favour'd Rhodes beheld their passion crown'd,
Unusual flow'rs enrich'd the painted green,
And swift spontaneous roses blush'd around.

Now sadly lorn, from Twitnam's widow'd bow'r,
The drooping muses take their casual way;
And where they stop, a flood of tears they pour;
And where they weep, no more the fields are gay!

Where is the dappled pink, the sprightly rose?
The cowslip's golden cup no more I see:
Dark and discolour'd ev'ry flow'r that blows,
To form the garland, Elegy! for thee!—

Enough of tears has wept the virtuous dead;
Ah might we now the pious rage controul!
Hush'd be my grief ere ev'ry smile be fled,
Ere the deep swelling sigh subvert the soul!

If near some trophy spring a stripling bay,
 Pleas'd we behold the graceful umbrage rise;
 But soon too deep it works its baneful way,
 And low on earth the prostrate * ruin lies.

E L E G Y IX.

He describes his disinterestedness to a friend.

I NE'ER must tinge my lip with Celtic wines;
 The pomp of India must I ne'er display;
 Nor boast the produce of Peruvian mines,
 Nor with Italian sounds deceive the day.
 Down yonder brook my chrystal bev'rage flows;
 My grateful sheep their annual fleeces bring;
 Fair in my garden buds the damask rose,
 And from my grove I hear the throstle sing.
 My fellow swains! avert your dazzled eyes;
 In vain allur'd by glitt'ring spoils they rove;
 The Fates ne'er meant them for the shepherd's prize,
 Yet gave them ample recompence in love.
 They gave you vigour from your parents veins;
 They gave you toils, but toils your sinews brace;
 They gave you nymphs that own their am'rous pains,
 And shades, the refuge of the gentle race.
 To carve your loves, to paint your mutual flames,
 See! polish'd fair, the beech's friendly rhind!
 To sing soft carols to your lovely dames,
 See vocal grotts and echoing vales assign'd!

* Alludes to what is reported of the bay-tree, that if it is planted too near the walls of an edifice, its roots will work their way underneath, till they destroy the foundation.

Wouldst thou, my Strephon, Love's delighted slave!
Though sure the wreaths of chivalry to share,
Forego the ribbon thy Maltilda gave,
And giving bade thee in remembrance wear?

Ill fare my peace, but ev'ry idle toy,
If to my mind my Delia's form it brings,
Has truer worth, imparts sincerer joy,
Than all that bears the radiant stamp of kings.

O my soul weeps, my breast with anguish bleeds,
When love deplores the tyrant pow'r of gain!
Disdaining riches as the futile weeds,
I rise superior, and the rich disdain.

Oft from the stream, slow wand'ring down the glade,
Pensive I hear the nuptial peal rebound;
"Some miser weds," I cry, "the captive maid,
"And some fond lover sickens at the sound."

Not Somerville, the muse's friend of old,
Though now exalted to yon ambient sky,
So shunn'd a soul distain'd with earth and gold,
So lov'd the pure, the gen'rous breast, as I!

Scorn'd be the wretch that quits his genial bowl,
His loves, his friendships, ev'n his self, resigns:
Perverts the sacred instinct of his soul,
And to a ducat's dirty sphere confines.

But come, my friend, with taste, with science blest,
Ere age impair me, and ere gold allure;
Restore thy dear idea to my breast,
The rich deposit shall the shrine secure.

Let others toil to gain the sordid ore,
The charms of independence let us sing;
Bless'd with thy friendship, can I wish for more!
I'll spurn the boasted wealth of Lydia's king*.

E L E G Y X.

To FORTUNE, suggesting his motive for re-
-pinning at her dispensations.

ASK not the cause why this rebellious tongue
Loads with fresh curses thy detested sway;
Ask not, thus branded in my softest song,
Why stands the flatter'd name which all obey?

'Tis not that in my shade I lurk forlorn,
Nor see my roof on Parian columns rise;
That on this breast no mimic star is borne,
Rever'd, ah! more than those that light the skies.

'Tis not that, on the turf supinely laid,
I sing or pipe but to the flocks that graze:
And, all inglorious in the lonesome shade,
My finger stiffens, and my voice decays.

Not that my fancy mourns thy stern command,
When many an embryo dome is lost in air;
While guardian prudence checks my eager hand,
And, ere the turf is broken, cries, "Forbear."

"Forbear, vain youth! be cautious, weigh thy gold,

"Nor let yon rising column more aspire;

"Ah, better dwell in ruins, than behold

"Thy fortunes mould'ring, and thy domes entire.

"Honorio built, but dar'd my laws defy;

"He planted, scornful of my sage commands;

"The peach's vernal bud regal'd his eye,

"The fruitage ripen'd for more frugal hands."

See the small stream that pours its murmur'ing tide
O'er some rough rock that would its wealth display,
Displays it aught but penury and pride?

Ah! construe wisely what such murmurs say.

How would some flood, with ampler treasures blest,
Disdainful view the scantling drops distill!
How must Velino * shake his reedy crest!

How ev'ry cygnet mock the boastive rill!

Fortune, I yield! and see, I give the sign;
At noon the poor mechanic wanders home;
Collects the square, the level, and the line,
And with retorted eye forsakes the dome.

Yes, I can patient view the shadeless plains;
Can unrepining leave the rising wall;
Check the fond love of art that fir'd my veins,
And my warm hopes in full pursuit recall.

Descend, ye storms! destroy my rising pile;
Loos'd be the whirlwind's unremitting sway;
Contented I, although the gazer smile
To see it scarce survive a winter's day.

Let some dull dotard bask in thy gay shrine,
As in the sun regales his wanton herd;
Guileless of envy, why should I repine,
That his rude voice, his grating reed's preferr'd?

Let him exult, with boundless wealth supply'd,
Mine and the swain's reluctant homage share;
But ah! his tawdry shepherdess's pride,
Gods! must my Delia, must my Delia bear?

Must Delia's softness, elegance, and ease,
Submit to Marian's dress? to Marian's gold?
Must Marian's robe from distant India please?
The simple fleece my Delia's limbs infold?

E. 2

* A river in Italy that falls an hundred yards perpendicular.

"Yet sure on Delia seems the ruffet fair;
 "Ye glitt'ring daughters of disguise, adieu!"
 So talk the wife, who judge of shape and air;
 But will the rural thane decide so true?
 Ah! what is native worth esteem'd of clowns?
 'Tis thy false glare, O Fortune! thine they see;
 'Tis for my Delia's sake I dread thy frowns,
 And my last gasp shall curses breathe on thee.

E L E G Y XI.

He complains how soon the pleasing novelty
 of life is over. To Mr. J——.

AH me, my friend! it will not, will not last!
 This fairy scene, that cheats our youthful eyes!
 The charm dissolves; th' aerial music's past;
 The banquet ceases, and the vision flies.
 Where are the splendid forms, the rich perfumes?
 Where the gay tapers, where the spacious dome?
 Vanish'd the costly pearls, the crimson plumes,
 And we, delightless, left to wander home!
 Vain now are books, the sage's wisdom vain!
 What has the world to bribe our steps astray?
 Ere reason learns by studied laws to reign,
 The weaken'd passions, self-subdu'd, obey.
 Scarce has the sun sev'n annual courses roll'd,
 Scarce shewn the whole that fortune can supply;
 Since not the miser so caress'd his gold,
 As I, for what it gave, was heard to sigh.
 On the world's stage I wish'd some sprightly part;
 To deck my native fleece with tawdry lace!
 'Twas life, 'twas taste, and—oh my foolish heart!
 Substantial joy was fix'd in pow'r and place.

And you, ye works of art ! allur'd mine eye,
The breathing picture, and the living stone :
"Tho' gold, tho' splendor, Heaven and Fate deny,
"Yet might I call one Titian stroke my own !"

Smit with the charms of fame, whose lovely spoil,
The wreath, the garland, fire the poet's pride,
I trimm'd my lamp, consum'd the midnight oil—
But soon the paths of health and fame divide !

Oft too I pray'd, 'twas Nature form'd the pray'r,
To grace my native scenes, my rural home ;
To see my trees express their planter's care,
And gay, on Attic models, raise my dome.

But now 'tis o'er, the dear delusion's o'er !
A stagnant breezeless air becalms my soul :
A fond aspiring candidate no more,
I scorn the palm, before I reach the goal.

O youth ! enchanting stage, profusely bless'd !
Bliss ev'n obtrusive courts the frolic mind ;
Of health neglectful, yet by health carefs'd ;
Careless of favour, yet secure to find.

Then glows the breast, as op'ning roses fair ;
More free, more vivid than the linnet's wing ;
Honest as light, transparent ev'n as air,
Tender as buds, and lavish as the spring.

Not all the force of manhood's active might,
Not all the craft to subtle age assign'd,
Not science shall extort that dear delight,
Which gay delusion gave the tender mind.

Adieu soft raptures ! transports void of care !
Parent of raptures, dear deceit, adieu !
And you her daughters, pining with despair,
Why, why so soon her fleeting steps pursue !

Tedious again to curse the drizzling day!
 Again to trace the wint'ry tracks of snow!
 Or, sooth'd by vernal airs, again survey
 The self-same hawthorns bud, and cowslips blow!
 O life! how soon of ev'ry bliss forlorn!
 We start false joys, and urge the devious race:
 A tender prey, that cheers our youthful morn,
 Then sinks untimely, and defrauds the chase.

E L E G Y XII.

His Recantation.

NO more the Muse obtrudes her thin disguise;
 No more with aukward fallacy complains,
 How ev'ry fervour from my bosom flies,
 And Reason in her lonesome palace reigns.
 Ere the chill winter of our days arrive,
 No more she paints the breast from passion free;
 I feel, I feel one loit'ring wish survive——
 Ah need I, Florio, name that wish to thee?
 The star of Venus ushers in the day,
 The first, the loveliest of the train that shine,
 The star of Venus lends her brightest ray,
 When other stars their friendly beams resign.
 Still in my breast one soft desire remains,
 Pure as that star, from guilt, from int'rest free—
 Has gentle Delia tript across the plains,
 And need I, Florio, name that wish to thee?
 While, cloy'd to find the scenes of life the same,
 I tune with careless hand my languid lays;
 Some secret impulse wakes my former flame,
 And fires my strain with hope of brighter days.

I slept not long beneath yon rural bow'rs ;
 And lo ! my crook with flow'rs adorn'd I see :
 Has gentle Delia bound my crook with flow'rs,
 And need I, Florio, name my hopes to thee ?

E L E G Y XIII.

To a friend, on some slight occasion estranged
 from him.

HEALTH to my friend, and many a chearful day !
 Around his seat may peaceful shades abide !
 Smooth flow the minutes, fraught with smiles, away,
 And, till they crown our union, gently glide.

Ah me ! too swiftly fleets our vernal bloom !
 Lost to our wonted friendship, lost to joy !
 Soon may thy breast the cordial wish resume,
 Ere wint'ry doubt its tender warmth destroy.

Say, were it ours, by Fortune's wild command,
 By chance to meet beneath the Torrid Zone ;
 Wouldst thou reject thy Damon's plighted hand ?
 Wouldst thou with scorn thy once-lov'd friend
 disown ?

Life is that stranger land, that alien clime :
 Shall kindred souls forego their social claim ?
 Launch'd in the vast abyss of space and time,
 Shall dark suspicion quench the gen'rous flame ?

Myriads of souls, that knew one parent mould,
 See sadly sever'd by the laws of chance !
 Myriads, in time's perennial list enroll'd,
 Forbid by Fate to change one transient glance !

But we have met—where ills of ev'ry form,
 Where passions rage, and hurricanes descend:
 Say, shall we nurse the rage, assist the storm?
 And guide them to the bosom—of a friend?

Yes, we have met—thro' rapine, fraud, and-wrong:
 Might our joint aid the paths of peace explore!
 Why leave thy friend amid the boist'rous throng,
 Ere death divide us, and we part no more?

For oh! pale sickness warns thy friend away!
 For me no more the vernal roses bloom!
 I see stern Fate his ebon wand display,
 And point the wither'd regions of the tomb.

Then the keen anguish from thine eye shall start,
 Sad as thou follow'st my untimely bier;
 "Fool that I was—if friends so soon must part,
 "To let suspicion intermix a fear."

E L E G Y XIV.

Declining an invitation to visit foreign countries, he takes occasion to intimate the advantages of his own.

To Lord TEMPLE.

WHILE others, lost to friendship, lost to love,
 Waste their best minutes on a foreign strand,
 Be mine, with British nymph or swain to rove,
 And court the genius of my native land.
 Deluded youth! that quits these verdant plains,
 To catch the follies of an alien soil;
 To win the vice his genuine soul disdains,
 Return exultant, and import the spoil!

In vain he boasts of his detested prize ;
No more it blooms to British climes convey'd,
Cramp'd by the impulse of ungenial skies,
See its fresh vigour in a moment fade !
Th' exotic folly knows its native clime ;
An awkward stranger, if we waft it o'er ;
Why then these toils, this costly waste of time,
To spread soft poison on our happy shore ?
I covet not the pride of foreign looms ;
In search of foreign modes I scorn to rove ;
Nor for the worthless bird of brighter plumies,
Would change the meanest warbler of my grove.
No distant clime shall servile airs impart,
Or form these limbs with pliant ease to play ;
Trembling I view the Gaul's illusive art,
That steals my lov'd rusticity away.
Tis long since freedom fled th' Hesperian clime ;
Her citron-groves, her flow'r-embroider'd shore ;
She saw the British oak aspire sublime,
And soft Campania's olive charms no more.
Let partial suns mature the western mine,
To shed its lustre o'er th' Iberian maid ;
Mein, beauty, shape, O native soil, are thine ;
Thy peerless daughters ask no foreign aid.
Let * Ceylon's envy'd plant perfume the seas,
Till torn to season the Batavian bowl ;
Ours is the breast whose genuine ardours please,
Nor need a drug to meliorate the soul.
Let the proud soldan wound th' Arcadian groves,
Or with rude lips th' Aonian fount profane ;
The muse no more by flow'ry Ladon roves,
She seeks her Thomson on the British plain.

VOL. I.

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* The Cinnamon,

Tell not of realms by ruthless war dismay'd;
 Ah hapless realms that war's oppression feel!
 In vain may Austria boast her Noric blade,
 If Austria bleed beneath her boasted steel.

Beneath her palm Idume vents her moan;
 Raptur'd she once beheld its friendly shade!
 And hoary Memphis boasts her tombs alone,
 The mournful types of mighty pow'r decay'd!

No crescent here displays its baneful horns;
 No turban'd host the voice of truth reproves;
 Learning's free source the sage's breast adorns,
 And poets, not inglorious, chant their loves.

Boast, favour'd Media, boast thy flow'ry stores;
 Thy thousand hues by chymic suns refin'd;
 'Tis not the dress or mein my soul adores,
 'Tis the rich beauties of Britannia's mind.

While * Greenville's breast could virtue's stores afford,
 What envy'd flota bore so fair a freight?
 The mine compar'd in vain its latent hoard,
 The gem its lustre, and the gold its weight.

Thee, Greenville, thee with calmest courage fraught,
 Thee the lov'd image of thy native shore!
 Thee by the Virtues arm'd, the Graces taught,
 When shall we cease to boast, or to deplore?

Presumptuous war, which could thy life destroy,
 What shall it now in recompence decree?
 While friends that merit ev'ry earthly joy,
 Feel ev'ry anguish; feel—the loss of thee.

Bid me no more a servile realm compare,
 No more the muse of partial praise arraign;
 Britannia sees no foreign breast so fair,
 And if she glory, glories not in vain.

* Written about the time of Captain Greenville's death.

E L E G Y XV.

In memory of a † private family in Worcester-
shire.

FROM a lone tow'r with rev'rend ivy crown'd;
The pealing bell awak'd a tender sigh;
Still, as the village caught the waving sound,
A swelling tear distream'd from ev'ry eye.

So droop'd, I ween, each Briton's breast of old,
When the dull curfew spoke their freedom fled;
For, sighing as the mournful accent roll'd,
Our hope, they cry'd, our kind support is dead!

'Twas good Palemon—near a shaded pool,
A group of ancient elms umbrageous rose;
The flocking rooks, by instinct's native rule,
This peaceful scene for their asylum chose.

A few small spires, to Gothic fancy fair,
Amid the shades, emerging, struck the view;
'Twas here his youth respir'd its earliest air;
'Twas here his age breath'd out its last adieu.

One favour'd son engag'd his tenderest care;
One pious youth his whole affection crown'd:
In his young breast the virtues sprung so fair,
Such charms display'd, such sweets diffus'd around.

But whilst gay transport in his face appears,
A noxious vapour clogs the poison'd sky;
Blasts the fair crop—the fire is drown'd in tears,
And, scarce surviving, sees his Cynthia die!

F 2

† The penins of Harborough; a place whose name, in the Saxon language, alludes to an arm. And there is a tradition that there was a battle fought, on the downs adjoining; betwixt the Britons and the Romans.

O'er the pale corse we saw him gently bend;
 Heart-chill'd with grief—"My thread," he cry'd,
 "is spun!

"If Heav'n had meant I should my life extend,
 "Heav'n had preserv'd my life's support, my son.

"Snatch'd in thy prime! alas the stroke were mild,
 "Had my frail form obey'd the fates decree!

"Bless'd were my lot, O Cynthio! O my child!
 "Had Heav'n so pleas'd, and I had dy'd for thee."

Five sleepless nights he stemm'd this tide of woes;
 Five irksome suns he saw, through tears, forlorn;
 On his pale corse the sixth sad morning rose;
 From yonder dome the mournful bier was borne.

'Twas on those downs*, by Roman hosts annoy'd;
 Fought our bold fathers; rustic, unrefin'd!
 Freedom's plain sons, in martial cares employ'd!
 They ting'd their bodies, but unmask'd their mind.

'Twas there, in happier times, this virtuous race,
 Of milder merit, fix'd their calm retreat;
 War's deadly crimson had forsook the place,
 And freedom fondly lov'd the chosen seat.

No wild ambition fir'd their tranquil breast,
 To swell with empty sounds a spotless name;
 If soft'ring skies, the sun, the show'r were blest,
 Their bounty spread; their field's extent the same:

Those fields, profuse of raiment, food, and fire,
 They scorn'd to lessen, careless to extend:
 Bade luxury to lavish courts aspire,
 And avarice to city breasts descend.

None to a virgin's mind preferr'd her dower,
 To fire with vicious hopes a modest heir:
 The fire, in place of titles, wealth, or power,
 Assign'd him virtue; and his lot was fair.

* Harborough Downs.

They spoke of Fortune, as some doubtful dame,
That sway'd the natives of a distant sphere;
From Lucre's vagrant sons had learn'd her fame,
But never wish'd to place her banners here.

Here youth's free spirit, innocently gay,
Enjoy'd the most that innocence can give;
Those wholesome sweets, that border virtue's way;
Those cooling fruits, that we may taste and live.

Their board no strange ambiguous viand bore;
From their own streams their choicer fare they
drew,

To lure the scaly glutton to the shore,
The sole deceit their artless bosom knew!

Sincere themselves, ah! too sincere to find
The common bosom, like their own, sincere!
'Tis its own guilt alarms the jealous mind;
'Tis her own poison bids the viper fear.

Sketch'd on the lattice of th' adjacent fane,
Their suppliant busts implore the reader's pray'r;
Ah gentle souls! enjoy your blissful reign,
And let frail mortals claim your guardian care.

For sure, to blissful realms the souls are flown,
That never flatter'd, injur'd, censur'd, strove;
The friends of science! music, all their own;
Music, the voice of virtue, and of love!

The journeying peasant; thro' the secret shade,
Heard their soft lyres engage his list'ning ear;
And haply deem'd some courteous angel play'd;
No angel play'd—but might with transport hear.

For these the sounds that chase unholy strife;
Solve envy's charm, ambition's wretch release!
Raise him to spurn the radiant ills of life,
To pity pomp, to be content with peace.

Farewell, pure spirits! vain the praise we give,
 The praise you sought from lips angelic flows;
 Farewell! the virtues which deserve to live,
 Deserve an ampler bliss than life bestows.
 Last of his race, Palemon, now no more,
 The modest merit of his line display'd;
 Then pious Hough Vigornia's mitre wore——
 Soft sleep the dust of each deserving shade.

E L E G Y XVI.

He suggests the advantages of birth to a person of merit, and the folly of a superciliousness that is built upon that sole foundation.

WHEN genius grac'd with lineal splendour glows,
 When title shines, with ambient virtues crown'd;
 Like some fair almond's flow'ry pomp it shews,
 The pride, the perfume of the regions round.
 Then learn, ye fair! to soften splendour's ray;
 Endure the swain, the youth of low degree;
 Let meekness join'd its temp'rate beam display;
 'Tis the mild verdure that endears the tree.
 Bity the sandal'd swain, the shepherd's boy;
 He sighs to brighten a neglected name;
 Foe to the dull appulse of vulgar joy,
 He mourns his lot; he wishes, merits fame.
 In vain to groves and pathless vales we fly;
 Ambition there the bow'ry haunt invades;
 Fame's awful rays fatigue the courtier's eye,
 But gleam still lovely thro' the chequer'd shades.

- Vainly, to guard from love's unequal chain,
 Has fortune rear'd us in the rural grove;
 Should ****'s eyes illumine the desert plain,
 Ev'n I may wonder, and ev'n I must love.
- Nor unregarded sighs the lowly hind;
 Though you contemn, the gods respect his vow;
 Vindictive rage awaits the scornful mind,
 And vengeance, too severe! the gods allow.
- On Sarum's plain I met a wand'ring fair;
 The look of sorrow, lovely still she bore:
 Loose flow'd the soft redundance of her hair,
 And, on her brow, a flow'ry wreath she wore.
- Oft stooping as she stray'd, she cull'd the pride
 Of ev'ry plain; she pillag'd ev'ry grove!
 The fading chaplet daily she supply'd,
 And still her hand some various garland wove.
- Erroneous fancy snap'd her wild attire;
 From Bethlem's walls the poor lymphatic stray'd;
 Seem'd with her air her accent to conspire,
 When, as wild fancy taught her, thus she said:
- "Hear me, dear youth! oh hear an helpless maid,
 "Sprung from the scepter'd line of ancient kings!
 "Scorn'd by the world, I ask thy tender aid;
 "Thy gentle voice shall whisper kinder things.
- "The world is frantic——fly the race profane——
 "Nor I, nor you, shall its compassion move;
 "Come, friendly let us wander, and complain:
 "And tell me, shepherd! hast thou seen my love?
- "My love is young—but other loves are young;
 "And other loves are fair, and so is mine:
 "An air divine discloses whence he sprung;
 "He is my love, who boasts that air divine:

- " No vulgar Damon robs me of my rest,
 " I anthe listens to no vulgar vow;
 " A prince, from gods descended, fires her breast;
 " A brilliant crown distinguishes his brow.
 " What, shall I stain the glories of my race?
 " More clear, more lovely bright than Hesper's
 beam!
 " The porcel'ain pure with vulgar dirt debase?
 " Or mix with puddle the pellucid stream?
 " See thro' these veins the sapphire current shine!
 " 'Twas Jove's own nectar gave th' ethereal hue:
 " Can base plebeian forms contend with mine?
 " Display the lovely white, or match the blue?
 " The painter strove to trace its azure-ray;
 " He chang'd his colours, and in vain he strove;
 " He frown'd—I smiling view'd the faint essay;
 " Poor youth, he little knew it flow'd from Jove.
 " Pitying his toil, the wondrous truth I told;
 " How am'rous Jove trepann'd a mortal fair;
 " How thro' the race th' gen'rous current roll'd,
 " And mocks the poet's art, and painter's care.
 " Yes, from the gods, from earliest Saturn, sprung
 " Our sacred race; thro' demi-gods convey'd;
 " And he, ally'd to Phœbus, ever young,
 " My god-like boy, must wed their duteous maid.
 " Oft, when a mortal vow profanes my ears,
 " My fire's dread fury murmurs thro' the sky;
 " And should I yield,—his instant rage appears,
 " He darts th' uplifted vengeance—and I die.
 " Have you not heard unwonted thunders roll!
 " Have you not seen more horrid lightnings glare!
 " 'Twas then a vulgar love ensnar'd my soul;
 " 'Twas then—I hardly 'scap'd the fatal snare.

- " 'Twas then a peasant pour'd his am'rous vow,
 " All as I listen'd to his vulgar strain ;—
 " Yet such his beauty—would my birth allow,
 " Dear were the youth, and blissful were the plain.
 " But oh ! I faint ! why wastes my vernal bloom,
 " In fruitless searches ever doom'd to rove ?
 " My nightly dreams the toilsome path resume,
 " And I shall die—before I find my love.
 " When last I slept, methought my ravish'd eye
 " On distant heaths his radiant form survey'd ;
 " Tho' night's thick clouds encompass'd all the sky,
 " The gems that bound his brow dispell'd the shade.
 " O how this bosom kindled at the sight !
 " Led by their beams I urg'd the pleasing chase ;
 " Till, on a sudden, these withheld their light—
 " All, all things envy the sublime embrace.
 " But now no more—behind the distant grove,
 " Wanders my destin'd youth, and chides my stay ;
 " See, see ! he grasps the steel—fear, my love—
 " Ianthe comes ; thy princess hastes away."
 Scornful she spoke, and, heedless of reply,
 The lovely maniac bounded o'er the plain !
 The piteous victim of an angry sky !
 Ah me ! the victim of her proud disdain !

E L E G Y XVII.

He indulges the suggestions of Spleen: An
elegy to the winds.

*Eole, namque tibi divum pater atque hominum rex
Et mulcere dedit mentes et tollere vento.*

STERN monarch of the winds, admit my pray'r!
A while thy fury check, thy storms confine!
No trivial blast impells the passive air,
But brews a tempest in a breast like mine.
What bands of black ideas spread their wings!
The peaceful regions of content invade!
With deadly poison taint the crystal springs!
With noisome vapour blast the verdant shade!
I know their leader, Spleen; and dread the sway
Of rigid Eurus, his detested fire;
Thro' one my blossoms and my fruits decay;
Thro' one my pleasures and my hopes expire.
Like some pale stripling, when his icy way
Relenting yields beneath the noon-tide beam,
I stand aghast; and chill'd with fear survey
How far I've tempted life's deceitful stream!
Where, by remorse impell'd, repuls'd by fears,
Shall wretched fancy a retreat explore?
She flies the sad presage of coming years,
And sorrowing dwells on pleasures now no more!
Again with patrons and with friends she roves;
But friends and patrons never to return!
She sees the nymphs, the graces, and the loves,
But sees them weeping o'er Lucinda's urn.

She visits, Isis! thy forsaken stream,

Oh ill forsaken for Boeotian air!

She deems no flood reflects so bright a beam;

No reed so verdant, and no flow'rs so fair.

She dreams beneath thy sacred shades were peace;

Thy bays might ev'n the civil storm repel;

Reviews thy social bliss, thy learned ease,

And with no chearful accent cries, Farewell!

Farewell, with whom to these retreats I stray'd!

By youthful sports, by youthful toils ally'd!

Joyous we sojourn'd in thy circling shade,

And wept to find the paths of life divide.

She paints the progress of my rival's vow;

Sees ev'ry muse a partial ear incline;

Binds with luxuriant bays his favour'd brow,

Nor yields the refuse of his wreath to mine.

She bids the flatt'ring mirror, form'd to please,

Now blast my hope, now vindicate despair;

Bids my fond verse the love-sick parley cease;

Accuse my rigid fate, acquit my fair.

Where circling rocks defend some pathless vale,

Superfluous mortal, let me ever rove!

Alas! there echo will repeat the tale——

Where shall I find the silent scenes I love?

Fain would I mourn my luckless fate alone;

Forbid to please, yet fated to admire;

Away, my friends! my sorrows are my own;

Why should I breathe around my sick desire?

Bear me, ye winds, indulgent to my pains,

Near some sad ruin's ghastly shade to dwell!

There let me fondly eye the rude remains,

And from the mould'ring refuse build my cell!

Genius of Rome! thy prostrate pomp display!
Trace ev'ry dismal proof of fortune's pow'r!
Let me the wreck of theatres survey,
Or pensive sit beneath some nodding tow'r.

Or where some dust, by rolling seasons worn,
Convey'd pure streams to Rome's imperial wall,
Near the wide breach, in silence let me mourn;
Or tune my dirges to the water's fall.

Genius of Carthage! paint thy ruin'd pride;
Tow'rs, arches, fanes in wild confusion strown;
Let banish'd * Marius, low'ring by the side,
Compare thy fickle fortunes with his own.

Ah no! thou monarch of the storms! forbear;
My trembling nerves abhor thy rude controul;
And scarce a pleasing twilight soothes my care,
Ere one vast death-like darkness shocks my soul.

Forbear thy rage—on no perennial base
Is built frail fear, or hope's deceitful pile:
My pains are fled—my joy resumes its place,
Should the sky brighten, or Melissa smile.

* Inopemque vitam in tugurio ruinarum Carthaginem-
frum toleravit, cum Marius inspiciens Carthaginem, illa
intuens Marium, alter alteri possent esse solatio. *Liv.*

ELEGY XVIII.

He repeats the song of COLIN, a discerning shepherd; lamenting the state of the woollen manufactory.

*Ergo omni studio glaciem ventosque nivales,
Quo minus est illis curæ mortalis egestas,
Avertes: victumque feres.* Virg.

NEAR Avon's bank, on Arden's flow'ry plain,
A † tuneful shepherd charm'd the list'ning wave;
And sunny Cotsol' fondly lov'd the strain;
Yet not a garland crowns the shepherd's grave!

Oh lost Ophelia! smoothly flow'd the day,
To feel his music with my flames agree!
To taste the beauties of his melting lay,
To taste, and fancy it was dear to thee!

When, for his tomb, with each revolving year,
I steal the musk-rose from the scented brake,
I strew my cowslips, and I pay my tear,
I'll add the myrtle for Ophelia's sake.

Shiv'ring beneath a leafless thorn he lay,
When death's chill rigour seiz'd his flowing tongue:
The more I found his falt'ring notes decay,
The more pathetic truth sublim'd the song.

"Adieu my flocks," he said! "my wonted care
"By sunny mountain, or by verdant shore!
"May some more happy hand your fold prepare;
"And may you need your Colin's crook no more.

† Mr Somerville.

- " And you, ye shepherds ! lead my gentle sheep;
 " To breezy hills, or leafy shelters lead ;
 " But if the sky with show'rs incessant weep,
 " Avoid the putrid moisture of the mead.
 " Where the wild thyme perfumes the purpled heath,
 " Long loit'ring there your fleecy tribes extend—
 " But what avail the maxims I bequeath !
 " The fruitless gift of an officious friend !
 " Ah ! what avails the tim'rous lambs to guard,
 " Tho' nightly cares with daily labours join !
 " If foreign sloth obtain the rich reward,
 " If Gallia's craft the pond'rous fleece purloin !
 " Was it for this, by constant vigils worn,
 " I met the terrors of an early grave ?
 " For this, I led them from the pointed-thorn ?
 " For this I bath'd 'em in the lucid wave ?
 " Ah heedless Albion ! too benignly prone
 " Thy blood to lavish, and thy wealth resign !
 " Shall ev'ry other virtue grace thy throne,
 " But quick-ey'd prudence never yet be thine ?
 " From the fair natives of this peerless hill
 " Thou gav'st the sheep that browse Iberian plains :
 " Their plaintive cries the faithless region fill,
 " Their fleece adorns an haughty foe's domains.
 " Ill-fated flocks ! from cliff to cliff they stray ;
 " Far from their dams, their native guardians far !
 " Where the soft shepherd, all the livelong day,
 " Chants his proud mistress to his hoarse guitar.
 " But Albion's youth her native fleece despise ;
 " Unmov'd they hear the pining shepherd's moan ;
 " In silky folds each nervous limb disguise,
 " Allur'd by ev'ry treasure but their own.

- " Oft have I hurry'd down the rocky steep,
" Anxious to see the wint'ry tempest drive;
" Preserve, said I, preserve your fleece, my sheep!
" Ere long will Phillis, will my love arrive.
" Ere long she came: ah! woe is me, she came!
" Rob'd in the Gallic loom's extraneous twine:
" For gifts like these they give their spotless fame,
" Relinquish their bloom, their innocence resign.
" Will no bright maid, by worth, by titles known,
" Give the rich growth of British hills to fame?
" And let her charms and her example own
" That virtue's dress, and beauty's are the same?
" Will no fam'd chief support this gen'rous maid;
" Once more the patriot's arduous path resume?
" And, comely from his native plains array'd,
" Speak future glory to the British loom?
" What pow'r unseen my ravish'd fancy fires?
" I pierce the dreary shade of future days;
" Sure 'tis the genius of the land inspires,
" "To breathe my latest breath in * * * praise.
" O might my breath for * * * praise suffice,
" How gently should my dying limbs repose!
" O might his future glory bless mine eyes,
" My ravish'd eyes! how calmly would they close!
" * * * was born to spread the gen'ral joy;
" By virtue rapt, by party uncontroul'd;
" Britons for Britain shall the crook employ:
" Britons for Britain's glory shear the fold."

E L E G Y XIX.

Written in Spring 1743.

A GAIN the lab'ring hind inverts the soil;
Again the merchant ploughs the tumid wave;
Another spring renews the soldier's toil,
And finds me vacant in the rural cave.

As the soft lyre display'd my wonted loves,
The pensive pleasure and the tender pain,
The sordid Alpheus hurry'd thro' my groves;
Yet stopt to vent the dictates of disdain.

He glanc'd contemptuous o'er my ruin'd fold;
He blam'd the graces of my fav'rite bow'r;
My breast, unfully'd by the lust of gold;
My time, unlavish'd in pursuit of pow'r.

Yes, Alpheus! fly the purer paths of fate:
Abjure these scenes from venal passions free;
Know, in this grove, I vow'd perpetual hate,
War, endless war, with lucre and with thee.

Here nobly zealous, in my youthful hours,
I dress'd an altar to Thalia's name:
Here, as I crown'd the verdant shrine with flow'rs,
Soft on my labours stole the smiling dame.

Damon, she cry'd, if pleas'd with honest praise,
Thou court success by virtue or by song,
Fly the false dictates of the venal race;
Fly the gross accents of the venal tongue.

Swear that no lucre shall thy zeal betray;
Swerve not thy foot with Fortune's vot'ries more;
Brand thou their lives, and brand their lifeless day—
The winning phantom urg'd me, and I swore.

Forth from the rustic altar swift I stray'd,
 "Aid my firm purpose, ye celestial pow'rs!
 "Aid me to quell the sordid breast," I said;
 And * threw my jav'lin tow'ards their hostile tow'rs.
 Think not regretful I survey the deed,
 Or added years no more the zeal allow;
 Still, still observant to the grove I speed,
 The shrine embellish, and repeat the vow.
 Sworn from his cradle Rome's relentless foe,
 Such gen'rous hate the † Punic champion bore;
 Thy lake, O Thrasimene! beheld it glow,
 And Cannæ's walls, and Trebia's crimson shore.
 But let grave annals paint the warrior's fame;
 Fair shine his arms, in history enroll'd;
 Whilst humbler lyres his civil worth proclaim,
 His nobler hate of avarice and gold.—
 Now Punic pride its final eve survey'd;
 Its hosts exhausted, and its fleets on fire;
 Patient the victor's lurid frown obey'd,
 And saw th' unwilling elephants retire.
 But when their gold depress'd the yielding scale,
 Their gold in pyramidal plenty pill'd,
 He saw th' unutterable grief prevail;
 He saw their tears, and, in his fury, smil'd.
 "Think not," he cry'd, "ye view the smiles of ease,
 Or this firm breast disclaims a patriot's pain;
 I smile, but from a soul estrang'd to peace,
 Frantic with grief, delirious with disdain!

* The Roman ceremony in declaring war.

† Hannibal.

But were it cordial, this detested smile,
 Seems it less timely than the grief you show?
 O sons of Carthage! grant me to revile
 The sordid source of your indecent woe!

Why weep ye now! ye saw with tearless eye,
 When your fleet perish'd on the Punic wave:
 Where lurk'd the coward-tear, the lazy sigh,
 When Tyre's imperial state commenc'd a slave?

'Tis past—O Carthage! vanquish'd! honour'd shade!
 Go, the mean sorrows of thy sons deplore:
 Had freedom shar'd the vow to fortune paid,
 She ne'er, like fortune, had forsook thy shore."

He ceas'd—abash'd the conscious audience hear;
 Their pallid cheeks a crimson blush unfold;
 Yet o'er that virtuous blush distreams a tear,
 And falling moistens their abandon'd gold*.

E L E G Y XX.

He compares his humble fortune with the
 distress of others; and his subjection to
 DELIA, with the miserable servitude of an
 African slave.

WHY droops this heart, with fancy'd woes for-
 lorn?

Why sinks my soul beneath each wint'ry sky?
 What pensive crouds, by ceaseless labours worn,
 What myriads wish to be as bless'd as I?

* By the terms forced upon the Carthaginians by Scipio,
 they were to deliver up all the elephants, and to pay near
 two millions sterling.

What though my roofs devoid of pomp arise,
Nor tempt the proud to quit his destin'd way?
Nor costly art my flow'ry dales disguise,
Where only simple friendship deigns to stray?
See the wild sons of Lapland's chill domain,
That scoop their couch beneath the drifted snows,
How void of hope they ken the frozen plain,
Where the sharp east for ever, ever blows!
Slave tho' I be, to Delia's eyes a slave,
My Delia's eyes endear the bands I wear;
The sigh she causes well becomes the brave,
The pang she causes, 'tis ev'n bliss to bear.
See the poor native quit the Lybian shores,
Ah! not in love's delightful fetters bound!
No radiant smile his dying peace restores,
Nor love, nor fame, nor friendship heals his wound.
Let vacant bards display their boasted woes,
Shall I the mockery of grief display?
No, let the muse his piercing pangs disclose,
Who bleeds and weeps his sum of life away!
On the wild beach in mournful guise he stood;
Ere the shrill boatwain gave the hated sign;
He dropt a tear unseen into the flood;
He stole one secret moment to repine.
Yet the muse listen'd to the plaints he made;
Such moving plaints as nature could inspire;
To me the muse his tender plea convey'd,
But smooth'd, and suited to the sounding lyre.
"Why am I ravish'd from my native strand?
"What savage race protects this impious gain?
"Shall foreign plagues infect this teeming land,
"And more than sea-born monsters plough the
"main?

- " Here the dire locusts horrid swarms prevail ;
 " Here the blue asps with livid poison swell ;
 " Here the dry dipsa writhes his sinuous mail ;
 " Can we not here, secure from envy, dwell ?
 " When the grim lion urg'd his cruel chace,
 " When the stern panther sought his midnight-prey,
 " What fate reserv'd me for this * Christian race ?
 " O race more polish'd, more severe than they !
 " Ye prouling wolves, pursue my latest cries !
 " Thon hungry tyger, leave thy reeking den !
 " Ye sandy wastes, in rapid eddies rise !
 " O tear me from the whips and scorns of men !
 " Yet in their face superior beauty glows :
 " Are smiles the mien of rapine and of wrong ?
 " Yet from their lip the voice of mercy flows,
 " And ev'n religion dwells upon their tongue.
 " Of blissful haunts they tell, and brighter climes,
 " Where gentle minds, convey'd by death, repair :
 " But stain'd with blood, and crimson'd o'er with
 " crimes,
 " Say, shall they merit what they paint so fair ?
 " No, careless, hopeless of those fertile plains,
 " Rich by our toils, and by our sorrows gay,
 " They ply our labours, and enhance our pains,
 " And feign these distant regions to repay.
 " For them our tusky elephant expires ;
 " For them we drain the mine's embowel'd gold ;
 " Where rove the brutal nations wild desires ? —
 " Our limbs are purchas'd, and our life is sold !
 " Yet shores there are, bless'd shores for us remain,
 " And favour'd isles with golden fruitage crown'd,
 " Where tufted flow'rets paint the verdant plain,
 " Where ev'ry breeze shall med'cine ev'ry wound.

* Spoke by a savage.

“There the stern tyrant that embitters life,
 “Shall, vainly suppliant, spread his asking hand;
 “There shall we view the billow’s raging strife,
 “Aid the kind breast, and waft his boat to land.”

E L E G Y XXI.

Taking a view of the country from his retirement, he is led to meditate on the character of the ancient Britons. Written at the time of a rumoured tax upon luxury, 1746.

THUS Damon sung—what though unknown to
 praise

Umbrageous coverts hide my muse and me;
 Or ’mid the rural shepherds flow my days;
 Amid the rural shepherds I am free.

To view sleek vassals croud a stately hall,
 Say, should I grow myself a solemn slave?
 To find thy tints, O Titian, grace my wall,
 Forego the flow’ry fields my fortune gave?

Lord of my time, my devious path I bend;
 Thro’ fringing woodland, or smooth-shaven lawn;
 Or penfile grove, or airy cliff ascend,
 And hail the scene by nature’s pencil drawn.

Thanks be to fate—though nor the racy vine,
 Nor fatt’ning olive clothe the fields I rove,
 Sequester’d shades, and gurgling founts are mine,
 And ev’ry sylvan grot the muses love.

Here if my vista point the mould'ring pile,
 Where hood and cowl devotion's aspect wore;
 I trace the tott'ring reliques with a smile,
 To think the mental bondage is no more.

Pleas'd, if the glowing landscape wave with corn,
 Or the tall oaks, my country's bulwark, rise;
 Pleas'd, if mine eye, o'er thousand valleys borne,
 Discern the Cambrian hills support the skies.

And see Plinlimmon; even the youthful fight
 Scales the proud hill's ethereal cliffs with pain!
 Such Caer-caradoc! thy stupenduous height,
 Whose ample shade obscures th' Iernian main:

Bleak, joyless regions! where, by science fir'd,
 Some prying sage his lonely step may bend;
 There, by the love of novel plants inspir'd,
 Invidious view the clam'ring goats ascend.

Yet for those mountains, clad with lasting snow,
 The free-born Briton left his greenest mead;
 Receding sullen from his mightier foe,
 For here he saw fair liberty recede.

Then, if a chief perform'd a patriot's part,
 Sustain'd her drooping sons, repell'd her foes,
 Above her Persian lute, or Attic art,
 The rude majestic monument arose.

Progressive ages carol'd forth his fame;
 Sires, to his praise, attun'd their children's tongue;
 The hoary druid fed the gen'rous flame,
 While, in such strains, the rev'rend wizard sung,

"Go forth, my sons!—for what is vital breath,
 "Your gods expell'd, your liberty resign'd?
 "Go forth, my sons!—for what is instant death?
 "To souls secure perennial joys to find?

“ For scenes there are, unknown to war or pain,
“ Where drops the balm that heals a tyrant’s
“ wound;
“ Where patriots, blest with boundless freedom reign,
“ With mistletoe’s mysterious garlands crown’d.
“ Such are the names that grace your mystic songs;
“ Your solemn woods resound their martial fire;
“ To you, my sons, the ritual meed belongs,
“ If in the cause you vanquish, or expire.
“ Hark! from the sacred oak that crowns the groves
“ What awful voice my raptur’d bosom warms!
“ This is the favour’d moment Heav’n approves,
“ Sound the shrill trump; this instant, sound to
“ arms.”

Theirs was the science of a martial race,
To shape the lance, or decorate the shield;
Ev’n the fair virgin stain’d her native grace,
To give new horrors to the tented field.

Now, for some cheek where guilty blushes glow,
For some false Florimel’s impure disguise,
The list’d youth, nor war’s loud signal know,
Nor virtue’s call, nor fame’s imperial prize.

Then if soft concord lull’d their fears to sleep,
Inert and silent slept the manly ear;
But rush’d horrific o’er the fearful sleep,
If freedom’s awful clarion-breath’d to war.

Now the sleek courtier, indolent and vain,
Thron’d in the splendid carriage glides supine;
To taint his virtue with a foreign strain,
Or at a fav’rite’s board his faith resign.

Leave then, O Luxury! this happy soil!
Chase her, Britannia, to some hostile shore!
Or * fleece the baneful pest with annual spoil,
And let thy virtuous offspring weep no more!

* Alludes to a tax upon luxury, then in debate.

E L E G Y XXII.

Written in the year —, when the rights
of sepulture were so frequently violated.

SAY, gentle sleep, that lov'st the gloom of night,
Parent of dreams! thou great magician, say,
Whence my late vision thus endures the light;
Thus haunts my fancy thro' the glare of day.

The silent moon had scal'd the vaulted skies,
And anxious care resign'd my limbs to rest;
A sudden lustre struck my wond'ring eyes,
And Sylvia stood before my couch confest.

Ah! not the nymph so blooming and so gay,
That led the dance beneath the festive shade!
But she that, in the morning of her day,
Intomb'd beneath the grass-green sod was laid.

No more her eyes their wonted radiance cast;
No more her breast inspir'd the lover's flame,
No more her cheek the Pastan rose surpast;
Yet seem'd her lip's æthereal smile the same.

Nor such her hair as deck'd her living face;
Nor such her voice as charm'd the list'ning croud;
Nor such her dress as heighten'd ev'ry grace;
Alas! all vanish'd for the mournful shroud!

Yet seem'd her lip's æthereal charm the same;
That dear distinction ev'ry doubt remov'd;
Perish the lover whose imperfect flame
Forgets one feature of the nymph he lov'd.

"Damon," she said, "mine hour allotted flies;
"Oh! do not waste it with a fruitless tear!
"Tho' griev'd to see thy Sylvia's pale disguise,
"Suspend thy sorrow, and attentive hear.

- “ So may thy muse with virtuous fame be blest!
“ So be thy love with mutual love repaid;
“ So may thy bones in sacred silence rest,
“ Fast by the relics of some happier maid!
- “ Thou know’st, how, ling’ring on a distant shore,
“ Disease invidious nipt my flow’ry prime;
“ And oh! what pangs my tender bosom tore,
“ To think I ne’er must view my native clime!
- “ No friend was near to raise my drooping head;
“ No dear companion wept to see me die;
“ Lodge me within my native soil, I said,
“ Where my fond parents honour’d relics lie.
- “ Tho’ now debarr’d of each domestic tear;
“ Unknown, forgot, I meet the fatal blow;
“ There many a friend shall grace my woeful bier,
“ And many a sigh shall rise, and tear shall flow.
- “ I spoke, nor fate forbore his trembling spoil;
“ Some venal mourner lent his careless aid;
“ And soon they bore me to my native soil,
“ Where my fond parents dear remains were laid.
- “ ’Twas then the youths, from ev’ry plain and grove,
“ Adorn’d with mournful verse thy Sylvia’s bier;
“ ’Twas then the nymphs their votive garlands wove,
“ And strew’d the fragrance of the youthful year.
- “ But why, alas! the tender scene display?
“ Could Damon’s foot the pious path decline?
“ Ah no! ’twas Damon first attun’d his lay,
“ And sure no sonnet was so dear as thine.
- “ Thus was I bosom’d in the peaceful grave;
“ My placid ghost no longer wept its doom;
“ When savage robbers ev’ry sanction brave,
“ And with outrageous guilt defraud the tomb!

- “ Shall my poor corse, from hostile realms convey’d,
“ Lose the cheap portion of my native sands?
“ Or, in my kindred’s dear embraces laid,
“ Mourn the vile ravage of barbarian hands?
“ Say, would thy breast no death-like torture feel,
“ To see my limbs the felon’s gripe obey?
“ To see them gash’d beneath the daring steel?
“ To croud a spectre, and to dogs a prey?
“ If Pæan’s sons these horrid rites require,
“ If health’s fair science be by these refin’d,
“ Let guilty convicts for their use expire,
“ And let their breathless corse avail mankind.
“ Yet hard it seems, when guilt’s last fine is paid,
“ To see the victim’s corse deny’d repose!
“ Now, more severe! the poor offenceless maid
“ Dreads the dire outrage of inhuman foes.
“ Where is the faith of ancient Pagans fled?
“ Where the fond care the wand’ring manes claim?
“ Nature, instinctive, cries, Protect the dead,
“ And sacred be their ashes, and their fame.
“ Arise, dear youth! ev’n now the danger calls;
“ Ev’n now the villain snuffs his wonted prey;
“ See! see! I lead thee to yon’ sacred walls——
“ Oh! fly to chase these human wolves away.”

E L E G Y XXIII.

Reflections suggested by his situation.

BORN near the scene for * Kenelm's fate renowned,

I take my plaintive reed, and range the grove,
And raise my lay, and bid the rocks resound.

The savage force of empire, and of love.

Fast by the centre of yon various wild,

Where spreading oaks embower a Gothic fane;
Kendrida's arts a brother's youth beguil'd;

There nature urg'd her tend'rest pleas in vain.

Soft o'er his birth, and o'er his infant-hours,

Th' ambitious maid could ev'ry care employ;
Then with assiduous fondness cropt the flow'rs,
To deck the cradle of the princely boy.

But soon the bosom's pleasing calm is flown;

Love fires her breast; the sultry passions rise;
A favour'd lover seeks the Mercian throne,
And views her Kenelm with a rival's eyes.

How kind were fortune, and how just were fate,

Would fate or fortune Mercia's heir remove!
How sweet to revel on the couch of state!

To crown at once her lover and her love!

* Kenelm in the Saxon heptarchy was heir to the kingdom of Mercia; but, being very young at his father's death, was, by the artifices of his sister and her lover, deprived of his crown and life together. The body was found in a piece of ground near the top of Clent-hill, exactly facing Mr. Shenstone's house: near which place a church was afterwards erected to his memory, still used for divine worship, and called St. Kenelm's. See Plot's History of Staffordshire.

See, garnish'd for the chace, the fraudulent maid

To these lone hills direct his devious way;

The youth, all prone, the sister guide obey'd,

Ill-fated youth! himself the destin'd prey.

But now, nor shaggy hill, nor pathless plain;

Forms the lone refuge of the silvan game;

Since Lyttleton has crown'd the sweet domain

With softer pleasures, and with fairer fame.

Where the rough bowman urg'd his headlong steed,

Immortal bards, a polish'd race, retire;

And where hoarse scream'd the strepent horn, succeed

The melting graces of no vulgar lyre.

See Thomson, loit'ring near some limpid well,

For Britain's friend the verdant wreath prepare!

Or, studious of revolving seasons, tell

How peerless Luzia made all seasons fair!

See * * * * * from civic garlands fly,

And in these groves indulge his tuneful vein!

Or from yon summit, with a guardian's eye,

Observe how freedom's hand attires the plain!

Here Pope!—ah never must that tow'ring mind

To his lov'd haunts, or dearer friend, return!

What art! what friendships! oh! what fame re-
sign'd!

—In yonder glade I trace his mournful urn.

Where is the breast can rage or hate retain,

And these glad streams and smiling lawns behold?

Where is the breast can hear the woodland-strain,

And think fair freedom well exchang'd for gold?

Through these soft shades delighted let me stray,

While o'er my head forgotten suns descend!

Through these dear valleys bend my casual way,

Till setting life a total shade extend!

Here far from courts, and void of pompous cares,
I'll muse how much I owe mine humbler fate;
Or shrink to find how much ambition dares,
To shine in anguish, and to grieve in state!

Canst thou, O sun! that spotless throne disclose,
Where her bold arm has left no sanguine stain?
Where, shew me where, the lineal sceptre glows,
Pure, as the simple crook that rules the plain?

Tremendous pomp! where hate, distrust, and fear,
In kindred bosoms solve the social tie;
There not the parent's smile is half sincere,
Nor void of art the consort's melting eye.

There with the friendly wish, the kindly flame,
No face is brighten'd, and no bosoms beat;
Youth, manhood, age, avow one sordid aim,
And even the beardless lip essays deceit.

There coward rumours walk their murd'rous round;
The glance that more than rural blame instils;
Whispers, that ting'd with friendship doubly wound,
Pity that injures, and concern that kills.

Their anger whets, but love can ne'er engage;
Careless brothers part but to revile;
There all men smile, and prudence warns the wife,
To dread the fatal stroke of all that smile.

There all are rivals! sister, son and sire,
With horrid purpose hug destructive arms;
There soft-ey'd maids in murd'rous plots conspire,
And scorn the gentler mischief of their charms.

Let servile minds one endless watch endure;
Day, night, nor hour, their anxious guard resign;
But lay me, fate! on flow'ry bank, secure,
Tho' my whole soul be, like my limbs, supine,

Yet, may my tongue disclaim a vassal's care;
 My lyre resound no prostituted lays;
 More warm to merit, more elate to wear
 The cap of freedom, than the crown of bays.
 Sooth'd by the murmurs of my pebbled flood,
 I wish it not o'er golden sands to flow;
 Cheer'd by the verdure of my spiral wood,
 I scorn the quarry, where no shrub can grow.
 No midnight-pangs the shepherd's peace pursue;
 His tongue, his hand attempts no secret wound;
 He sings his Delia, and if she be true,
 His love at once, and his ambition's crown'd.

E L E G Y XXIV.

He takes occasion, from the fate of ELEANOR of Bretagne*, to suggest the imperfect pleasures of a solitary life.

WHEN beauty mourns by fate's injurious doom,
 Hid from the chearful glance of human eye;
 When nature's pride inglorious waits the tomb,
 Hard is that heart which checks the rising sigh.
 Fair Eleanora! would no gallant mind
 The cause of love, the cause of justice own!
 Matchless thy charms, and was no life refin'd
 To see them sparkle from their native throne?

* Eleanor of Bretagne, the lawful heiress of the English crown, upon the death of Arthur, in the reign of K. John she was esteemed the beauty of her time; was imprisoned forty years (till the time of her death) in Bristol castle.

Or had fair freedom's hand unveil'd thy charms,
Well might such brows the regal gem resign;
Thy radiant mien might scorn the guilt of arms,
Yet Albion's awful empire yield to thine.

O shame of Britons! in one sullen tow'r
She wet with royal tears her daily cell;
She found keen anguish ev'ry rose devour;
They sprung, they shone, they faded and they fell.

Thro' one dim lattice fring'd with ivy round,
Successive suns a languid radiance threw;
To paint how fierce her angry guardian frown'd,
To mark how fast her waning beauty flew.

This age might bear; then fated fancy palls,
Nor warmly hopes what splendour can supply;
Fond youth incessant mourns, if rigid walls
Restrain its list'ning ear, its curious eye.

Believe me, * * * * the pretence is vain!
This boasted calm that smooths our early days,
For never yet could youthful mind restrain
Th' alternate pant for pleasure and for praise.

Ev'n me, by shady oak, or limpid spring,
Ev'n me the scenes of polish'd life allure;
Some genius whispers, "Life is on the wing,
"And hard his lot that languishes obscure.

"What tho' thy ripper mind admire no more
"The shining cincture, and the broider'd fold?
"Can pierce like light'ning thro' the figur'd ore,
"And melt to dross the radiant forms of gold?

"Furs, ermines, rods may well attract thy scorn;
"The futile presents of capricious pow'r!
"But wit, but worth, the public sphere adorn,
"And who but envies then the social hour?

- " Can virtue; careless of her pupil's need,
 " Forget how * * * sustains the shepherd's cause?
 " Content in shades to tune a lonely reed,
 " Nor join the sounding paean of applause?
 " For public haunts impell'd by Britain's weal,
 " See Greenville quit the muse's fav'rite ease;
 " And shall not swains admire his noble zeal?
 " Admiring praise, admiring strive to please?
 " Life, says the sage, affords no blest sincere;
 " And courts, and cells in vain our hopes renew:
 " But ah! where Greenville charms the list'ning ear
 " 'Tis hard to think the cheerless maxim true.
 " The groves may smile; the rivers gently glide;
 " Soft thro' the vale resound the lonesome lay;
 " Ev'n thickets yield delight, if taste preside,
 " But can they please, when Lyttleton's away?
 " Pure as the swain's the breast of * * * glows,
 " Ah! were the shepherd's phrase, like his, refin'd!
 " But, how improv'd the gen'rous dictate flows
 " Thro' the clear medium of a polish'd mind!
 " Happy the youths who, warm with Britain's love,
 " Her inmost wish in * * * periods hear!
 " Happy that in the radiant circle move,
 " Attendant orbs, where Lonsdale gilds the sphere!
 " While rural faith, and ev'ry polish'd art,
 " Each friendly charm in * * * conspire,
 " From public scenes all pensive must you part;
 " All joyless to the greenest fields retire!
 " Go, plaintive youth! no more by fount or stream,
 " Like some lone halcyon, social pleasure shun;
 " Go dare the light, enjoy its chearful beam,
 " And hail the bright procession of the sun.

“Then, cover’d by thy ripen’d shades, resume
 “The silent walk; no more by passion tost:
 “Then seek thy rustic haunts; thy dreary gloom,
 “Where ev’ry art that colours life is lost.”——

In vain! the list’ning muse attends in vain!
 Restraints in hostile bands her motions wait—
 ——Yet will I grieve, and sadden all my strain,
 When injur’d beauty mourns the muse’s fate.

E L E G Y XXV.

To DELIA, with some flowers; complaining
 how much his benevolence suffers on ac-
 count of his humble fortune.

W HATE’ER could sculpture’s curious art em-
 ploy,

Whate’er the lavish hand of wealth can show’r,
 These would I give—and ev’ry gift enjoy,
 That pleas’d my fair—but fate denies the pow’r.

Bless’d were my lot, to feed the social fires!
 To learn the latent wishes of a friend!
 To give the boon his native taste admires,
 And, for my transport, on his smile depend!

Bless’d too is he, whose evening-ramble strays
 Where droop the sons of indigence and care!
 His little gifts their gladden’d eyes amaze,
 And win, at small expence, their fondest pray’r!

And oh the joy, to shun the conscious light,
 To spare the modest blush; to give unseen;
 Like show’rs that fall behind the veil of night,
 Yet deeply tinge the smiling vales with green.

But happiest they who drooping realms relieve!
 Whose virtues in our cultur'd vales appear!
 For whose sad fate a thousand shepherds grieve,
 — And fading fields allow the grief sincere.

To call lost worth from its oppressive shade;
 To fix its equal sphere, and see it shine;
 To hear it grateful own the gen'rous aid;
 This, this is transport—but must ne'er be mine.

Faint is my bounded bliss; nor I refuse
 To range where daisies open, rivers roll;
 While prose or song the languid hours amuse,
 And soothe the fond impatience of my soul.

A while I'll weave the roofs of jasmin bow'rs,
 And urge with trivial cares the loit'ring year;
 A while I'll prune my grove, protect my flow'rs,
 Then, unlamented, press an early bier!

Of those lov'd flow'rs the lifeless corse may share;
 Some hireling hand a fading wreath bestow;
 The rest will breathe as sweet, will grow as fair,
 As when their master smil'd to see them glow.

The sequent morn shall wake the silvan quire;
 The kid again shall wanton ere 'tis noon;
 Nature will smile, will wear her best attire;
 O! let not gentle Delia smile so soon!

While the rude hearse conveys me slow away,
 And careless eyes my vulgar fate proclaim,
 Let thy kind tear my utmost worth o'erpay;
 And, softly sighing, vindicate my fame.——

O Delia, cheer'd by thy superior praise,
 I bless the silent path the fates decree:
 Pleas'd, from the list of my inglorious days,
 To raze the moments crown'd with bliss and thee.

E L E G Y XXVI.

Describing the sorrow of an ingenuous mind,
on the melancholy event of a licentious
amour.

WHY mourns my friend? why weeps his down-
cast eye?

That eye where mirth, where fancy us'd to shine?
Thy chearful meads reprove that swelling sigh;
Spring ne'er enamel'd fairer meads than thine.

Art thou not lodg'd in Fortune's warm embrace?

Wert thou not form'd by Nature's partial care?
Bless'd in thy sons, and bless'd in ev'ry grace,
That wins the friend, or that enchants the fair?

Damon, said he, thy partial praise restrain;

Nor Damon's friendship can my peace restore;
Alas! his very praise awakes my pain,
And my poor wounded bosom bleeds the more.

For oh! that Nature on my birth had frown'd!

Or Fortune fix'd me to some lowly cell!
Then had my bosom 'scap'd this fatal wound,
Nor had I bid these vernal sweets, farewell.

But led by Fortune's hand, her darling child,

My youth her vain licentious bliss admir'd;
In Fortune's train the siren flatt'ry smil'd,
And rashly hallow'd, all her queen inspir'd.

Of folly studious, ev'n of vices vain,

Ah vices! gilded by the rich and gay!
I chas'd the guiltless daughters of the plain,
Nor dropt the chace till Jessy was my prey.

Poor artless maid! to stain thy spotless name,
 Expence, and art, and toil, united strove;
 To lure a breast that felt the purest flame,
 Sustain'd by virtue, but betray'd by love.

School'd in the science of love's mazy wiles,
 I cloth'd each feature with affected scorn;
 I spoke of jealous doubts, and fickle smiles,
 And, feigning, left her anxious and forlorn.

Then, while the fancied rage alarm'd her care,
 Warm to deny, and zealous to disprove;
 I bade my words the wonted softness wear,
 And seiz'd the minute of returning love.

To thee, my Damon, dare I paint the rest?
 Will yet thy love a candid ear incline?
 Assur'd that virtue, by misfortune prest,
 Feels not the sharpness of a pang like mine.

Nine envious moons matur'd her growing shame;
 Ere-while to flaunt it in the face of day;
 When scorn'd of virtue, stigmatiz'd by fame,
 Low at my feet desponding Jessy lay.

" Henry, (she said), by thy dear form subdu'd,

" See the sad relics of a nymph undone!

" I find, I find this rising sob renew'd:

" I sigh in shades, and sicken at the sun.

" Amid the dreary gloom of night I cry,

" When will the morn's once pleasing scenes re-
 turn?

" Yet what can morn's returning ray supply,

" But foes that triumph, or but-friends that
 mourn?

" Alas! no more that joyous morn appears

" That led the tranquil hours of spotless fame;

" For I have steep'd a father's couch in tears,

" And ting'd a mother's glowing cheek with shame,

- "The vocal birds that raise their matin strain,
"The sportive lambs increase my pensive moan;
"All seem to chace me from the chearful plain,
"And talk of truth and innocence alone.
- "If through the garden's flow'ry tribes I stray,
"Where bloom the jasmims that could once allure;
"Hope not to find delight in us, they say,
"For we are spotless, Jeffy; we are pure.
- "Ye flow'rs! that well reproach a nymph so frail,
"Say, could ye with my virgin fame compare?
"The brightest bud that scents the vernal gale,
"Was not so fragrant, and was not so fair.
- "Now the grave old alarm the gentler young;
"And all my fame's abhorr'd contagion flee;
"Trembles each lip, and falters ev'ry tongue,
"That bids the morn propitious smile on me.
- "Thus for your sake I shun each human eye;
"I bid the sweets of blooming youth adieu;
"To die I languish, but I dread to die,
"Lest my sad fate should nourish pangs for you.
- "Raise me from earth; the pains of want remove,
"And let me silent seek some friendly shore;
"There only, banish'd from the form I love,
"My weeping virtue shall relapse no more.
- "Be but my friend; I ask no dearer name;
"Be such the meed of some more artful fair;
"Nor could it heal my peace, or chace my shame,
"That pity gave, what love refus'd to share.
- "Force not my tongue to ask its scanty bread;
"Nor hurl thy Jeffy to the vulgar crew;
"Not such the parent's board at which I fed!
"Not such the precept from his lips I drew!

" Haply, when age has silver'd o'er my hair;
" Malice may learn to scorn so mean a spoil;
" Envy may slight a face no longer fair;
" And pity welcome to my native soil."

She spoke—nor was I born of savage race;
Nor could these hands a niggard boon assign;
Grateful she clasp'd me in a last embrace,
And vow'd to waste her life in prayers for mine.

I saw her foot the lofty bark ascend;
I saw her breast with ev'ry passion heave;
I left her—torn from ev'ry earthly friend;
Oh! my hard bosom, which could bear to leave?

Brief let me be; the fatal storm arose:
The billows rag'd; the pilot's art was vain:
O'er the tall mast the circling surges close:
My Jessy floats upon the wat'ry plain!

And—see my youth's impetuous fires decay:
Seek not to stop reflection's bitter tear:
But warn the frolic and instruct the gay,
From Jessy floating on her wat'ry bier!

ODES, SONGS, BALLADS, &c.

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RURAL ELEGANCE:

An ODE to the late Duchess of SOMERSET.

Written in 1750.

WHILE orient skies restore the day,
And dew-drops catch the lucid ray;
Amid the sprightly scenes of morn,
Will aught the muse inspire?
Oh! peace to yonder clam'rous horn
That drowns the sacred lyre!
Ye rural thanes that o'er the mossy down
Some panting, tim'rous hare pursue;
Does nature mean your joys alone to crown?
Say, does she smooth her lawns for you?
For you does Echo bid the rocks reply,
And, urg'd by rude constraint, resound the jovial cry?
See from the neighbouring hill, forlorn
The wretched swain your sport survey;
He finds his faithful fences torn,
He finds his labour'd crops a prey:
He sees his flock—no more in circles feed;
Haply beneath your ravage bleed,
And with no random curses loads the-deed.
Nor yet, ye swains, conclude
That Nature smiles for you alone;
Your bounded souls, and your conceptions crude,
The proud, the selfish boast disown:
Yours be the produce of the soil;
O may it still reward your toil!
Nor ever the defenceless train
Of clinging infants, ask support in vain!

But tho' the various harvest gild your plains,
 Does the mere landscape feast your eye?
 Or the warm hope of distant gains
 Far other cause of glee supply?
 Is not the red-streak's future juice
 The source of your delight profound,
 Where Ariconium pours her gems profuse,
 Purpling a whole horizon round?
 Athirst ye praise the limpid stream, 'tis true:
 But tho', the pebbled shores among,
 It mimic no unpleasing song,
 The limpid fountain murmurs not for you.

Unpleas'd ye see the thickets bloom,
 Unpleas'd the spring her flowery robe resume;
 Unmov'd the mountain's airy pile,
 The dappled mead without a smile.
 O let a rural conscious muse,
 For well she knows, your froward sense accuse:
 Forth to the solemn oak you bring the square,
 And span the massy trunk, before you cry, 'tis fair.

Nor yet ye learn'd, nor yet ye courtly train,
 If haply from your haunts ye stray
 To waste with us a summer's day,
 Exclude the taste of ev'ry swain,
 Nor our untutor'd sense disdain:
 'Tis Nature only gives exclusive right
 To relish her supreme delight;
 She, where she pleases kind or coy,
 Who furnishes the scene, and forms us to enjoy.

Then hither bring the fair ingenuous mind,
 By her auspicious aid refin'd;
 Lo! not an hedge-row hawthorn blows,
 Or humble hare-bell paints the plain,
 Or valley winds, or fountain flows,
 Or purple heath is ting'd in vain:

For such the rivers dash the foaming tides,
 The mountain swells, the dale subsides;
 Ev'n thriftless furze detains their wand'ring sight,
 And the rough barren rock grows pregnant with
 delight.

With what suspicious fearful care
 The sordid wretch secures his claim,
 If haply some luxurious heir
 Should alienate the fields that wear his name!
 What scruples lest some future birth
 Should litigate a span of earth!
 Bonds, contracts, feoffments, names unmeet for prose,
 The tow'ring muse endures not to disclose;
 Alas! her unrevers'd decree,
 More comprehensive and more free,
 Her lavish charter, Taste, appropriates all we see.

Let gondolas their painted flags unfold,
 And be the solemn day enroll'd,
 When, to confirm his lofty plea,
 In nuptial sort, with bridal gold,
 The grave Venetian weds the sea:
 Each laughing muse derides the vow;
 Ev'n Adria scorns the mock embrace.
 To some lone hermit on the mountain's brow,
 Allotted, from his natal hour,
 With all her myrtle-shores in dow'r,
 His breast to admiration prone,
 Enjoys the smile upon her face,
 Enjoys triumphant ev'ry grace,
 And finds her more his own.

Fatigu'd with form's oppressive laws,
 When Somerset avoids the great;
 When cloy'd with merited applause,
 She seeks the rural calm retreat;
 Does she not praise each mossy cell,
 And feel the truth my numbers tell?

When deafen'd by the loud acclaim,
 Which genius grac'd with rank obtains,
 Could she not more delighted hear
 Yon throttle chant the rising year?
 Could she not spurn the wreaths of fame,
 To crop the primrose of the plains?
 Does she not sweets in each fair valley find,
 Lost to the sons of pow'r, unknown to half mankind?

Ah! can she covet there to see
 The splendid slaves, the reptile race,
 That oil the tongue, and bow the knee,
 That slight her merit, but adore her place?
 Far happier, if aright I deem,
 When from gay throngs, and gilded spires,
 To where the lonely halcyons play,
 Her philosophic step retires:
 While, studious of the moral theme,
 She to some smooth sequester'd stream
 Likens the swain's inglorious day;
 Pleas'd from the flow'ry margin to survey,
 How cool, serene, and clear the current glides away.

O blind to truth, to virtue blind,
 Who slight the sweetly-pensive mind!
 On whose fair birth the graces mild,
 And ev'ry muse prophetic smil'd.
 Not that the poet's boasted fire
 Should fame's wide-echoing trumpet swell;
 Or on the music of his lyre
 Each future age with rapture dwell;
 The vaunted sweets of praise remove,
 Yet shall such bosoms claim a part
 In all that glads the human heart;
 Yet these the spirits, form'd to judge and prove
 All Nature's charms immense, and Heaven's un-
 bounded love.

And oh! the transport, most ally'd to song,
 In some fair villa's peaceful bound,
 To catch soft hints from nature's tongue,
 And bid Arcadia bloom around:
 Whether we fringe the sloping hill,
 Or smooth below the verdant mead;
 Whether we break the falling rill,
 Or through meand'ring mazes lead;
 Or in the horrid bramble's room
 Bid careless groups of roses bloom;
 Or let some shelter'd lake serene
 Reflect flow'rs, woods, and spires, and brighten all
 the scene.

O sweet disposal of the rural hour!
 O beauties never known to cloy!
 While worth and genius haunt the favour'd bow'r,
 And ev'ry gentle breast partakes the joy!
 While Charity at eve surveys the swain,
 Enabled by these toils to cheer
 A train of helpless infants dear,
 Speed whistling home across the plain;
 See vagrant Luxury, her handmaid grown,
 For half her graceless deeds atone,
 And hails the bounteous work, and ranks it with
 her own.

Why brand these pleasures with the name
 Of soft, unsocial toils, of indolence and shame?
 Search but the garden, or the wood,
 Let yon admir'd carnation own,
 Not all was meant for raiment, or for food;
 Not all for needful use alone;
 There while the seeds of future blossoms dwell,
 'Tis colour'd for the sight, perfum'd to please the
 smell.

Why knows the nightingale to sing?
 Why flows the pine's nectareous juice?
 Why shines with paint the linnet's wings?
 For sustenance alone? for use?
 For preservation? Every sphere
 Shall bid fair pleasure's rightful claim appear.
 And sure there seem, of human kind,
 Some born to shun the solemn strife;
 Some for amusive tasks design'd,
 To soothe the certain ills of life;
 Grace its lone vales with many a budding rose,
 New founts of bliss disclose,
 Call forth refreshing shades, and decorate repose.
 From plains and woodlands; from the view
 Of rural nature's blooming face,
 Smit with the glare of rank and place,
 To courts the sons of fancy flew;
 There long had Art ordain'd a rival seat;
 There had she lavish'd all her care
 To form a scene more dazzling fair,
 And call'd them from their green retreat
 To share her proud controul;
 Had giv'n the robe with grace to flow,
 Had taught exotic gems to glow;
 And, emulous of nature's pow'r,
 Mimic'd the plume, the leaf, the flow'r;
 Chang'd the complexion's native hue,
 Moulded each rustic limb anew,
 And warp'd the very soul!
 A while her magic strikes the novel eye;
 A while the fairy forms delight;
 And now aloof we seem to fly
 On purple pinions thro' a purer sky,
 Where all is wond'rous, all is bright:

Now landed on some spangled shore,
 A while each dazzled maniac roves
 By sapphire lakes, thro' em'rald groves.
 Paternal acres please no more ;
 Adieu the simple, the sincere delight—
 Th' habitual scene of hill and dale,
 The rural herds, the vernal gale,
 The tangled vetches purple bloom,
 The fragrance of the bean's perfume,
 Be their's alone who cultivate the soil,
 And drink the cup of thirst, and eat the bread of toil.

But soon the pageant fades away !
 'Tis nature only bears perpetual sway.
 We pierce the counterfeited delight,
 Fatigu'd with splendour's irksome beams.
 Fancy again demands the sight
 Of native groves, and wonted streams,
 Pants for the scenes that charm'd her youthful eyes,
 Where Truth maintains her court, and banishes disguise.

Then hither oft, ye senators, retire,
 With nature here high converse hold ;
 For who like Stamford her delights admire,
 Like Stamford shall with scorn behold
 Th' unequal bribes of pageantry and gold ;
 Beneath the British oak's majestic shade,
 Shall see fair Truth, immortal maid,
 Friendship in artless guise array'd,
 Honour, and moral beauty shine
 With more attractive charms, with radiance more
 divine.

Yes, here alone did highest Heav'n ordain
 The lasting magazine of charms,
 Whatever wins, whatever warms,

Whatever fancy seeks to share,
The great, the various, and the fair,
For ever should remain !

Her impulse nothing may restrain—
Or whence the joy 'mid columns, tow'rs,
'Midst all the city's artful trim,
To rear some breathless vapid flow'rs,
Or shrubs fuliginously grim ?
From rooms of silken foliage vain,
To trace the dun far-distant grove,
Where, smit with undissembled pain,
The wood-lark mourns her absent love,
Borne to the dusty town from native air,
To mimic rural life, and soothe some vapour'd fair.

But how must faithless art prevail,
Should all who taste our joy sincere,
To virtue, truth, or science-dear,
Forego a court's alluring pale,
For dimpled brook or leafy grove,
For that rich luxury of thought, they love !
Ah no, from these the public sphere requires
Example for its giddy bands ;
From these impartial Heav'n demands
To spread the flame itself inspires ;
To sift opinion's mingled mafs,
Impress a nation's taste, and bid the sterling pass.

Happy, thrice happy they,
Whose graceful deeds have exemplary shone
Round the precincts of a throne,
With mild effective beams !
Who bands of fair ideas bring,
By solemn grott, or shady spring,
To join their pleasing dreams !
Their's is the rural bliss without alloy,
They only that deserve, enjoy.

What tho' nor fabled dryad haunt their grove,
 Nor naiad near their fountains rove,
 Yet all embody'd to the mental sight,
 A train of smiling virtues bright
 Shall there the wise retreat allow,
 Shall twine triumphant palms to deck the wanderer's
 brow.

And tho' by faithless friends alarm'd,
 Art have with nature wag'd presumptuous war;
 By Seymour's winning influence charm'd,
 In whom their gifts united shine,
 No longer shall their counsels jar.

'Tis hers to mediate the peace:
 Near Piercy lodge, with awe-struck mien,
 The rebel seeks her lawful queen,
 And havoc and contention cease.

I see the rival pow'rs combine,
 And aid each other's fair design;
 Nature exalt the mound where art shall build;
 Art shape the gay alcove, while nature paints the field.

Begin, ye songsters of the grove!
 O warble forth your noblest lay;
 Where Somerset vouchsafes to rove,
 Ye leverets freely sport and play.

—Peace to the strepent horn!

Let no harsh dissonance disturb the morn,

No sounds inelegant and rude

Her sacred solitudes profane!

Unless her candour not exclude

The lowly shepherd's votive strain,

Who tunes his reed amidst his rural cheer,
 Fearful, yet not averse, that Somerset should hear.

ODE to MEMORY, 1748.

O MEMORY ! celestial maid !
 Who glean'st the flow'rets cropt by time ;
 And, suffering not a leaf to fade,
 Preserv'st the blossoms of our prime ;
 Bring, bring those moments to my mind
 When life was new, and Lefbia kind.
 And bring that garland to my sight,
 With which my favour'd crook she bound ;
 And bring that wreath of roses bright
 Which then my festive temples crown'd.
 And to my raptur'd ear convey
 The gentle things she deign'd to say.
 And sketch with care the muse's bow'r,
 Where Isis rolls her silver tide ;
 Nor yet omit one reed or flow'r
 That shines on Cherwell's verdant side ;
 If so thou may'st those hours prolong,
 When polish'd Lycon join'd my song.
 The song it 'vails not to recite——
 But sure, to soothe our youthful dreams,
 Those banks and streams appear'd more bright
 Than other banks, than other streams :
 Or by thy softening pencil shown,
 Assume they beauties not their own ?
 And paint that sweetly vacant scene,
 When all beneath the poplar bough,
 My spirits light, my soul serene,
 I breath'd in verse one cordial vow ;
 That nothing should my soul inspire,
 But friendship warm, and love entire.

Dull to the sense of new delight,
 On thee the drooping muse attends;
 As some fond lover, robb'd of sight,
 On thy expressive pow'r depends;
 Nor woud exchange thy glowing lines,
 To live the lord of all that shines.

But let me chase those vows away
 Which at ambition's shrine I made;
 Nor ever let thy skill display
 Those anxious moments, ill repaid:
 Oh! from my breast that season raise,
 And bring my childhood in its place.

Bring me the bells, the rattle bring,
 And bring the hobby I bestrode;
 When pleas'd, in many a sportive ring,
 Around the room I jovial rode:
 Ev'n let me bid my lyre adieu,
 And bring the whistle that I blew.

Then will I muse, and pensive say,
 Why did not these enjoyments last?
 How sweetly wasted I the day,
 While innocence allow'd to waste?
 Ambition's toils alike are vain,
 But ah! for pleasure yield us pain.

The Princess ELIZABETH:

A Ballad, alluding to a story recorded of her,
 when she was prisoner at Woodstock, 1554.

WILL you hear how once repining
 Great Eliza captive lay;
 Each ambitious thought resigning,
 Foe to riches, pomp and sway?

While the nymphs and swains delighted
 Trip around in all their pride;
 Envyng joys by others slighted,
 Thus the royal maiden cry'd.

" Bred on plains, or born in valleys,
 " Who would bid those scenes adieu?

" Stranger to the arts of malice,
 " Who would ever courts pursue?

" Malice never taught to treasure,
 " Censure never taught to bear:

" Love is all the shepherd's pleasure;
 " Love is all the damsel's care.

" How can they of humble station
 " Vainly blame the pow'rs above?

" Or accuse the dispensation
 " Which allows them all to love?

" Love like air is widely given;
 " Power nor chance can these restrain;

" Truest, noblest gifts of heaven!
 " Only purest on the plain!

" Peers can no such charms discover,
 " All in stars and garters drest,

" As, on Sundays, does the lover
 " With his nosegay on his breast.

" Pinks and roses in profusion,
 " Said to fade when Chloe's near:

" Fops may use the same allusion;
 " But the shepherd is sincere.

" Hark to yonder milk-maid singing
 " Cheerly o'er the brimming pail;

" Cowslips all around her springing
 " Sweetly paint the golden vale.

- " Never yet did courtly maiden
 " Move so sprightly, look so fair;
 " Never breast with jewels laden
 " Pour a song so void of care.
 " Would indulgent Heaven had granted
 " Me some rural damsel's part!
 " All the empire I had wanted
 " Then had been my shepherd's heart.
 " Then, with him, o'er hills and mountains,
 " Free from fetters might I rove:
 " Fearless taste the chrystal fountains;
 " Peaceful sleep beneath the grove.
 " Rustics had been more forgiving;
 " Partial to my virgin bloom;
 " None had envy'd me when living;
 " None had triumph'd o'er my tomb."

ODE to a Young Lady,

Somewhat too solicitous about her manner
 of expression.

SURVEY, my fair! that lucid stream
 Adown the smiling valley stray;
 Would art attempt, or fancy dream,
 To regulate its winding way?

So pleas'd I view thy shining hair
 In loose dishevel'd ringlets flow:
 Not all thy art, not all thy care
 Can there one single grace bestow.

Survey again that verdant hill,
 With native plants enamel'd o'er;
 Say, can the painter's utmost skill
 Instruct one flower to please us more?

As vain it were, with artful dye,
 To change the bloom thy cheeks disclose;
 And oh may Laura, ere she try,
 With fresh vermilion paint the rose.

Hark, how the wood-lark's tuneful throat
 Can ev'ry study'd grace excel;
 Let art constrain the rambling note,
 And will she, Laura, please so well!

Oh ever keep thy native ease,
 By no pedantic law confin'd!
 For Laura's voice is form'd to please,
 So Laura's words be not unkind.

NANCY of the VALE.

A BALLAD.

*Nerine Galatea! thymo mihi dulcior Hyblæ!
 Candidior cygnis! hederæ formosior alba!*

THE western sky was purpled o'er
 With every pleasing ray;
 And flocks reviving felt no more
 The sultry heats of day:

When from an hazle's artless bow'r
 Soft warbled Strephon's tongue;
 He bless'd the scene, he bless'd the hour,
 While Nancy's praise he sung.

"Let fops with fickle falsehood range
 "The paths of wanton love,
 "While weeping maids lament their change,
 "And sadden ev'ry grove:

- "But endless blessings crown the day
 " I saw fair Esham's dale!
 " And every blessing find its way
 " To Nancy of the Vale.
 " 'Twas from Avona's banks the maid
 " Diffus'd her lovely beams;
 " And ev'ry shining glance display'd
 " The naiad of the streams.
 " Soft as the wild duck's tender young,
 " That float on Avon's tide;
 " Bright as the water-lily, sprung,
 " And glitt'ring near its side.
 " Fresh as the bord'ring flow'rs, her bloom;
 " Her eye all mild to view;
 " The little halcyon's azure plume
 " Was never half so blue.
 " Her shape was like the reed so sleek,
 " So taper, straight, and fair;
 " Her dimpled smile, her blushing cheek,
 " How charming sweet they were!
 " Far in the winding Vale retir'd,
 " This peerless bud I found;
 " And shadowing rocks, and woods conspir'd
 " To fence her beauties round.
 " That nature in so lone a dell
 " Should form a nymph so sweet!
 " Or fortune to her secret cell
 " Conduct my wand'ring feet!
 " Gay lordlings sought her for their bride,
 " But she would ne'er incline:"
 " Prove to your equals true," she cry'd,
 " As I will prove to mine.

- " 'Tis Strephon on the mountain's brow,
 " Has won my right good will;
 " To him I gave my plighted vow,
 " With him I'll climb the hill."
 " Struck with her charms and gentle truth,
 " I clasp'd the constant fair;
 " To her alone I gave my youth,
 " And vow my future care.
 " And when this vow shall faithless prove,
 " Or I those charms forego;
 " The stream that saw our tender love,
 " That stream shall cease to flow."

ODE to INDOLENCE, 1750.

- A**H! why for ever on the wing
 Persists my weary'd soul to roam?
 Why, ever cheated, strives to bring
 Or pleasure or contentment home?
 Thus the poor bird, that draws his name
 From paradise's honour'd groves,
 Careless fatigues his little frame,
 Nor finds the resting-place he loves.
 Lo! on the rural mossy bed
 My limbs with careless ease reclin'd;
 Ah, gentle Sloth! indulgent spread
 The same soft bondage o'er my mind.
 For why should ling'ring thought invade,
 Yet ev'ry worldly prospect cloy!
 Lend me, soft Sloth, thy friendly aid,
 And give me peace debarr'd of joy.

Lov'st thou yon calm and silent flood,
That never ebbs, that never flows;
Protected by the circling wood
From each tempestuous wind that blows?

An altar on its bank shall rise,
Where oft thy vot'ry shall be found;
What time pale autumn lulls the skies,
And sick'ning verdure fades around.

Ye busy race, ye factious train,
That haunt ambition's guilty shrine;
No more perplex the world in vain,
But offer here your vows with mine.

And thou, puissant queen! be kind:
If e'er I shar'd thy balmy pow'r;
If e'er I sway'd my active mind,
To weave for thee the rural bow'r;

Dissolve in sleep each anxious care;
Each unavailing sigh remove;
And only let me wake to share
The sweets of friendship and of love.

ODE to HEALTH, 1730.

O HEALTH, capricious maid!
Why dost thou shun my peaceful bow'r,
Where I had hope to share thy pow'r,
And bless thy lasting aid?

Since thou, alas! art flown,
It 'vails not whether muse or grace,
With tempting smile, frequent the place:
I sigh for thee alone.

Age not forbids thy stay;
Thou yet might'st act the friendly part;
Thou yet might'st raise this languid heart;
Why speed so swift away?

Thou scorn'st the city-air;
I breathe fresh gales o'er furrow'd ground,
Yet hast not thou my wishes crown'd,
O false! O partial fair!

I plunge into the wave;
And though with purest hands I raise
A rural altar to thy praise,
Thou wilt not deign to save.

Amid thy well-known grove,
Where min'ral fountains vainly bear
Thy boasted name, and titles fair,
Why scorn'st thy foot to rove?

Thou hear'st the sportsman's claim;
Enabling him, with idle noise,
To drown the muse's melting voice,
And fright the tim'rous game.

Is thought thy foe? adieu
Ye midnight lamps! ye curious tomes!
Mine eye o'er hills and valleys roams,
And deals no more with you.

Is it the clime you flee?
Yet 'midst his unremitting snows,
The poor Laponian's bosom glows;
And shares bright rays from thee.

There was, there was a time,
When though I scorn'd thy guardian care,
Nor made a vow, nor said a pray'r,
I did not rue the crime.

Who then more blest'd than I?
When the glad school-boy's task was done,
And forth, with jocund sp'rit, I run
To freedom and to joy.

How jovial then the day?
What since have all my labours found,
Thus climbing life to gaze around,
That can thy loss repay?

Wert thou, alas! but kind,
Methinks no frown that fortune wears,
Nor lessen'd hopes, nor growing cares,
Could sink my chearful mind.

Whate'er my stars include;
What other breasts convert to pain,
My tow'ring mind should soon disdain,
Should scorn——Ingratitude!

Repair this mould'ring cell;
And blest'd with objects found-at home,
And envying none their fairer dome,
How pleas'd my soul should dwell!

Temp'rance should guard the doors;
From room to room should mem'ry stray,
And ranging all in neat array,
Enjoy their pleasing stores——

There let them rest unknown,
The types of many a pleasing scene;
But to preserve them bright or clean,
Is thine, fair queen! alone.

To a LADY of QUALITY,

Fitting up her LIBRARY, 1738.

AH! what is science, what is art,
 Or what the pleasure these impart?
 Ye trophies which the learn'd pursue
 Through endless, fruitless toils, adieu!

What can the tedious toms bestow
 To soothe the miseries they show?
 What, like the bliss for him decreed,
 Who tends his flock, and tunes his reed!

Say, wretched fancy! thus refin'd
 From all that glads the simplest hind,
 How rare that object which supplies
 A charm for too discerning eyes!

The polish'd bard, of genius vain,
 Endures a deeper sense of pain;
 As each invading blast devours
 The richest fruits, the fairest flow'rs.

Sages, with irksome waste of time,
 The steep ascent of knowledge climb;
 Then, from the tow'ring heights they scale,
 Behold contentment range—the vale!

Yet why, Asteria, tell us why
 We scorn the croud, when you are nigh?
 Why then does reason seem so fair?
 Why learning then deserve our care?

Who can unpleas'd your shelves behold,
 While you so fair a proof unfold,
 What force the brightest genius draws
 From polish'd wisdom's written laws?

Where are our humbler tenets flown?
What strange perfection bids us own
That bliss with toilsome science dwells,
And happiest he, who most excels?

U P O N A

VISIT to the same in Winter, 1748.

ON fair Asteria's blissful plains,
Where ever-blooming fancy reigns,
How pleas'd we pass the winter's day,
And charm the dull-ey'd spleen away!

No linnet from the leafless bough,
Pours forth her note melodious now;
But all admire Asteria's tongue,
Nor wish the linnet's vernal song.

No flow'rs emit their transient rays:
Yet sure Asteria's wit displays
More various tints, more glowing lines,
And with perennial beauty shines.

Tho' rifled groves, and fetter'd streams,
But ill befriend a poet's dreams;
Asteria's presence wakes the lyre,
And well supplies poetic fire.

The fields have lost their lovely dye;
No chearful azure decks the sky;
Yet still we bless the louring day;
Asteria smiles—and all is gay.

Hence let the muse no more presume
To blame the winter's dreary gloom;
Accuse his loit'ring hours no more;
But ah! their envious haste deplore!

For soon, from wit and friendship's reign,
 The social hearth, the sprightly vein,
 I go—to meet the coming year,
 On savage plains, and deserts drear!
 I go—to feed on pleasures flown,
 Nor find the spring my loss atone!
 But 'mid the flow'ry sweets of May
 With pride recal this winter's day.

A N

Irregular ODE after Sickneſs, 1749.

—*Melius, cum venerit ipſa, canemus.*

TOO long a ſtranger to reſoſe,
 At length from pain's abhorred couch I roſe;
 And wander'd forth alone;
 To court once more the balmy breeze,
 And catch the verdure of the trees,
 Ere yet their charms were flown.
 'Twas from a bank with panſies gay
 I hail'd once more the chearful day,
 The ſun's forgotten beams:
 O ſun! how pleaſing were thy rays,
 Reflected from the poliſh'd face
 Of yon refulgent ſtreams!
 Raiſ'd by the ſcene, my feeble tongue
 Eſſay'd again the ſweets of ſong:
 And thus, in feeble ſtrains and flow,
 The loit'ring numbers 'gan to flow.

" Come, gentle air! my languid limbs restore,
" And bid me welcome from the Stygian shore :
" For sure I heard the tender sighs,
" I seem'd to join the plaintive cries
" Of hapless youths, who thro' the myrtle grove
" Bewail for ever their unfinish'd love :
" To that unjoyous clime,
" Torn from the sight of these æthereal skies ;
" Debarr'd the lustre of their Delia's eyes ;
" And banish'd in their prime.

" Come, gentle air! and, while the thickets bloom,
" Convey the jасmin's breath divine,
" Convey the woodbine's rich perfume,
" Nor spare the sweet-leaft eglantine.
" And may'st thou shun the rugged storm
" Till health her wonted charms explain,
" With rural pleasure in her train,
" To greet me in her fairest form.
" While from this lofty mount I view
" The sons of earth, the vulgar crew,
" Anxious for futile gains beneath me stray,
" And seek with erring step contentment's obvious
" way.

" Come, gentle air! and thou celestial muse,
" Thy genial flame infuse ;
" Enough to lend a pensive bosom aid,
" And gild retirement's gloomy shade ;
" Enough to rear such rustic lays
" As foes may flight, but partial friends will praise."

The gentle air allow'd my claim ;
And, more to cheer my drooping frame,
She mix'd the balm of op'ning flow'rs ;
Such as the bee, with chymic pow'rs,
From Hybla's fragrant hills inhales,
Or scents Sabea's blooming yales.

But ah! the nymphs that heal the pensive mind,
 By precepts more refin'd,
 Neglect their votary's anxious moan:
 Oh, how should they relieve?—the muses all were
 flown.

By flow'ry plain, or woodland shades,
 I fondly sought the charming maids;
 By woodland shades, or flow'ry plain,
 I sought them, faithless maids! in vain!
 When lo! in happier hour,
 I leave behind my native mead,
 To range where zeal and friendship lead,
 To visit L * * * 's honour'd bow'r.

Ah foolish man! to seek the tuneful maids
 On other plains, or near less verdant shades!

Scarce have my footsteps press'd the favour'd ground,
 When sounds æthereal strike my ear;
 At once celestial forms appear;
 My fugitives are found!
 The muses here attune their lyres,
 Ah partial! with unwonted fires;
 Here, hand in hand, with careless mien,
 The sportive graces trip the green.

But whilst I wander'd o'er a scene so fair,
 Too well at one survey I trace,
 How ev'ry muse, and ev'ry grace,
 Had long employ'd their care.

Lurks not a stone enrich'd with lively stain,
 Blooms not a flow'r amid the vernal store,
 Falls not a plume on India's distant plain,
 Glows not a shell on Adria's rocky shore,
 But torn, methought, from native lands or seas,
 From their arrangement, gain fresh pow'r to please.

And some had bent the wild'ring maze,
 Bedeck'd with ev'ry shrub that blows;
 And some entwin'd the willing sprays,
 To shield th' illustrious dame's repose:
 Others had grac'd the sprightly dome,
 And taught the portrait where to glow;
 Others arrang'd the curious tome;
 Or, 'mid the decorated space,
 Assign'd the laurel'd bust a place,
 And giv'n to learning all the pomp of shew.
 And now, from ev'ry task withdrawn,
 They met and frisk'd it o'er the lawn.

Ah! wo is me, said I;
 And * * *'s hilly circuit heard my cry,
 Have I for this, with labour strove,
 And lavish'd all my little store
 To fence for you my shady grove,
 And scollop ev'ry winding shore;
 And fringe with ev'ry purple rose,
 The sapphire stream that down my valley flows?

Ah! lovely treach'rous maids!
 To quit unseen my votive shades,
 When pale disease, and tort'ring pain
 Had torn me from the breezy plain,
 And to a restless couch confin'd,
 Who ne'er your wonted tasks declin'd.
 She needs not your officious aid
 To swell the song, or plan the shade.
 By genuine fancy fir'd,
 Her native genius guides her hand,
 And, while she marks the sage command,
 More lovely scenes her skill shall raise,
 Her lyre resound with nobler lays
 Than ever you inspir'd.

Thus I my rage and grief display ;
 But vainly blame, and vainly mourn,
 Nor will a grace or muse return
 Till Luxborough lead the way.

Written in a FLOWER-BOOK of my own co-
 louring, designed for Lady PLYMOUTH.
 1753-4.

Debitæ nymphis opifex coronæ.

Hor.

BRING, Flora, bring thy treasures here,
 The pride of all the blooming year ;
 And let me, thence, a garland frame,
 To crown this fair, this peerless dame !
 But, ah ! since envious winter lours,
 And Hewell meads resign their flowers,
 Let art and friendship's joint essay
 Diffuse their flow'rets in her way.
 Not nature can herself prepare
 A worthy wreath for Lesbia's hair,
 Whose temper, like her forehead, smooth,
 Whose thoughts and accents form'd to soothe,
 Whose pleasing mien, and make refin'd,
 Whose artless breast, and polish'd mind,
 From all the nymphs of plain or grove,
 Deserv'd and won my Plymouth's love.

ANACREONTIC. 1738.

TWAS in a cool Aonian glade,
 The wanton Cupid, spent with toil,
 Had sought refreshment from the shade ;
 And stretch'd him on the mossy soil.

A vagrant muse drew nigh, and found
The subtle traitor fast asleep;
And is it thine to snore profound,
She said, yet leave the world to weep?

But hush——from this auspicious hour,
The world, I ween, may rest in peace;
And robb'd of darts, and stript of pow'r,
Thy peevish petulance decrease.

Sleep on, poor child! whilst I withdraw,
And this thy vile artill'ry hide——
When the Castalian fount she saw,
And plung'd his arrows in the tide.

That magic fount——ill-judging maid!
Shall cause you soon to curse the day
You dar'd the shafts of love invade,
And gave his arms redoubled sway.

For in a stream so wond'rous clear
When angry Cupid searches round,
Will not the radiant points appear?
Will not the furtive spoils be found?

Too soon they were; and every dart,
Dipt in the muse's mystic spring,
Acquir'd new force to wound the heart,
And taught at once to love and sing.

Then farewell ye Pierian quire;
For who will now your altars throng!
From love we learn to swell the lyre;
And echo asks no sweeter song.

ODE. Written in 1739.

Urit spes animi credula mutui.

Her.

TWAS not by beauty's aid alone,
 That love usurp'd his airy throne,
 His boasted power display'd:
 'Tis kindness that secures his aim,
 'Tis hope, that feeds the kindling flame,
 Which beauty first convey'd.

In Clara's eyes the lightnings view;
 Her lips with all the rose's hue
 Have all its sweets combin'd;
 Yet vain the blush, and faint the fire,
 Till lips at once, and eyes conspire
 To prove the charmer kind——

Tho' wit might gild the tempting snare,
 With softest accent, sweetest air,
 By envy's self admir'd;
 If Lesbia's wit betray'd her scorn,
 In vain might ev'ry grace adorn,
 What every muse inspir'd.

Thus airy Strephon tun'd his lyre——
 He scorn'd the pangs of wild desire,
 Which love-sick swains endure:
 Resolv'd to brave the keenest dart;
 Since frowns could never wound his heart,
 And smiles——must ever cure.

But ah! how false these maxims prove,
 How frail security from love,
 Experience hourly shows!
 Love can imagin'd smiles supply,
 On ev'ry charming lip and eye
 Eternal sweets bestows.

In vain we trust the fair one's eyes;
 In vain the sage explores the skies,
 To learn from stars his fate;
 Till, led by fancy wide astray,
 He finds no planet mark his way;
 Convinc'd and wise——too late.
 As partial to their words we prove,
 Then boldly join the lists of love,
 With tow'ring hopes supply'd:
 So heroes, taught by doubtful shrines,
 Mistook their deity's designs,
 Then took the field——and dy'd.

The DYING KID.

*Optima quæque dies miseris mortalibus ævi
 Prima fugit.*——— Virg.

A TEAR bedews my Delia's eye,
 To think yon playful kid must die;
 From crystal spring, and flow'ry mead,
 Must, in his prime of life, recede!
 Erewhile, in sportive circles round
 She saw him wheel, and frisk, and bound;
 From rock to rock pursue his way,
 And on the fearful margin play.
 Pleas'd on his various freaks to dwell,
 She saw him climb my rustic cell;
 Thence eye my lawns with verdure bright,
 And seem all ravish'd at the sight.
 She tells, with what delight he stood,
 To trace his features in the flood;
 Then skipt aloof with quaint amaze;
 And then drew near again to gaze.

She tells me how with eager speed
 He flew, to hear my vocal reed;
 And how, with critic face profound,
 And stedfast ear, devour'd the sound.

His ev'ry frolic, light as air,
 Deserves the gentle Delia's care;
 And tears bedew her tender eye,
 To think the playful kid must die.

But knows my Delia, timely wife,
 How soon this blameless era flies?
 While violence and craft succeed;
 Unfair design, and ruthless deed!

Soon would the vine his wounds deplore,
 And yield her purple gifts no more;
 Ah soon, eraz'd from every grove
 Were Delia's name, and Strephon's love.

No more those bow'rs might Strephon see,
 Where first he fondly gaz'd on thee;
 No more those beds of flow'rets find,
 Which for thy charming brows he twin'd.

Each wayward passion soon would tear
 His bosom, now so void of care;
 And, when they left his ebbing vein,
 What, but insipid age, remain?

Then mourn not the decrees of fate,
 That gave his life so short a date;
 And I will join my tend'rest sighs,
 To think that youth so swiftly flies!

SONGS, written chiefly between the
years 1737 and 1742.

S O N G I.

I TOLD my nymph, I told her true,
My fields were small, my flocks were few;
While falt'ring accents spoke my fear,
That Flavia might not prove sincere.
Of crops destroy'd by vernal cold,
And vagrant sheep that left my fold:
Of these she heard, yet bore to hear;
And is not Flavia then sincere?
How, chang'd by fortune's fickle wind,
The friends I lov'd became unkind,
She heard, and shed a gen'rous tear;
And is not Flavia then sincere?
How, if she deign'd my love to bless,
My Flavia must not hope for dress;
This too she heard, and smil'd to hear;
And Flavia sure must be sincere.
Go shear your flocks, ye jovial swains,
Go reap the plenty of your plains;
Despoil'd of all which you revere,
I know my Flavia's love sincere.

S O N G II.

The LANDSCAPE.

HOW pleas'd within my native bow'rs,
Erewhile I pass'd the day!
Was ever scene so deck'd with flow'rs?
Were ever flow'rs so gay?

How sweetly smil'd the hill, the vale,
 And all the landscape round!
 The river gliding down the dale!
 The hill with beethes crown'd!

But now, when urg'd by tender woes,
 I speed to meet my dear,
 That hill and stream my zeal oppose,
 And check my fond career.

No more, since Daphne was my theme,
 Their wonted charms I see:
 That verdant hill, and silver stream,
 Divide my love and me.

S O N G III.

YE gentle nymphs, and gen'rous dames,
 That rule o'er ev'ry British mind;
 Be sure ye soothe their am'rous flames,
 Be sure your laws are not unkind.

For hard it is to wear their bloom
 In unremitting sighs away:
 To mourn the night's oppressive gloom,
 And faintly bless the rising day.

And cruel 'twere a free-born swain,
 A British youth should vainly moan;
 Who, scornful of a tyrant's chain,
 Submits to yours, and yours alone.

Nor pointed spear, nor links of steel,
 Could e'er those gallant minds subdue,
 Who beauty's wounds with pleasure feel,
 And boast the fetters wrought by you.

S O N G I V.

The S K Y - L A R K.

G O, tuneful bird, that glad'st the skies,
 To Daphne's window speed thy way;
 And there on quiv'ring pinions rise,
 And there thy vocal art display.
 And if she deign thy notes to hear,
 And if she praise thy matin song,
 Tell her, the sounds that soothe her ear,
 To Damon's native plains belong.
 Tell her, in livelier plumes array'd,
 The bird from Indian groves may shine;
 But ask the lovely partial maid,
 What are his notes compar'd to thine?
 Then bid her treat yon witless beau,
 And all his flaunting race with scorn;
 And lend an ear to Damon's woe,
 Who sings her praise, and sings forlorn.

S O N - G V.

*Ah! ego non aliter tristes evincere morbos
 Optarem, quam te sic quoque velle putem.*

O N ev'ry tree, in ev'ry plain,
 I trace the jovial spring in vain!
 A sickly languor veils mine eyes,
 And fast my waning vigour flies.

Nor flow'ry plain, nor budding tree,
That smile on others, smile on me;
Mine eyes from death shall court repose,
Nor shed a tear before they close.

What bliss to me can seasons bring?
Or, what the needless pride of spring?
The cypress bough, that suits the bier,
Retains its verdure all the year.

'Tis true, my vine so fresh and fair,
Might claim a while my wonted care;
My rural store some pleasure yield;
So white a flock, so green a field!

My friends, that each in kindness vie,
Might well expect one parting sigh;
Might well demand one tender tear;
For when was Damon unsincere?

But ere I ask once more to view
Yon setting sun his race renew,
Inform me, swains; my friends, declare,
Will pitying Delia join the pray'r?

S O N G VI.

The Attribute of VENUS.

YES, Fulvia is like Venus fair;
Has all her bloom, and shape, and air:
But still, to perfect ev'ry grace,
She wants—the smile upon her face.

The crown majestic Juno wore;
And Cynthia's brow the crescent bore,
An helmet mark'd Minerva's mien,
But smiles distinguish'd beauty's queen.

Her train was form'd of smiles and loves,
 Her chariot drawn by gentlest doves!
 And from her zone, the nymph may find,
 'Tis beauty's province to be kind.

Then smile, my fair; and all whose aim
 Aspires to paint the Cyprian dame,
 Or bid her breathe in living stone,
 Shall take their forms from you alone.

SONG VII. 1744.

THE lovely Delia smiles again!
 That killing frown has left her brow;
 Can she forgive my jealous pain,
 And give me back my angry vow!

Love is an April's doubtful day:
 A while we see the tempest low'r;
 And on the radiant heav'n survey,
 And quite forget the flitting show'r.

The flow'rs that hung their languid head,
 Are burnish'd by the transient rains;
 The vines their wonted tendrils spread,
 And double verdure gilds the plains.

The sprightly birds, that droop'd no less
 Beneath the pow'r of rain and wind,
 In ev'ry raptur'd note, express
 The joy I feel—when thou art kind.

SONG VIII. 1742.

WHEN bright Roxana treads the green,
 In all the pride of dress and mien;
 Averse to freedom, love, and play,
 The dazzling rival of the day:

None other beauty strikes mine eye,
The lilies droop, the roses die.

But when, disclaiming art, the fair
Assumes a soft engaging air;
Mild as the op'ning morn of May,
Familiar, friendly, free, and gay;
The scene improves where-e'er she goes,
More sweetly smile the pink and rose.

O lovely maid! propitious hear,
Nor deem thy shepherd insincere;
Pity a wild illusive flame
That varies objects still the same:
And let their very changes prove
The never-varied force of love.

SONG IX. 1743.

VALENTINE'S DAY.

'TIS said, that under distant skies,
Nor you the fact deny,
What first attracts an Indian's eyes
Becomes his deity.

Perhaps a lily, or a rose,
That shares the morning's ray,
May to the waking swain disclose
The regent of the day.

Perhaps a plant in yonder grove,
Enrich'd with fragrant pow'r,
May tempt his vagrant eyes to rove,
Where blooms the sov'reign flow'r.

Perch'd on the cedar's topmost bough,
And gay with gilded wings,
Perchance the patron of his vow,
Some artless linnet sings.

The swain surveys her pleas'd, afraid,
Then low to earth he bends;
And owns upon her friendly aid
His health, his life, depends.

Vain futile idols, bird or flow'r,
To tempt a vot'ry's pray'r!—
How would his humble homage tow'r
Should he behold my fair!

Yes—might the Pagan's waking eyes
O'er Flavia's beauty range,
He there would fix his lasting choice,
Nor dare, nor wish to change.

SONG X. 1743.

THE fatal hours are wond'rous near,
That from these fountains bear my dear;
A little space is giv'n; in vain:
She robs my sight, and shuns the plain.

A little space for me to prove
My boundless flame, my endless love;
And like the train of vulgar hours,
Invidious time that space devours.

Near yonder beach is Delia's way,
On that I gaze the livelong day;
No eastern monarch's dazzling pride
Shall draw my longing eyes aside.

The chief, that knows of succours nigh,
And sees his mangled legions die,
Casts not a more impatient glance,
To see the loit'ring aids advance.

Not more, the schoolboy, that expires
Far from his native home, requires
To see some friend's familiar face,
Or meet a parent's last embrace——

She comes—but ah! what crowds of beaux
In radiant bands my fair inclose!
Oh! better hadst thou shunn'd the green,
Oh, Delia! better far unseen.

Methinks, by all my tender fears,
By all my sighs, by all my tears,
I might from torture now be free—
'Tis more than death to part from thee!

SONG XI. 1744.

PERHAPS it is not love, said I,
That melts my soul when Flavia's nigh;
Where wit and sense like her's agree,
One may be pleas'd, and yet be free.

The beauties of her polish'd mind,
It needs no lover's eye to find;
The hermit freezing in his cell,
Might wish the gentle Flavia well.

It is not love—averse to bear
The servile chain that lovers wear;
Let, let me all my fears remove,
My doubts dispel—it is not love—

Oh! when did wit so brightly shine
 In any form less fair than thine?
 It is—it is love's subtle fire,
 And under friendship lurks desire.

SONG XII. 1744.

O'ER desert plains, and rushy meers,
 And wither'd heaths I rove;
 Where tree, nor spire, nor cote appears,
 I pass to meet my love.

But tho' my path were damask'd o'er
 With beauties e'er so fine;
 My busy thoughts would fly before,
 To fix alone—on thine.

No fir-crown'd hills could give delight,
 No palace please mine eye:
 No pyramid's ærial height,
 Where mould'ring monarchs lie.

Unmov'd, should eastern kings advance,
 Could I the pageant see;
 Splendour might catch one scornful glance,
 Not steal one thought from thee.

SONG XIII.

The SCHOLAR'S RELAPSE.

BY the side of a grove, at the foot of a hill,
 Where whisper'd the beech, and where mur-
 mur'd the rill;

I vow'd to the muses my time and my care,
 Since neither could win me the smiles of the fair.

Free I rang'd like the birds, like the birds free I sing,
And Delia's lov'd name scarce escap'd from my
tongue :

But if once a smooth accent delighted my ear,
I should wish, unawares, that my Delia might hear.

With fairest ideas my bosom I stor'd,
Allusive to none but the nymph I ador'd !
And the more I with study my fancy refin'd,
The deeper impression she made on my mind,

So long as of nature the charms I pursue,
I still must my Delia's dear image renew ;
The graces have yielded with Delia to rove,
And the muses are all in alliance with love.

S O N G XIV.

The R O S E - B U D.

SEE, Daphne, see, Florelia cry'd,
And learn the sad effects of pride ;
Yon shelter'd rose, how safe conceal'd !
How quickly blasted, when reveal'd !

The sun with warm attractive rays
Tempt's it to wanton in the blaze :
A gale succeeds from eastern skies,
And all its blushing radiance dies.

So you, my fair, of charms divine,
Will quit the plains, too fond to shine
Where fame's transporting rays allure,
Tho' here more happy, more secure.

The breath of some neglected maid
Shall make you sigh you left the shade :
A breath to beauty's bloom unkind,
As, to the rose, an eastern wind.

The nymph reply'd—You first, my swain,
 Confine your sonnets to the plain;
 One envious tongue alike disarms
 You of your wit, me of my charms.

What is, unknown, the poet's skill?
 Or what, unheard, the tuneful thrill?
 What, unadmir'd, a charming mien?
 Or what the rose's blush, unseen?

S O N G X V.

W I N T E R. 1746.

NO more, ye warbling birds, rejoice;
 Of all that cheer'd the plain,
 Echo alone preserves her voice,
 And she—repeats my pain.

Where'er my love-sick limbs I lay,
 To stun the rushing wind,
 Its busy murmurs seem to say,
 "She never will be kind!"

The naiads, o'er their frozen urns,
 In icy chains repine;
 And each in fullen silence mourns
 Her freedom lost, like mine!

Soon will the sun's returning rays
 The cheerless frost controul;
 When will relenting Delia chase
 The winter of my soul?

SONG XVI.

DAPHNE's Visit.

YE birds ! for whom I rear'd the grove,
 With melting lay salute my love :
 My Daphne with your notes detain :
 Or I have rear'd my grove in vain.

Ye flow'rs ! before her footsteps rise,
 Display at once your brightest dyes,
 That she your op'ning charms may see :
 Or what were all your charms to me ?

Kind Zephyr ! brush each fragrant flow'r,
 And shed its odours round my bow'r :
 Or never more, O gentle wind !
 Shall I from thee refreshment find.

Ye streams ! if e'er your banks I lov'd,
 If e'er your native sounds improv'd,
 May each soft murmur soothe my fair ;
 Or oh ! 'twill deepen my despair.

And thou, my grott ! whose lonely bounds
 The melancholy pine surrounds,
 May Daphne praise thy peaceful gloom ;
 Or thou shalt prove her Damon's tomb.

SONG XVII.

Written in a Collection of BACCHANALIAN SONGS.

A DIEU, ye jovial youths, who join
 To plunge old care in floods of wine ;
 And, as your dazzled eye-balls roll,
 Discern him struggling in the bowl.

Not yet is hope so wholly flown,
Nor yet is thought so tedious grown,
But limpid stream and shady tree
Retain, as yet, some sweets for me.

And see, thro' yonder silent grove,
See yonder does my Daphne rove;
With pride her footsteps I pursue,
And bid your frantic joys adieu.

The sole confusion I admire,
Is that my Daphne's eyes inspire:
I scorn the madness you approve,
And vain reason next to love.

S O N G XVIII.

Imitated from the French.

YES, these are the scenes where with Iris I stray'd,
But short was her sway for so lovely a maid!
In the bloom of her youth to a cloyster she run;
In the bloom of her graces, too fair for a nun!
Ill-grounded, no doubt, a devotion must prove
So fatal to beauty, so killing to love!

Yes, these are the meadows, the shrubs and the
plains;
Once the scene of my pleasures, the scene of my
pains;
How many soft moments I spent in this grove!
How fair was my nymph! and how fervent my love!
Be still tho', my heart! thine emotion give o'er;
Remember, the season of love is no more.

With her how I stray'd amid fountains and bow'rs,
Or loiter'd behind and collected the flow'rs!

Then breathless with ardour my fair-one pursu'd,
And to think with what kindness my garland she
view'd!

But be still, my fond heart! this emotion give o'er;
Fain wouldst thou forget thou must love her no
more.

The HALCYON.

WHY o'er the verdant banks of ooze
Does yonder halcyon speed so fast;
'Tis all because she would not lose
Her fav'rite calm that will not last.

The sun with azure paints the skies,
The stream reflects each flow'ry spray;
And frugal of her time, she flies
To take her fill of love and play.

See her, when rugged Boreas blows,
Warm in some rocky cell remain;
To seek for pleasure, well she knows,
Would only then enhance the pain.

Descend, she cries, thou hated show'r,
Deform my limpid waves to-day,
For I have chose a fairer hour
To take my fill of love and play.

You too, my Silvia, sure will own
Life's azure seasons swiftly roll:
And when our youth, or health is flown,
To think of love but shocks the soul.

Could Damon but deserve thy charms,
As thou art Damon's only theme;
He'd fly as quick to Delia's arms,
As yonder halcyon skims the stream.

O D E.

SO dear my Lucio is to me,
So well our minds and tempers blend;
That seasons may for ever flee,
And ne'er divide me from my friend;
But let the favour'd boy forbear
To tempt with love my only fair.

O Lycon, born when ev'ry muse,
When ev'ry grace benignant smil'd,
With all a parent's breast could chuse
To bless her lov'd, her only child;
'Tis thine, so richly grac'd, to prove
More noble cares, than cares of love.

Together we from early youth
Have trod the flow'ry tracks of time,
Together mus'd in search of truth,
O'er learned sage, or bard sublime;
And well thy cultur'd breast I know,
What wond'rous treasure it can show.

Come then, resume thy charming lyre,
And sing some patriot's worth sublime;
Whilst I in fields of soft desire,
Consume my fair and fruitless prime;
Whose reed aspires but to display
The flame that burns me night and day.

O come! the dryads of the woods
Shall daily soothe thy studious mind,
The blue-ey'd nymphs of yonder floods
Shall meet and court thee to be kind;
And fame sits list'ning for thy lays,
To swell her trump with Lucio's praise.

Like me, the plover fondly tries
 To lure the sportsman from her nest,
 And flutt'ring on with anxious cries,
 Too plainly shews her tortur'd breast :
 O let him, conscious of her care,
 Pity her pains, and learn to spare.

A PASTORAL ODE,

To the Honourable

SIR RICHARD LYTTLETON.

THE morn' dispens'd a dubious light,
 A fullen mist had stol'n from sight
 Each pleasing vale and hill :
 When Damon left his humble bow'rs,
 To guard his flocks, to fence his flow'rs,
 Or check his wand'ring rill.
 Tho' school'd from fortune's paths to fly,
 The swain beneath each low'ring sky
 Would oft his fate bemoan;
 That he, in sylvan shades, forlorn !
 Must waste his cheerless ev'n and morn,
 Nor prais'd, nor lov'd, nor known.
 No friend to fame's obstrep'rous noise,
 Yet to the whispers of her voice,
 Soft murmuring, not a foe :
 The pleasures he thro' choice declin'd,
 When gloomy fogs depress'd his mind,
 It griev'd him to forego.
 Griev'd him to lurk the lakes beside,
 Where coots in rushy dingles hide,

And moorcocks shun the day;
While caitiff bitterns, undismay'd,
Remark the swain's familiar shade,
And scorn to quit their prey.

But see, the radiant sun once more
The bright'ning face of Heav'n restore,
And raise the doubtful dawn;
And, more to gild his rural sphere,
At once the brightest train appear
That ever trod the lawn.

Amazement chill'd the shepherd's frame,
To think Bridgewater's* honour'd name
Should grace his rustic cell;
That she, on all whose motions wait
Distinction, titles, rank, and state,
Should rove where shepherds dwell,

But true it is, the gen'rous mind,
By candour sway'd, by taste refin'd,
Will nought but vice disdain;
Nor will the breast where fancy glows
Deem ev'ry flow'r a weed, that blows
Amid the desert plain.

Beseems it such, with honour crown'd,
To deal its lucid beams around,
Nor equal meed receive:
At most such garlands from the field,
As cowslips, pinks, and pansies yield,
And rural hands can weave.

Yet strive, ye shepherds, strive to find,
And weave the fairest of the kind,

* The Duchess of Bridgewater, married to Sir Richard Lyttleton.

The prime of all the spring;
 If haply thus yon lovely fair
 May round their temples deign to wear
 The trivial wreaths you bring.

O how the peaceful halcyon's play'd,
 Where-e'er the conscious lake betray'd
 Athenia's placid mien!
 How did the sprightlier linnets throng,
 Where Paphia's charms requir'd the song,
 'Mid hazel copses green!

Lo, Dartmouth on those banks reclin'd,
 While busy fancy calls to mind
 The glories of his line;
 Methinks my cottage rears its head,
 The ruin'd walls of yonder shed,
 As thro' enchantment, shine.

But who the nymph that guides their way?
 Could ever nymph descend to stray
 From Hagley's fam'd retreat?
 Else by the blooming features fair,
 The faultless make, the matchless air,
 'Twere Cynthia's form complete.

So would some tuberosè delight,
 That struck the pilgrim's wond'ring sight
 'Mid lonely deserts dear;
 All as at eve the sov'reign flow'r
 Dispenses round its balmy pow'r,
 And crowns the fragrant year.

Ah, now no more, the shepherd cry'd,
 Must I ambition's charms deride,
 Her subtle force disown;
 No more of fawns or fairies dream,
 While fancy, near each crystal stream,
 Shall paint these forms alone.

By low-brow'd rock, or pathless mead,
 I deem'd that splendour ne'er should lead
 My dazzled eyes astray;
 But who, alas! will dare contend,
 If beauty add, or merit blend
 Its more illustrious ray?

Nor is it long—O plaintive swain!
 Since Guernsey saw, without disdain,
 Where, hid in woodlands green,
 The * partner of his early days,
 And once the rival of his praise,
 Had stol'n thro' life unseen.

Scarce faded is the vernal flow'r,
 Since Stamford left his honour'd bow'r,
 To smile familiar here:
 O form'd by nature to disclose
 How fair that courtesy which flows
 From social warmth sincere.

Nor yet have many moons decay'd,
 Since Pollio sought this lonely shade,
 Admir'd this rural maze:
 The noblest breast that virtue fires,
 The graces love, the muse inspires,
 Might pant for Pollio's praise.

Say, Thomson here was known to rest,
 For him yon vernal seat I drest,
 Ah, never to return!
 In place of wit, and melting strains,
 And social mirth, it now remains
 To weep beside his urn.

Come then, my Lælius, come once more,
 And fringe the melancholy shore

* They were school-fellows.

With roses and with bays,
While I each wayward fate accuse,
That envy'd his impartial muse
To sing your early praise.

While Philo, to whose favour'd sight,
Antiquity, with full delight,

Her inmost wealth displays;
Beneath yon ruin's moulder'd wall
Shall muse, and with his friend recall
The pomp of ancient days.

Here too shall Conway's name appear,
He prais'd the stream so lovely clear,

That shone the reeds among;
Yet clearness could it not disclose,
To match the rhetoric that flows
From Conway's polish'd tongue.

Ev'n Pitt, whose fervent periods roll
Resistless thro' the kindling soul
Of senates, councils, kings!

Tho' form'd for courts, vouchsaf'd to rove
Inglorious, thro' the shepherd's grove,
And ope his bashful springs.

But what can courts discover more,
Than these rude haunts have seen before,
Each fount and shady tree?

Have not these trees and fountains seen
The pride of courts, the winning mien
Of peerless Aylesbury?

And Greenville, the whose radiant eyes
Have mark'd by slow gradation rise

The princely piles of Stow;
Yet prais'd these unembellish'd woods,
And smil'd to see the bubbling floods
Thro' self-worn mazes flow.

Say, Dartmouth, who your banks admir'd,
Again beneath your caves retir'd,
Shall grace the pensive shade;
With all the bloom, with all the truth,
With all the sprightliness of youth,
By cool reflection sway'd:

Brave, yet humane, shall Smith appear,
Ye sailors, tho' his name be dear,
Think him not yours alone:
Grant him in other spheres to charm;
The shepherds breasts, tho' mild, are warm,
And ours are all his own.

O Lyttleton! my honour'd guest,
Could I describe thy gen'rous breast,
Thy firm, yet polish'd mind;
How public love adorns thy name,
How fortune too conspires with fame;
The song should please mankind.

VERSES written towards the close of the
year 1748, to William Lyttleton, Esq.

HOW blithely pass'd the summer's day!
How bright was ev'ry flow'r!
While friends arriv'd in circles gay,
To visit Damon's bow'r!

But now, with silent step, I range
Along some lonely shore;
And Damon's bow'r, alas the change!
Is gay with friends no more.

Away to crowds and cities borne
In quest of joy they steer;
Whilst I, alas! am left forlorn,
To weep the parting year!

O penfive Autumn! how I grieve
Thy sorrowing face to fee!

When languid funs are taking leave
Of ev'ry drooping tree.

Ah let me not, with heavy eye,
This dying fcene furvey!

Hafte, Winter, hafte; ufurp the fky:
Complete my bow'r's decay.

Ill can I bear the motely caft
Yon fick'ning leaves retain;
That fpeak at once of pleasure paff,
And bode approaching pain.

At home unblefs'd, I gaze around,
My diftant fcenes require;
Where all in murky vapours drown'd
Are hamlet, hill, and fpire.

Tho' Thomfon, fweet descriptive bard!
Inspiring Autumn fong;
Yet how fhould we the months regard,
That ftopp'd his flowing tongue?

Ah lucklefs months, of all the reft,
To whole hard fhare it fell!
For fure he was the gentleft breaft
That ever fong fo well.

And fee, the fwallows now difown
The roofs they lov'd before;
Each, like his tuneful genius, flown
To glad fome happier fhore.

The wood-nymph eyes, with pale afright,
The fportsman's frantic deed;
While hounds, and horns, and yells unite
To drown the mufe's reed.

Ye fields with blighted herbage brown!

Ye skies no longer blue!

Too much we feel from fortune's frown,

To bear these frowns from you.

Where is the mead's unsullied green?

The zephyr's balmy gale?

And where sweet Friendship's cordial mien,

That brighten'd ev'ry vale?

What though the vine disclose her dyes,

And boast her purple store?

Not all the vineyard's rich supplies

Can soothe our sorrows more.

He! he is gone, whose moral strain

Could mirth and wit refine;

He! he is gone, whose social vein

Surpass'd the pow'r of wine.

Fast by the streams he deign'd to praise,

In yon sequester'd grove,

To him a votive urn I raise;

To him, and friendly love.

Yes there, my friend! forlorn and sad,

I grave your Thomson's name;

And there, his lyre; which fate forbade

To sound your growing fame.

There shall my plaintive song recount

Dark themes of hopeless woe;

And, faster than the dropping fount,

I'll teach mine eyes to flow.

There leaves, in spite of Autumn, green,

Shall shade the hallow'd ground;

And Spring will there again be seen,

To call forth flow'rs around.

But no kind fons will bid me share,
 Once more, his social hour;
 Ah Spring! thou never canst repair
 This loss to Damon's bow'r.

JEMMY DAWSON,

A BALLAD; written about the time of his
 execution, in the year 1745.

COME listen to my mournful tale,
 Ye tender hearts and lovers dear;
 Nor will you scorn to heave a sigh,
 Nor need you blush to shed a tear.

And thou, dear Kitty, peerless maid,
 Do thou a pensive ear incline;
 For thou canst weep at ev'ry woe;
 And pity ev'ry plaint—but mine.

Young Dawson was a gallant boy,
 A brighter never trode the plain;
 And well he lov'd one charming maid,
 And dearly was he lov'd again.

One tender maid, she lov'd him dear,
 Of gentle blood the damsel came;
 And faultless was her beauteous form,
 And spotless was her virgin fame.

But curse on party's hateful strife,
 That led the favour'd youth astray;
 The day the rebel clans appear'd,
 O had he never seen that day!

Their colours and their sash he wore,
 And in the fatal dress was found;
 And now he must that death endure,
 Which gives the brave the keenest wound.

How pale was then his true-love's cheek,
When Jemmy's sentence reach'd her ear!
For never yet did Alpine snows,
So pale, or yet so chill appear.

With falt'ring voice, she, weeping, said,
" Oh Dawson, monarch of my heart!
" Think not thy death shall end our loves,
" For thou and I will never part.

" Yet might sweet mercy find a place,
" And bring relief to Jemmy's woes;
" O George, without a pray'r for thee,
" My prison should never close.

" The gracious prince that gave him life,
" Would crown a never-dying flame;
" And every tender babe I bore
" Should learn to kiss the giver's name.

" But tho' he should be dragg'd in scorn
" To yonder ignominious tree;
" He shall not want one constant friend
" To share the cruel fate's decree."

O then her mourning coach was call'd,
The sledge mov'd slowly on before;
Tho' borne in a triumphal car,
She had not lov'd her fav'rite more.

She follow'd him, prepar'd to view
The terrible behests of law;
And the last scene of Jemmy's woes,
With calm and stedfast eye she saw.

Distorted was that blooming face,
Which she had fondly lov'd so long;
And stifled was that tuneful breath,
Which in her praise had sweetly sung:

And sever'd was that beauteous neck,
Round which her arms had fondly clos'd;
And mangled was that beauteous breast,
On which her love-sick head repos'd:

And ravish'd was that constant heart,
She did to ev'ry heart prefer;
For tho' it could its king forget,
'Twas true and loyal still to her.

Amid those unrelenting flames,
She bore this constant heart to see;
But when 'twas moulder'd into dust,
"Yet, yet," she cry'd, "I follow thee.

"My death, my death alone can shew
"The pure, the lasting love I bore;
"Accept, O Heav'n! of woes like ours,
"And let us, let us weep no more."

The dismal scene was o'er and past,
The lover's mournful hearse retir'd;
The maid drew back her languid head,
And sighing forth his name, expir'd.

Tho' justice ever must prevail,
The tear my Kitty sheds, is due;
For seldom shall she hear a tale
So sad, so tender, yet so true:

A

Pastoral BALLAD, in four Parts.

Written in 1743.

Arbusta humilesque myricæ.

Virg.

I. ABSENCE.

YE shepherds so chearful and gay,
 Whose flocks never carelessly roam;
 Should Corydon's happen to stray,
 Oh! call the poor wanderers home.
 Allow me to muse and to sigh,
 Nor talk of the change that ye find;
 None once was so watchful as I:
 — I have left my dear Phyllis behind.

Now I know what it is to have strove
 With the torture of doubt and desire;
 What it is to admire and to love,
 And to leave her we love and admire.
 Ah lead forth my flock in the morn,
 And the damps of each ev'ning repel;
 Alas! I am faint and forlorn
 — I have bade my dear Phyllis farewell.

Since Phyllis vouchsaf'd me a look,
 I never once dream'd of my vine;
 May I lose both my pipe and my crook,
 If I knew of a kid that was mine.
 I priz'd every hour that went by,
 Beyond all that had pleas'd me before;
 But now they are past, and I sigh;
 And I grieve that I priz'd them no more.

But why do I languish in vain?

Why wander thus pensively here?

Oh! why did I come from the plain,

Where I fed on the smiles of my dear?

They tell me, my favourite maid,

The pride of that valley, is flown;

Alas! where with her I have stray'd,

I could wander with pleasure alone.

When forc'd the fair nymph to forego,

What anguish I felt at my heart!

Yet I thought—but it might not be so—

'Twas with pain that she saw me depart.

She gaz'd, as I slowly withdrew;

My path I could hardly discern;

So sweetly she bade me adieu,

I thought that she bade me return.

The pilgrim that journeys all day

To visit some far-distant shrine,

If he bear but a relic away,

Is happy, nor heard to repine.

'Thus widely remov'd from the fair,

Where my vows, my devotion, I owe,

Soft hope is the relic I bear,

And my solace where-ever I go.

II. H O P E.

MY banks they are furnish'd with bees,
Whose murmur invites one to sleep;

My grottos are shaded with trees,

And my hills are white over with sheep.

I seldom have met with a loss,

Such health do my fountains bestow;

My fountains all border'd with moss,

Where the hare-bells and violets grow.

Not a pine in my grove is there seen;
But with tendrils of woodbine is bound;
Not a beech's more beautiful green,
But a sweet brier entwines it around.
Not my fields, in the prime of the year,
More charms than my cattle unfold:
Not a brook that is limpid and clear,
But it glitters with fishes of gold.

One would think she might like to retire
To the bow'r I have labour'd to rear;
Not a shrub that I heard her admire,
But I hasten'd and planted it there.
Oh how sudden the jessamine strove
With the lilac to render it gay!
Already it calls for my love,
To prune the wild branches away.

From the plains, from the woodlands and groves,
What strains of wild melody flow?
How the nightingales warble their loves
From thickets of roses that blow!
And when her bright form shall appear,
Each bird shall harmoniously join
In a concert so soft and so clear,
As——she may not be fond to resign.

I have found out a gift for my fair;
I have found where the wood-pigeons breed:
But let me that plunder forbear,
She will say 'twas a barbarous deed.
For he ne'er could be true, she averr'd,
Who could rob a poor bird of its young:
And I lov'd her the more, when I heard
Such tenderness fall from her tongue.

I have heard her with sweetness unfold
 How that pity was due to—a dove;
 That it ever attended the bold,
 And she call'd it the sister of love.
 But her words such a pleasure convey,
 So much I her accents adore,
 Let her speak, and whatever she say,
 Methinks I should love her the more.

Can a bosom so gentle remain
 Unmov'd, when her Corydon sighs!
 Will a nymph that is fond of the plain,
 These plains and this valley despise?
 Dear regions of silence and shade!
 Soft scenes of contentment and ease!
 Where I could have pleasingly stray'd,
 If aught in her absence could please.

But where does my Phyllida stray?
 And where are her grotts and her bow'rs?
 Are the groves and the valleys as gay,
 And the shepherds as gentle as ours?
 The groves may perhaps be as fair,
 And the face of the valleys as fine;
 The swains may in manners compare,
 But their love is not equal to mine.

III. SOLICITUDE.

WHY will you my passion reprove?
 Why term it a folly to grieve?
 Ere I shew you the charms of my love,
 She is fairer than you can believe.
 With her mien she enamours the brave;
 With her wit she engages the free;
 With her modesty pleases the grave;
 She is ev'ry way pleasing to me.

O you that have been of her train,
 Come and join in my amorous lays;
 I could lay down my life for the swain,
 That will sing but a song in her praise.
 When he sings, may the nymphs of the town
 Come trooping, and listen the while;
 Nay on him let not Phyllida frown;
 —But I cannot allow her to smile.

For when Paridel tries in the dance
 Any favour with Phyllis to find,
 O how, with one trival glance,
 Might she ruin the peace of my mind!
 In ringlets he dresses his hair,
 And his crook is bestudded around;
 And his pipe—oh my Phyllis beware
 Of a magic there is in the sound.

'Tis his with mock passion to glow;
 'Tis his in smooth tales to unfold,
 "How her face is as bright as the snow,
 "And her bosom, be sure, is as cold:
 "How the nightingales labour the strain,
 "With the notes of his charmer to vie;
 "How they vary their ascents in vain,
 "Repine at her triumphs, and die."

To the grove or the garden he strays,
 And pillages every sweet;
 Then suiting the wreath to his lays,
 He throws it at Phyllis's feet.
 "O Phyllis," he whispers, "more fair,
 "More sweet than the Jessamine's flow'r!
 "What are pinks in a morn to compare?
 "What is eglantine after a show'r?"

"Then the lily no longer is white;

"Then the rose is depriv'd of its bloom;

"Then the violets die with despite,

"And the woodbines give up their perfume."

Thus glide the soft numbers along,

And he fancies no shepherd his peer;

—Yet I never should envy the song,

Were not Phyllis to lend it an ear.

Let his crook be with hyacinths bound;

So Phyllis the trophy despise;

Let his forehead with laurels be crown'd,

So they shine not in Phyllis's eyes.

The language that flows from the heart

Is a stranger to Paridel's tongue;

—Yet may she beware of his art,

Or sure I must envy the song.

IV. DISAPPOINTMENT.

YE shepherds, give ear to my lay,
And take no more heed of my sheep:

They have nothing to do but to stray;

I have nothing to do but to weep.

Yet do not my folly reprove;

She was fair—and my passion begun;

She smil'd—and I could not but love;

She is faithless—and I am undone.

Perhaps I was void of all thought;

Perhaps it was plain to foresee,

That a nymph so complete would be sought

By a swain more engaging than me.

Ah! love ev'ry hope can inspire;

It banishes wisdom the while;

And the lip of the nymph we admire

Seems for ever adorn'd with a smile;

She is faithless, and I am undone;

Ye that witness the woes I endure,

Let reason instruct you to shun

What it cannot instruct you to cure.

Beware how ye loiter in vain,

Amid nymphs of an higher degree:

It is not for me to explain

How fair and how fickle they be.

Alas! from the day that we met,

What hope of an end to my woes?

When I cannot endure to forget

The glance that undid my repose.

Yet time may diminish the pain:

The flow'r, and the shrub, and the tree,

Which I rear'd for her pleasure in vain,

In time may have comfort for me.

The sweets of a dew-sprinkled rose,

The sound of a murmuring stream,

The peace which from solitude flows,

Henceforth shall be Gorydon's theme.

High transports are shewn to the sight,

But we are not to find them our own;

Fate never bestow'd such delight,

As I with my Phyllis had known.

O ye woods, spread your branches apace;

To your deepest recesses I fly;

I would hide with the beasts of the chase;

I would vanish from every eye.

Yet my reed shall resound thro' the grove

With the same sad complaint it begun;

How she smil'd, and I could not but love;

Was faithless, and I am undone!

1870

LEVITIES;

OR,

PIECES OF HUMOUR.

VOL. I.

T

†

FIRST and PHILIP

A Dialogue

ACT I

SCENE I

Enter Philip and First

PHILIP

FIRST

PHILIP

FIRST

PHILIP

FIRST

PHILIP

FLIRT and PHIL:

A Decision for the LADIES.

A WIT by learning well refin'd,
A Beau, but of the rural kind,
To Sylvia made pretences;
They both profess'd an equal love,
Yet hop'd, by diff'rent means, to move
Her judgment, or her senses.

Young sprightly Flirt, of blooming mien,
Watch'd the best minutes to be seen;
Went—when his glass advis'd him:
While meagre Phil of books inquir'd;
A wight for wit and parts admir'd;
And witty ladies priz'd him.

Sylvia had wit, had spirits too;
To hear the one, the other view,
Suspended held the scales:
Her wit, her youth too claim'd its share,
Let none the preference declare,
But turn up—heads or tails.

STANZAS, to the Memory of an agreeable
LADY, buried in marriage to a person
undeserving her.

'**T**WAS always held, and ever will,
By sage mankind, discreeter
T' anticipate a lesser ill,
Than undergo a greater.

When mortals dread diseases, pain,
 And languishing conditions,
 Who don't the lesser ills sustain
 Of physic—and physicians?

Rather than lose his whole estate,
 He that but little wife is,
 Full gladly pays four parts in eight
 To taxes and excises.

Our merchants Spain has near undone
 For lost ships not requiting :
 This bears our noble K— to shun
 The loss of blood!—in fighting!

With num'rous ills, in single life,
 The bachelor's attended :
 Such to avoid, he takes a wife—
 And much the case is mended!

Poor Gratia, in her twentieth year,
 Foreseeing future woe,
 Chose to attend a monkey here,
 Before an ape below.

C O L E M I R A.

A Culinary E C L O G U E.

Nec tantum Veneris, quantum studiosa culinæ.

NIGHT's fable clouds had half the globe o'er-
 spread,
 And silence reign'd, and folks were gone to bed :
 When love, which gentle sleep can ne'er inspire,
 Had seated Damon by the kitchen-fire.

Pensive he lay, extended on the ground ;
 The little lares kept their vigils round ;
 The fawning cats compassionate his case
 And purr arround, and gently lick his face.

To all his 'plaints the sleeping curs reply,
And with hoarse snorings imitate a sigh;
Such gloomy scenes with lovers minds agree,
Ann solitude to them is best society.

" Could I," he cry'd, " express, how bright a grace
Adorns thy morning-hands, and well-wash'd face,
Thou woud'st, Colemira, grant what I implore;
And yield me love, or wash thy face no more.

" Ah! who can see, and seeing, not admire,
Whene'er she sets the pot upon the fire!
Her hands outshine the fire, and redder things;
Her eyes are blacker than the pots she brings.

" But sure no chamber-damsel can compare
When in meridian lustre shines my fair,
When warm'd with dinner's toil, in pearly rills,
Adown her goodly cheek the sweat distils.

" Oh! how I long, how ardently desire
To view those rosy fingers strike the lyre!
For late, when bees to change their climes began,
How did I see 'em thrum the frying pan!

" With her! I should not envy G—— his queen,
Tho' she in royal grandeur deck'd be seen!
Whilst rags, just sever'd from my fair one's gown,
In russet pomp, and greesy pride hang down.

" Ah! how it does my drooping heart rejoice,
When in the hall I hear thy mellow voice!
How would that voice exceed the village-bell;
Wouldst thou but sing, I like thee passing well?

" When from the hearth she bade the pointers go,
How soft, how easy did her accents flow!"
" Get out," she cry'd, " when strangers come to sup,
One ne'er can raise those snoring devils up."

" Then, full of wrath, she kick'd each lazy brute,
 " Alas! I envy'd even that salute:

" 'Twas sure misplac'd,—Shock said, or seem'd to
 " say,

" He had as lief I had the kick as they.

" If she the mystic bellows take in hand,
 " Who like the fair can that machine command?

" O mayst thou ne'er by Æolus be seen,

" For he would sure demand thee for his queen.

" But should the flame this rougher aid refuse,
 " And only gentler med'cines be of use;
 " With full blown cheeks she ends the doubtful strife,
 " Foments the infant-flame, and puffs it into life.

" Such arts as these exalt the drooping fire,
 " But in my breast a fiercer flame inspire:

" I burn! I burn! O! give thy puffing o'er,
 " And swell thy cheeks, and pout thy lips no more!

" With all her haughty looks, the time I've seen,
 " When this proud damsel has more humble been,
 " When with nice airs she hoist the pancake round,
 " And dropt it, hapless fair, upon the ground.

" Look, with what charming grace! what winning
 " tricks!

" The artful charmer rubs the candlesticks!
 " So bright she makes the candlesticks she handles,
 " Oft have I said, there were no need of candles.

" But thou, my fair, who never wouldst approve,
 " Or hear, the tender story of my love;
 " Or mind how burns my raging breast,—a button—
 " Perhaps art dreaming of—a breast of mutton."

Thus said, and wept the sad desponding swain,
 Revealing to the sable walls his pain:
 But nymphs are free with those they should deny;
 To those they love more exquisitely coy!

Now chirping crickets raise their tinkling voice,
 The lambent flames in languid streams arise,
 And smoke, in azure folds, evaporates and dies.

The RAPE of the TRAP:
 A BALLAD. 1737.

'T WAS in a land of learning,
 The muse's fav'rite city,
 Such pranks of late
 Were play'd by a rat,
 As—tempt one to be witty.

All in a college study,
 Where books were in great plenty,
 This rat would devour
 More sense in an hour
 Than I could write—in twenty.

Corporeal food, 'tis granted,
 Serves vermin less refin'd, Sir;
 But this, a rat of taste,
 All other rats surpass'd;
 And he prey'd on the food of the mind, Sir.

His breakfast, half the morning,
 He constantly attended;
 And when the bell rung
 For evening-song,
 His dinner scarce was ended!

He spar'd not ev'n heroics,
 On which we poets pride us;
 And would make no more
 Of King Arthur's*, by the score,
 Than——all the world beside does.

* By Blackmore.

In books of geo-graphy

He made the maps to flutter:

A river or a sea

Was to him a dish of tea;

And a kingdom, bread and butter.

But if some mawkish potion

Might chance to over-dose him,

To check its rage,

He took a page

Of logic—to compose him.——

A trap, in haste and anger,

Was bought, you need not doubt on't;

And such was the gin,

Were a lion once got in,

He could not, I think, get out on't.

With cheese, not books, 'twas baited,

The fact—I'll not belie it——

Since none—I tell you that——

Whether scholar or rat,

Minds books, when he has other diet.

But more of trap and bait, Sir,

Why should I sing, or either?

Since the rat, who knew the sleight,

Came in the dead of night,

And dragg'd 'em away together:

Both trap and bait were vanish'd,

Thro' a fracture in the flooring;

Which, though so trim

It now may seem,

Had then—a dozen or more in.

Then answer this, ye sages!

Nor deem I mean to wrong ye,

Had the rat which thus did seize on

The trap, less claim to reason,

Than many a scull among ye?

PIECES OF HUMOUR. 355

Dan Prior's mice, I own it,
Were vermin of condition;
But this rat, who merely learn'd
What rats alone concern'd,
Was the greater politician.

That England's topsy-turvy,
Is clear from these mishaps, Sir;
Since traps, we may determine,
Will no longer take our vermin,
But vermin * take our traps, Sir.

Let sophs, by rats infested,
Then trust in cats to catch 'em;
Lest they grow as learn'd as we,
In our studies; where, d'ye see,
No mortal sits to watch 'em.

Good luck betide our captains;
Good luck betide our cats, Sir;
And grant that the one
May quell the Spanish Don,
And t' other destroy our rats, Sir.

On certain PASTORALS.

SO rude and tuneless are thy lays,
The weary audience vow,
'Tis not th' Arcadian swain that sings,
But 'tis his herds that low.

On Mr C—— of Kidderminster's poetry.

THY verses, friend, are Kidderminster stuff †,
And I must own you've measur'd out enough.

* Written at the time of the Spanish depredations.

† Kidderminster, famous for a coarse woollen manufacture.

To the VIRTUOSOS.

HAIL curious wights ! to whom so fair
The form of mortal flies is !
Who deem those grubs beyond compare,
Which common sense despises.

Whether o'er hill, morafs, or mound,
You make your sportsman fallies ;
Or that your prey in gardens found,
Is urg'd through walks and alleys ;

Yet in the fury of the chace,
No flope could e'er retard you ;
Blest if one fly repay the race,
Or painted wing reward you.

Fierce as Camilla * o'er the plain,
Pursu'd the glitt'ring stranger ;
Still ey'd the purple's pleasing stain,
And knew not fear nor danger.

'Tis you difpense the fav'rite meat
To Nature's filmy people ;
Know what conferves they chufe to eat,
And what liqueurs to tipple.

And if her brood of infects dies,
You fage affiftance lend her ;
Can ftoop to pimp for am'rous flies,
And help 'em to engender.

'Tis you protect their pregnant hour ;
And when the birth's at hand,
Exerting your obftetric pow'r,
Prevent a mothlefs land.

* See Virgil.

Yet oh ! howe'er your tow'ring view
 Above gross objects rises,
 Whate'er refinements you pursue,
 Hear what a friend advises ;

A friend, who weigh'd with yours, must prize
 Domitian's idle passion,
 That wrought the death of teasing flies,
 But ne'er their propagation.

Let Flavia's eyes more deeply warm,
 Nor thus your hearts determine,
 To slight Dame Nature's fairest form,
 And sigh for Nature's vermin.

And speak with some respect of beaux,
 Nor more as triflers treat 'em :
 'Tis better learn to save one's clothes,
 Than cherish moths that eat 'em.

The EXTENT of COOKERY.

Aliusque et idem.

WHEN Tom to Cambridge first was sent,
 A plain brown bob he wore ;
 Read much, and look'd as though he meant
 To be a fop no more.

See him to Lincoln's-Inn repair,
 His resolution flag ;
 He cherishes a length of hair,
 And tucks it in a bag.

Nor Coke nor Salkeld he regards,
 But gets into the house,
 And soon a judge's rank rewards
 His pliant votes and bows.

Adieu ye bobs! ye bags give place!
 Full-bottoms come instead!
 Good L—d! to see the various ways
 Of dressing—a calve's head!

The PROGRESS of ADVICE.

A COMMON CASE.

Suade, nam certum est.

SAYS Richard to Thomas, (and seem'd half afraid),
 "I am thinking to marry thy mistress's maid;
 "Now, because Mrs Lucy to thee is well known,
 "I will do't if thou bid'st me, or let it alone.
 "Nay don't make a jest on't, 'tis no jest to me;
 "For 'faith I'm in earnest, so prithee be free:
 "I've no fault to find with the girl since I knew her;
 "But I'd have thy advice, ere I tie myself to her!"

Said Thomas to Richard, "To speak my opinion,
 "There is not such a b—h in King George's do-
 "minion;
 "And I firmly believe, if thou knew'st her as I do,
 "Thou would'st chuse out a whipping-post first to
 "be ty'd to.
 "She's peevish, she's thievish, she's ugly, she's old,
 "And a liar, and a fool, and a slut, and a scold."
 Next day Richard hasten'd to church, and was wed,
 And, ere night, had inform'd her what Thomas had
 said.

A BALLAD.

Trahit sua quemque voluptas.

FROM Lincoln to London rode forth our young
 'squire,
 To bring down a wife whom the swains might ad-
 mire;

PIECES OF HUMOUR. 159

But in spite of whatever the mortal could say,
The goddess objected the length of the way!

To give up the op'ra, the park, and the ball,
For to view the stag's horns in an old country hall!
To have neither China nor India to see!
Nor a lace-man to plague in a morning—not she!

To forsake the dear playhouse, Quin, Garrick, and
Clive,

Who, by dint of mere humour, had kept her alive;
To forego the full box for his lonesome abode,
O heav'ns! she should faint, she should die on the
road!

To forget the gay fashions and gestures of France,
And to leave dear Auguste in the midst of the dance,
And Harlequin too!—'twas in vain to require it;
And she wonder'd how folks had the face to desire it.

She might yield to resign the sweet fingers of Ruckholt,
Where the citizen matron seduces her cuckold;
But Ranelagh soon would her footsteps recall,
And the music, the lamps, and the glare of Vauxhall.

To be sure she could breathe no where else than in
town,

Thus she talk'd like a wit, and he look'd like a clown;
But the while honest Harry despair'd to succeed,
A coach with a coronet trail'd her to Tweed.

SLENDER'S Ghost. *Vid.* Shakespeare.

BENEATH a church-yard yew,
Decay'd and worn with age,
At dusk of eve methought I spy'd
Poor Slender's ghost, that whim'ring cry'd,
O sweet, O sweet Anne Page!

Ye gentle bards! give ear!

Who talk of am'rous rage,
Who spoil the lily, rob the rose,
Come learn of me to weep your woes:

O sweet, O sweet Anne Page!

Why should such labour'd strains

Your formal muse engage?

I never dream'd of flame or dart,

That fir'd my breast, or pierc'd my heart,

But sigh'd, O sweet Anne Page!

And you! whose love-sick minds

No med'cine can assuage!

Accuse the leech's art no more,

But learn of Slender to deplore;

O sweet, O sweet Anne Page!

And ye! whose souls are held

Like linnets in a cage!

Who talk of fetters, links, and chains,

Attend, and imitate my strains!

O sweet, O sweet Anne Page!

And you who boast or grieve,

What horrid wars ye wage!

Of wounds receiv'd from many an eye;

Yet mean as I do, when I sigh

O sweet, O sweet Anne Page!

Hence ev'ry fond conceit

Of shepherd or of sage!

'Tis Slender's voice, 'tis Slender's way

Expresses all you have to say;

O sweet, O sweet Anne Page!

The INVIDIOUS. *Mart.*

O FORTUNE! if my pray'r of old
 Was ne'er solicitous for gold,
 With better grace thou may'st allow,
 My suppliant wish, that asks it now.
 Yet think not, goddess! I require it
 For the same end your clowns desire it.

In a well-made effectual string,
 Fain would I see Lividio swing!
 Hear him, from Tyburn's height haranguing,
 But such a cur's not worth one's hanging.
 Give me, O goddess! store of pelf,
 And he will tie the knot himself.

The PRICE of an EQUIPAGE.

*Servum si potes, Ole, non habere;
 Et regem potes, Ole, non habere.* *Mart.*

I ASK'D a friend, amid'st the throng,
 Whose coach it was that trail'd along:
 "The gilded coach there—don't ye mind?"
 "That, with the footmen stuck behind."
 O Sir, says he, what! han't you seen it?
 'Tis Damon's coach, and Damon in it.
 'Tis odd methinks you have forgot
 Your friend, your neighbour, and—what not!
 Your old acquaintance Damon! "True;
 "But faith his equipage is new."
 "Bless me," said I, "where can it end?"
 "What madness has possess'd my friend?"

" Four powder'd slaves, and those the tallest,
 " Their stomachs, doubtless, not the smallest!
 " Can Damon's revenue maintain,
 " In lace and food, so large a train?
 " I know his land—each inch o' ground—
 " 'Tis not a mile to walk it round—
 " If Damon's whole estate can bear
 " To keep his lad, and one horse chair,
 " I own 'tis past my comprehension."
 Yes, Sir, but Damon has a pension——

Thus does a false ambition rule us,
 Thus pomp-delude, and folly fool us;
 To keep a race of flick'ring knaves,
 He grows himself the worst of slaves.

HINT from VOITURE.

LET Sol his annual journeys run,
 And when the radiant task is done,
 Confess, thro' all the globe, 'twould pose him,
 To match the charms that Celia shews him.
 And should he boast he once had seen
 As just a form, as bright a mien,
 Yet must it still for ever pose him,
 To match—what Celia never shews him,

INSCRIPTION.

To the memory
 OF A. L. Esquire,
 Justice of the peace for this county:
 Who, in the whole course of his pilgrimage
 Thro' a trifling ridiculous world,
 Maintaining his proper dignity,

PIECES OF HUMOUR. 163

Notwithstanding the scoffs of ill-dispos'd persons,
 And wits of the age,
 That ridicul'd his behaviour,
 Or censur'd his breeding;
 Following the dictates of nature,
 Desiring to ease the afflicted,
 Eager to set the prisoners at liberty,
 Without having for his end
 The noise, or report such things generally cause
 In the world,
 (As he was seen to perform them of none)
 But the sole relief and happiness
 Of the party in distress;
 Himself resting easy,
 When he could render that so;
 Not gripping, or pinching himself,
 To hoard up superfluities;
 Not coveting to keep in his possession
 What gives more disquietude, than pleasure;
 But charitably diffusing it
 To all round about him:
 Making the most sorrowful countenance
 To smile
 In his presence;
 Always bestowing more than he was ask'd,
 Always imparting before he was desir'd;
 Not proceeding in this manner
 Upon every trivial suggestion,
 But the most mature and solemn deliberation;
 With an incredible presence and undauntedness
 Of mind;
 With an inimitable gravity and oeconomy
 Of face;
 Bidding loud defiance
 To politeness and the fashion,
 Dar'd let a f—t.

To a FRIEND.

HAVE you ne'er seen, my gentle squire,
The humours of your kitchen-fire?

Says Ned to Sal, "I lead a spade,
"Why don't ye play—the girl's afraid—
"Play something—any thing—but play—
" 'Tis but to pass the time away—
"Phoo—how she stands—biting her nails—
"As though she play'd for half her vails—
"Sorting her cards, hagling and picking—
"We play for nothing, do us, chicken?
"That card will do—'blood, never doubt it,
" 'Tis not worth while to think about it."

Sal thought, and thought, and miss'd her aim,
And Ned, ne'er studying, won the game.

Methinks, old friend, 'tis wond'rous true,
That verse is but a game at loo.
While many a bard that shews so clearly,
He writes for his amusement merely,
Is known to study, fret, and toil,
And play for nothing all the while;
Or praise at most; for wreaths of yore
Ne'er signified a farthing more:
Till having vainly toil'd to gain it,
He sees your flying pen obtain it.

Thro' fragrant scenes the trifler roves,
And hallow'd haunts that Phoebus loves;
Where with strange heats his bosom glows,
And mystic flames the god bestows.
You now none other flame require,
Than a good blazing parlour-fire;
Write verses—to defy the scorers,
In shit-houses and chimney-corners.

Sal found her deep-laid schemes were vain,—
 The cards are cut—come deal again—
 No good comes on it when one lingers—
 I'll play the cards come next my fingers—
 Fortune could never let Ned loo her,
 When she had left it wholly to her.

Well, now, who wins?—why, still the same—
 For Sal has lost another game.

“I've done;” (she mutter'd), “I was saying,
 “It did not argufy my playing.

“Some folks will win, they cannot chuse,

“But think or not think—some must lose.

“I may have won a game or so—

“But then it was an age ago—

“It ne'er will be my lot again—

“I won it of a baby then—

“Give me an ace of trumps, and see,

“Our Ned will beat me with a three.

“'Tis all by luck that things are carry'd—

“He'll suffer for it when he's marry'd.”

Thus Sal, with tears in either eye;
 While victor Ned sat titt'ring by.

Thus I, long envying your success,
 And bent to write, and study less,
 Sat down, and scribbled in a trice,
 Just what you see—and you despise.

You who can frame a tuneful song,
 And hum it as you ride along;
 And, trotting on the king's highway,
 Snatch from the hedge a sprig of bay;
 Accept this verse, howe'er it flows,
 From one that is your friend in prose.

What is this wreath, so green! so fair!
 Which many wish, and few must wear?

Which some men's indolence can gain,
 And some men's vigils ne'er obtain?
 For what must Sal or poet sue,
 Ere they engage with Ned or you?
 For luck in verse, for luck at loo?

Ah no! 'tis genius gives you fame,
 And Ned, thro' skill, secures the game.

The P O E T and the D U N. 1741.

*These are messengers
 That feelingly persuade me what I am.*

Shakespeare.

C O M E S a dun in the morning, and raps at my
 door——

“ I made bold to call—’tis a twelvemonth and more——

“ I’m sorry, believe me, to trouble you thus, Sir,—

“ But Job would be paid, Sir, had Job been a mer-
 “ cer.”

My friend, have but patience——“ Ay, these are your

“ ways.”

I have got but one shilling to serve me two days——

But, Sir, pr’ythee take it—and tell your attorney,

If I ha’nt paid your bill, I’ve paid for your journey.

Well, now thou art gone, let me govern my

passion,

And calmly consider——consider? vexation!

What whore that must paint, and must put on false

locks,

And counterfeit joy in the pangs of the pox!

What beggar’s wife’s nephew, now starv’d, and now

beaten,

Who, wanting to eat, fears himself shall be eaten!

What porter, what turnspit, can deem his case hard!
 Or what dun boast of patience that thinks of a bard!
 Well, I'll leave this poor trade, for no trade can be
 poorer,

Turn shoe-boy, or courtier, or pimp, or procurer;
 Get love, and respect, and good living, and pelf,
 And dun some poor dog of a poet myself.

One's credit, however, of course will grow better;
 Here enters the footman, and brings me a letter.

"Dear Sir, I receiv'd your obliging epistle,
 "Your fame is secure—bid the critics go whistle.
 "I read over with wonder the poem you sent me,
 "And I must speak your praises, no soul shall pre-
 "vent me.

"The audience, believe me, cry'd out, every line
 "Was strong, was affecting, was just, was divine;
 "All pregnant as gold is, with worth, weight and
 "beauty,

"And to hide such a genius was—far from your
 "duty.

"I foresee that the court will be hugely delighted,
 "Sir Richard, for much less a genius, was knighted.

"Adieu, my good friend, and for high life prepare
 "ye;

"I could say much more, but you're modest, I
 "spare ye."

Quite fir'd with the flatt'ry, I call for my paper,
 And waste that, and health, and my time, and my
 taper:

I scribble till morn, when with wrath no small store,
 Comes my old friend the mercer, and raps at my
 door.

"Ah! friend, 'tis but idle to make such a pother,
 "Fate, fate has ordain'd us to plague one another."

Written at an Inn at HENLEY.

TO thee, fair Freedom ! I retire
 From flatt'ry, cards, and dice, and din;
 Nor art thou found in mansions higher
 Than the low cott, or humble inn.

'Tis here with boundless power I reign;
 And ev'ry health which I begin,
 Converts dull Port to bright Champaigne;
 Such freedom crowns it at an inn.

I fly from pomp, I fly from plate!
 I fly from falsehood's specious grin!
 Freedom I love, and form I hate,
 And chuse my lodgings at an inn.

Here, waiter, take my sordid ore,
 Which lacqueys else might hope to win;
 It buys what courts have not in store;
 It buys me freedom at an inn.

Whoe'er has travell'd life's dull round,
 Where-e'er his stages may have been,
 May sigh to think he still has found
 The warmest welcome at an inn.

A S I M I L E.

WHAT village bnt has some time seen
 The clumsy shape, the frightful mien,
 Tremendous claws, and shagged hair,
 Of that grim brute yclep'd a bear?
 He from his dam, the learn'd agree,
 Receiv'd the curious form you see;
 Who with her plastic tongue alone,
 Produc'd a visage—like her own.—

And thus they hint, in mystic fashion,
 The pow'rful force of education *—
 Perhaps yon crowd of swains is viewing,
 Even now, the strange exploits of Bruin;
 Who plays his antics, roars aloud;
 The wonder of a gaping croud!

So have I known an awkward lad,
 Whose birth has made a parish glad,
 Forbid, for fear of sense, to roam,
 And taught by kind mamma at home,
 Who gives him many a well try'd rule,
 With ways and means—to play the fool.
 In sense the same, in stature higher,
 He shines, ere long, a rural squire,
 Pours forth unwitty jokes, and swears,
 And bawls, and drinks, but chiefly stares.
 His tenants of superior sense
 Carouse, and laugh, at his expence;
 And deem the pastime I'm relating,
 To be as pleasant as bear-beating.

THE CHARMS OF PRECEDENCE.

A T A L E.

“SIR, will you please to walk before?”
 “—No, pray Sir—you are next the door.—
 “—Upon mine honour, I'll not stir,”
 Sir, I'm at home, consider, Sir—
 “Excuse me, Sir, I'll not go first.”—
 Well, if I must be rude, I must—
 But yet I wish I could evade it—
 'Tis strangely clownish, be persuaded.—

* Of a sonl matron's education.

Go forward, cits! go forward squires!
 Nor scruple each what each admires.
 Life squares not, friends, with your proceeding;
 It flies, while you display your breeding;
 Such breeding as one's granam preaches,
 Or some old dancing-master teaches.
 O for some rude tumultuous fellow,
 Half crazy, or, at least, half mellow,
 To come behind you unawares,
 And fairly push you both down stairs!
 But death's at hand—let me advise ye,
 Go forward friends! or he'll surprise ye.

Besides, how insincere you are!

Do ye not flatter, lie, forswear,
 And daily cheat, and weekly pray,
 And all for ~~this~~—to lead the way?

Such is my theme, which means to prove,
 That, tho' we drink, or game, or love,
 As that or this is most in fashion,
 Precedence is our ruling passion.

When college-students take degrees,
 And pay the beadle's endless fees,
 What moves that scientific body,
 But the first cutting at a gawdy?
 And whence such shoals, in bare conditions,
 That starve and languish as physicians,
 Content to trudge the streets, and stare at
 The fat apothecary's chariot?
 But that in Charlot's chamber (see
 Moliere's *medecin malgre lui*)
 The leech, howe'er his fortunes vary,
 Still walks before th' apothecary.

Flavia in vain has wit and charms,
 And all that shines, and all that warms;
 In vain all human race adore her,
 For—Lady Mary ranks before her.

O Celia, gentle Celia! tell us,
 You who are neither vain, nor jealous!
 The softest breast, the mildest mien!
 Would you not feel some little spleen,
 Nor bite your lip, nor furl your brow,
 If Florimel, your equal now,
 Should, one day, gain precedence of ye?
 First serv'd—tho' in a dish of coffee?
 Plac'd first, altho' where you are found,
 You gain'd the eyes of all around?
 Nam'd first, tho' not with half the fame,
 That waits my charming Celia's name?

Hard fortune! barely to inspire
 Our fix'd esteem, and fond desire!
 Barely, where'er you go, to prove
 The source of universal love!
 Yet be content, observing this,
 Honour's the offspring of caprice:
 And worth, howe'er you have pursu'd it,
 Has now no pow'r—but to exclude it.
 You'll find your general reputation
 A kind of supplemental station.

Poor Swift, with all his worth, could ne'er,
 He tells us, hope to rise a peer;
 So, to supply it, wrote for fame:
 And well the wit secur'd his aim:
 A common patriot has a drift
 Not quite so innocent as Swift:
 In Britain's cause he rants, he labours;
 "He's honest, faith"—have patience, neighbours;
 For patriots may sometimes deceive,
 May beg their friends reluctant leave,
 To serve them in a higher sphere;
 And drop their virtue, to get there.—

As Lucian tells us in his fashion,
 How souls put off each earthly passion,

Ere on Elysium's flow'ry strand,
 Old Charon suffer'd 'em to land:
 So ere we meet a court's careffes,
 No doubt our souls must change their dresse;
 And souls there be, who, bound that way,
 Attire themselves ten times a-day.

If then 'tis rank which all men covet,
 And saints alike and sinners love it;
 If place, for which our courtiers throng
 So thick, that few can get along;
 For which such fervile toils are seen,
 Who's happier than a king?—a queen.

Howe'er men aim at elevation,
 'Tis properly a female passion:
 Women and beaux, beyond all measure
 Are charm'd with rank's ecstatic pleasure.

Sir, if your drift I rightly scan,
 You'd hint a beau were not a man:
 Say, women then are fond of places;
 I wave all disputable cases.

A man perhaps would something linger,
 Were his lov'd rank to cost—a finger;
 Or were an ear or toe the price on't,
 He might delib'rate once or twice on't;
 Perhaps ask Gataker's advice on't.
 And many, as their frame grows old,
 Would hardly purchase it with gold.

But women with precedence ever;
 'Tis their whole life's supreme endeavour;
 It fires their youth with jealous rage,
 And strongly animates their age.
 Perhaps they would not sell outright,
 Or maim a limb—that was in sight;
 Yet, on worse terms, they sometimes chuse it;
 Nor ev'n in punishments refuse it.

Pre-eminence in pain, you cry!
 All fierce and pregnant with reply.

But lend your patience, and your ear,
 An argument shall make it clear.
 But hold, an argument may fail;
 Beside, my title says, a tale.

Where Avon rolls her winding stream,
 Avon, the muse's fav'rite theme!
 Avon, that fills the farmers purses,
 And decks with flow'rs both farms and verses,
 She visits many a fertile vale,——
 Such was the scene of this my tale.
 For 'tis in Ev'sham's vale, or near it,
 That folks with laughter tell and hear it,
 The soil with annual plenty blest'd
 Was by young Corydon possess'd.
 His youth alone I lay before ye,
 As most material to my story:
 For strength and vigour too he had 'em,
 And 'twere not much amiss, to add 'em.

Thrice happy lout! whose wide domain
 Now green with grass, now gilt with grain,
 In russet robes of clover deep,
 Or thinly veil'd and white with sheep;
 Now fragrant with the bean's perfume,
 Now purpled with the pulse's bloom,
 Might well with bright allusion store me;
 —But happier bards have been before me!

Amongst the various year's increase,
 The stripling own'd a field of pease;
 Which, when at night he ceas'd his labours,
 Were haunted by some female neighbours.
 Each morn discover'd to his sight
 The shameful havock of the night:
 Traces of this they left behind 'em,
 But no instructions where to find 'em.
 The devil's works are plain and evil,
 But few or none have seen the devil.

Old Noll, indeed, if we may credit
 The words of Echard, who has said it,
 Contriv'd with Satan how to fool us;
 And bargain'd face to face to rule us;
 But then old Noll was one in ten,
 And fought him more than other men.
 Our shepherd too, with like attention,
 May meet the female fiends we mention,
 He rose one morn at break of day,
 And near the field in ambush lay:
 When lo! a brace of girls appears,
 The third, a matron much in years.
 Smiling amidst the pease, the sinners
 Sat down to cull their future dinners;
 And, caring little who might own 'em,
 Made free as though themselves had sown 'em.

'Twas worth a sage's observation,
 How love can make a jest of passion.
 Anger had forc'd the swain from bed,
 His early dues to love unpaid!
 And love, a god that keeps a pother,
 And will be paid one time or other,
 Now banish'd anger out o' door;
 And claim'd the debt with-held before.
 If anger bid our youth revile,
 Love form'd his feature to a smile:
 And knowing well 'twas all grimace,
 To threaten with a smiling face.
 He in few words express'd his mind—
 And none would deem them much unkind.

The am'rous youth, for their offence,
 Demanded instant recompence:
 That recompence from each, which shame
 Forbids a bashful muse to name.
 Yet, more this sentence to discover,
 'Tis what Bett** grants her lover,

When he, to make the strumpet willing,
Has spent his fortune—to a shilling.

Each stood a while, as 'twere suspended,
And loath to do, what—each intended.

At length, with soft pathetic sighs,
The matron, bent with age, replies,

“ 'Tis vain to strive—justice, I know,

“ And our ill stars will have it so—

“ But let my tears your wrath assuage,

“ And shew some deference for age !

“ I from a distant village came,

“ Am old, God knows, and something lame ;

“ And if we yield, as yield we must,

“ Dispatch my crazy body first.”

Our shepherd, like the Phrygian swain,

When circled round on Ida's plain,

With goddesses he stood suspended,

And Pallas's grave speech was ended,

Own'd what she ask'd might be his duty ;

But paid the compliment to beauty.

O D E

To be performed by Dr BRETTLÉ, and a
Chorus of HALES-OWEN CITIZENS.

The Instrumental Part, a Viol d'Amour.

AIR by the DOCTOR.

AWAKE ! I say, awake, good people !
And be for once alive and gay ;
Come let's be merry, stir the tipples ;
How can you sleep,
Whilst I do play ? how can you sleep, &c.

CHORUS of CITIZENS.

Pardon, O! pardon, great musician!
 On drowsy souls some pity take!
 For wond'rous hard is our condition,
 To drink thy beer,
 Thy strains to hear;
 To drink,
 To hear,
 And keep awake!

SOLO by the DOCTOR.

Hear but this strain—'twas made by Handel,
 A wight of skill, and judgment deep!
 Zoonters they're gone—Sal, bring a candle—
 No, here is one, and he's asleep.

DUETTE.

DR.—How could they go, *Soft music.*
 Whilst I do play?
 SAL. How could they go? *Warlike music.*
 How should they stay?

EPILOGUE to the Tragedy of CLEONE.

WELL, ladies—so much for the tragic style—
 And now the custom is to make you smile.
 To make us smile!—methinks I hear you say—
 Why, who can help it at so strange a play?
 The captain gone three years!—and then to blame
 The faultless conduct of his virtuous dame!
 My stars—what gentle belle would think it treason,
 When thus provok'd, to give the brute some reason?

Out of my house!—this night, forsooth, depart!
 A modern wife had said,—“ With all my heart—
 “ But think not, haughty Sir, I’ll go alone!
 “ Order your coach,—conduct me safe to town—
 “ Give me my jewels, wardrobe, and my maid—
 “ And pray take care my pin-money be paid.”

Such is the language of each modish fair!
 Yet memoirs, not of modern growth, declare
 The time has been when modesty and truth
 Were deem’d additions to the charms of youth;
 When women hid their necks, and veil’d their faces,
 Nor romp’d, nor rak’d, nor star’d at public places,
 Nor took the airs of Amazons for graces:
 Then plain domestic virtues were the mode,
 And wives ne’er dream’d of happiness abroad:
 They lov’d their children, learn’d no flaunting airs,
 But with the joys of wedlock mix’d the cares.
 Those times are past—yet sure they merit praise,
 For marriage triumph’d in those golden days;
 By chaste decorum they affection gain’d;
 By faith and fondness what they won, maintain’d.
 ’Tis yours, ye fair, to bring those days agen,
 And form anew the hearts of thoughtless men;
 Make beauty’s lustre amiable as bright,
 And give the soul, as well as sense, delight;
 Reclaim from folly a fantastic age,
 That scorns the press, the pulpit, and the stage.
 Let truth and tenderness your breasts adorn,
 The marriage-chain with transport shall be worn.
 Each blooming virgin rais’d into a bride,
 Shall double all their joys, their cares divide;
 Alleviate grief, compose the jars of strife,
 And pour the balm that sweetens human life.



MORAL PIECES.

VOL. I.

Z

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T H E

JUDGMENT of HERCULES.

WHILE blooming spring descends from genial
skies,

By whose mild influence instant wonders rise;
From whose soft breath Elysian beauties flow,
The sweets of Hagley, or the pride of Stowe;
Will Lyttleton the rural landscape range,
Leave noisy fame; and not regret the change?
Pleas'd will he tread the garden's early scenes,
And learn a moral from the rising greens?
There, warm'd alike by Sol's enliv'ning pow'r,
The weed, aspiring, emulates the flow'r:
The drooping flow'r, its fairer charms display'd,
Invites, from grateful hands, their gen'rous aid:
Soon, if none check th' invasive foe's designs,
The lively lustre of these scenes declines!

'Tis thus, the spring of youth, the morn of life,
Rears in our minds the rival seeds of strife.
Then passion riots, reason then contends;
And on the conquest every bliss depends:
Life from the nice decision takes its hue;
And blest'd those judges who decide like you!
On worth like theirs shall every bliss attend:
The world their fav'rite, and the world their friend.

There are, who blind to thought's fatiguing ray,
As fortune gives examples, urge their way;
Not virtue's foes, tho' they her paths decline,
And scarce her friends, tho' with her friends they
join;

In her's, or vice's casual road advance,
Thoughtless, the sinners or the saints of chance!

Yet some more nobly scorn the vulgar voice ;
 With judgment fix, with zeal pursue their choice,
 When ripen'd thought, when reason born to reign,
 Checks the wild tumults of the youthful vein ;
 While passion's lawless tides, at their command,
 Glide through more useful tracks, and bless the land.

Happiest of these is he whose matchless mind,
 By learning strengthen'd, and by taste refin'd,
 In virtue's cause essay'd its earliest pow'rs ;
 Chose virtue's paths, and strew'd her paths with
 flow'rs.

The first alarm'd, if freedom waves her wings ;
 The fittest to adorn each art she brings ;
 Lov'd by that prince whom every virtue fires ;
 Prais'd by that bard whom ev'ry muse inspires :
 Bless'd in the tuneful art, the social flame ;
 In all that wins, in all that merits fame !

'Twas youth's perplexing stage his doubts inspir'd,
 When great Alcides to a grove retir'd.
 Thro' the lone windings of a devious glade,
 Resign'd to thought, with ling'ring steps he stray'd ;
 Blest with a mind to taste sincerer joys ;
 Arm'd with a heart each false one to despise.
 Dubious he stray'd, with wav'ring thoughts possess'd,
 Alternate passions struggling shar'd his breast ;
 The various arts which human cares divide,
 In deep attention all his mind employ'd :
 Anxious, if fame an equal bliss secur'd ;
 Or silent ease with softer charms allur'd.
 The sylvan choir whose numbers sweetly flow'd,
 The fount that murmur'd, and the flow'rs that
 blow'd ;

The silver flood that in meanders led
 His glitt'ring streams along th' enliven'd mead ;
 The soothing breeze, and all those beauties join'd,
 Which, whilst they please, effeminate the mind.

In vain! while distant, on a summit rais'd,
Th' imperial tow'rs of fame attractive blaz'd.

While thus he trac'd thro' fancy's puzzling maze
The sep'rate sweets of pleasure, and of praise;
Sudden the wind a fragrant gale convey'd,
And a new lustre gain'd upon the shade.

At once before his wond'ring eyes were seen
Two female forms of more than mortal mien.
Various their charms; and, in their dress and face,
Each seem'd to vie with some peculiar grace.

This, whose attire less clogg'd with art appear'd,
The simple sweets of innocence endear'd.

Her sprightly bloom, her quick sagacious eye,
Shew'd native merit mix'd with modesty.

Her air diffus'd a mild, yet awful ray,
Severely sweet, and innocently gay.

Such the chaste image of the martial maid,
In artless folds of virgin-white array'd!

She let no borrow'd rose her cheeks adorn,
Her blushing cheeks that sham'd the purple morn.

Her charms nor had nor wanted artful foils,
Or study'd gestures, or well-practis'd smiles.

She scorn'd the toys which render beauty less;
She prov'd th' engaging chastity of dress;

And while she chose in native charms to shine,
Ev'n thus she seem'd, nay more than seem'd, divine.

One modest em'rald clasp'd the robe she wore,
And, in her hand, th' imperial sword she bore.

Sublime her height, majestic was her pace,
And match'd the awful honours of her face.

The shrubs, the flow'rs that deck the verdant
ground,

Seem'd, where she trode, with rising lustre crown'd.
Still her approach with stronger influence warm'd;

She pleas'd, while distant, but, when near, she charm'd.

So strikes the gazer's eye, the silver gleam
That glitt'ring quivers o'er a distant stream;
But from its banks we see new beauties rise,
And, in its crystal bosom, trace the skies.

With other charms the rival vision glow'd,
And from her dress her tinsel beauties flow'd.
A flutt'ring robe her pamper'd shape conceal'd,
And seem'd to shade the charms it best reveal'd.
Its form, contriv'd her faulty size to grace;
Its hue, to give fresh lustre to her face.
Her plaited hair disguis'd with brilliants glar'd;
Her cheeks the ruby's neighb'ring lustre shar'd;
The gaudy topaz lent its gay supplies,
And ev'ry gem that strikes less curious eyes;
Expos'd her breast with foreign sweets perfum'd;
And, round her brow, a roseate garland bloom'd.
Soft-smiling, blushing lips conceal'd her wiles;
Yet ah! the blushes artful as the smiles.
Oft gazing on her shade, th' enraptur'd fair
Declared the substance well deserv'd her care:
Her thoughts to others charms malignly blind,
Center'd in that, and were to that confin'd;
And if on others eyes a glance were thrown,
'Twas but to watch the influence of her own.
Much like her guardian, fair Cythera's queen,
When for her warrior she refines her mien;
Or when, to bless her Delian fav'rite's arms,
The radiant fair invigorates her charms.
Much like her pupil, Egypt's sportive dame,
Her dress expressive, and her air the same,
When her gay bark o'er silver Cydnos roll'd,
And all th' emblazon'd streamers wav'd in gold.
Such shone the vision; nor forbore to move,
The fond contagious airs of lawless love.
Each wanton eye deluding glances fir'd,
And am'rous dimples on each cheek conspir'd.

Lifeless her gait, and slow, with seeming pain,
She dragg'd her loit'ring limbs along the plain;
Yet made some faint efforts, and first approach'd
the swain.

So glaring draughts, with taudry lustre bright,
Spring to the view, and rush upon the sight:
More slowly charms a Raphael's chaster air,
Waits the calm search, and pays the searcher's care.

Wrapt in a pleas'd suspense the youth survey'd
The various charms of each attractive maid;
Alternate each he view'd, and each admir'd,
And found, alternate, varying flames inspir'd.
Quick o'er their forms his eyes with pleasure ran,
When she, who first approach'd him, first began.

"Hither, dear boy, direct thy wand'ring eyes:
'Tis here the lovely vale of pleasure lies.
Debate no more, to me thy life resign;
Each sweet which nature can diffuse is mine.
For me the nymph diversifies her pow'r,
Springs in a tree, or blossoms in a flow'r;
To please my ear, she tunes the linnet's strains;
To please my eye, with lilies paints the plains;
To form my couch, in mossy beds she grows;
To gratify my smell, perfumes the rose;
Reveals the fair, the fertile scene you see,
And swells the vegetable world for me.

Let the gull'd fool the toils of war pursue,
Where bleed the many to enrich the few:
Where chance from courage claims the boasted prize:
Where, tho' she give, your country oft denies.
Industrious thou shalt Cupid's wars maintain,
And ever gently fight his soft campaign.
His darts alone shalt wield, his wounds endure,
Yet only suffer, to enjoy the cure.
Yield but to me—a choir of nymphs shall rise,
And fire thy breast, and bless thy ravish'd eyes.

Their beauteous cheeks a fairer rose shall wear,
A brighter lily on their necks appear;
Where fondly thou thy favour'd head shall rest,
Soft as the down that swells the cygnet's nest!
While Philomel in each soft voice complains,
And gently lulls thee with mellifluous strains;
Whilst, with each accent, sweetest odours flow;
And spicy gums round ev'ry bosom glow.
Not the fam'd bird Arabian climes admire,
Shall in such luxury of sweets expire.
At Sloth let War's victorious sons exclaim;
In vain! for Pleasure is my real name:
Nor envy thou the head with bays o'ergrown;
No, seek thou roses to adorn thy own:
For well each op'ning scene, that claims my care,
Suits and deserves the beauteous crown I wear.

Let others prune the vine; the genial bowl
Shall crown thy table, and enlarge thy soul.
Let vulgar hands explore the brilliant mine,
So the gay produce glitter still on thine.
Indulgent Bacchus loads his lab'ring tree,
And, guarding, gives its clust'ring sweets to me.
For my lov'd train, Apollo's piercing beam
Darts through the passive glebe, and frames the gem.
See in my cause consenting gods employ'd,
Nor slight those gods, their blessings unenjoy'd!
For thee the poplar shall its amber drain;
For thee, in clouded beauty, spring the cane;
Some costly tribute ev'ry clime shall pay;
Some charming treasure ev'ry wind convey;
Each object round some pleasing scene shall yield;
Art build thy dome, while nature decks thy field;
Of Corinth's order shall the structure rise;
The spiring turrets glitter thro' the skies;
Thy costly robe shall glow with Tyrian rays;
Thy vase shall sparkle, and thy car shall blaze;

Yet thou, whatever pomp the sun display,
Shalt own the am'rous night exceeds the day.

When melting flutes, and sweetly sounding lyres
Wake the gay loves, and cite the young desires;
Or, in th' Ionian dance, some fav'rite maid
Improves the flame her sparkling eyes convey'd;
Think, canst thou quit a glowing Delia's arms,
To feed on Virtue's visionary charms?
Or flight the joys which wit and youth engage,
For the faint honour of a frozen sage?
To find dull envy ev'n that hope deface,
And where you toil'd for glory, reap disgrace?

O! think that beauty waits on thy decree,
And thy lov'd loveliest charmer pleads with me.
She, whose soft smile, or gentler glance to move,
You vow'd the wild extremities of love;
In whose endearments, years like moments flew;
For whose endearments millions seem'd too few;
She, she implores; she bids thee seize the prime,
And tread with her the flow'ry tracks of time;
Nor thus her lovely bloom of life bestow
On some cold lover, or insulting foe.
Think, if against that tongue thou canst rebel,
Where love yet dwelt, and reason seem'd to dwell;
What strong persuasion arms her softer sighs!
What full conviction sparkles in her eyes!

See nature smiles, and birds salute the shade,
Where breathing jasmine screens the sleeping maid:
And such her charms, as to the vain may prove,
Ambition seeks more humble joys than love!
Their busy toil shall ne'er invade thy reign,
Nor sciences perplex thy lab'ring brain:
Or none, but what with equal sweets invite;
Nor other arts, but to prolong delight:
Sometimes thy fancy prune her tender wing,
To praise a pendant, or to grace a ring;

To fix the dress that suits each varying mien;
 To shew where best the clust'ring gems are seen;
 To sigh soft strains along the vocal grove,
 And tell the charms, the sweet effects of love!
 Nor fear to find a coy disdainful muse;
 Nor think the sisters will their aid refuse.
 Cool grots, and tinkling rills, or silent shades,
 Soft scenes of leisure! suit th' harmonious maids;
 And all the wise, and all the grave decree
 Some of that sacred train ally'd to me.

But if more specious ease thy wishes claim,
 And thy breast glow with faint desire of fame,
 Some softer science shall thy thoughts amuse,
 And learning's name a solemn sound diffuse:
 To thee all Nature's curious store I'll bring,
 Explain the beauties of an insect's wing;
 The plant, which Nature, less diffusely kind,
 Has to few climes with partial care confin'd;
 The shell she scatters with more careless air,
 And, in her frolics, seems supremely fair:
 The worth that dazzles in the tulip's stains,
 Or lurks beneath a pebble's various veins.

Sleep's downy god, averse to war's alarms,
 Shall o'er thy head diffuse his softest charms;
 Ere anxious thought thy dear repose assail,
 Or Care, my most destructive foe, prevail.
 The wat'ry nymphs shall tune the vocal vales,
 And gentle zephyrs harmonize their gales,
 For thy repose, inform, with rival joy,
 Their streams to murmur, and their winds to sigh.
 Thus shalt thou spend the sweetly flowing day,
 Till lost in bliss thou breathe thy soul away:
 Till she t' Elysian bow'rs of joy repair,
 Nor find my charming scenes exceeded there."

She ceas'd; and on a lily bank reclin'd,
 Her flowing robe wav'd wanton with the wind:

One tender hand her drooping head sustains ;
 One points, expressive, to the flow'ry plains.
 Soon the fond youth perceiv'd her influence roll
 Deep in his breast, to melt his manly soul :
 As when Favonius joins the solar blaze,
 And each fair fabric of the frost decays.
 Soon to his breast the soft harangue convey'd
 Resolves too partial to the specious maid.
 He sigh'd, he gaz'd, so sweetly smil'd the dame ;
 Yet sighing, gazing, seem'd to scorn his flame ;
 And oft as Virtue caught his wand'ring eye,
 A crimson blush condemn'd the rising sigh.
 'Twas such the ling'ring Trojan's shame betray'd,
 When Maia's son the frown of Jove display'd ;
 When wealth, fame, empire, could no balance prove,
 For the soft reign of Dido, and of love.
 Thus ill with arduous glory love conspires ;
 Soft tender flames with bold impetuous fires !
 Some hov'ring doubts his anxious bosom mov'd,
 And Virtue, zealous fair ! those doubts improv'd.
 " Fly, fly, fond youth, the too indulgent maid,
 Nor err, by such fantastic scenes betray'd.
 Tho' in my path the rugged thorn be seen,
 And the dry turf disclose a fainter green ;
 Tho' no gay rose or flow'ry product shine,
 The barren surface still conceals the mine.
 Each thorn that threatens, ev'n the weed that grows
 In virtue's path, superior sweets bestows——
 Yet should those boasted specious toys allure,
 Whence could fond Sloth the flatt'ring gifts procure ?
 The various wealth that tempts thy fond desire,
 'Tis I alone, her greatest foe, acquire.
 I from old Ocean rob the treasur'd store ;
 I thro' each region, latent gems explore ;
 'Twas I the rugged brilliant first reveal'd ;
 By num'rous strata deep in earth conceal'd ;

'Tis I the surface yet refine, and show
The modest gem's intrinsic charms to glow.
Nor swells the grape, nor spires its feeble tree,
Without the firm supports of industry.

But grant we Sloth the scene herself has drawn,
The mossy grotto, and the flow'ry lawn;
Let Philomela tune th' harmonious gale,
And with each breeze eternal sweets exhale;
Let gay Pomona flight the plains around,
And chuse, for fairest fruits, the favour'd ground:
To bless the fertile vale should Virtue cease,
Nor mossy grotts, nor flow'ry lawns could please;
Nor gay Pomona's luscious gifts avail,
The sound harmonious, or the spicy gale.

Seest thou yon rocks in dreadful pomp arise,
Whose rugged cliffs deform th' encircling skies?
Those fields, whence Phoebus all their moisture
drains,

And, too profusely fond, disrobes the plains?
When I vouchsafe to tread the barren soil,
Those rocks seem lovely, and those deserts smile.
The form thou view'st, to ev'ry scene with ease,
Transfers its charms, and ev'ry scene can please.
When I have on those pathless wilds appear'd,
And the lone wand'rer with my presence chear'd;
Those cliffs the exile has with pleasure view'd,
And call'd that desert blissful solitude!

Nor I alone to such extend my care:
Fair-blooming Health surveys her altars there,
Brown Exercise will lead thee where she reigns,
And with reflected lustre gild the plains.
With her, in flow'r of youth, and beauty's pride,
Her offspring, calm Content and Peace reside.
One ready off'ring suits each neigh'ring shrine;
And all obey their laws, who practise mine.

But Health averſe from Sloth's ſmooth region flies;
 And, in her abſence, Pleaſure droops and dies.
 Her bright companions, Mirth, Delight, Repoſe,
 Smile where ſhe ſmiles, and ficken when ſhe goes:
 A galaxy of powers! whoſe forms appear
 For ever beauteous, and for ever near.

Nor will ſoft Sleep to Sloth's requeſt incline,
 He from her couches flies unbid to mine.
 Vain is the ſparkling bowl, the warbling ſtrain,
 Th' incentive ſong, the labour'd viand vain!
 Where ſhe relentleſs reigns without controul,
 And checks each gay excursion of the ſoul:
 Unmov'd, tho' beauty deck'd in all its charms,
 Grace the rich couch, and ſpread the ſoſteſt arms:
 Till joyleſs Indolence ſuggeſts deſires;
 Or drugs are ſought to furniſh languid fires:
 Such languid fires as on the vitals prey,
 Barren of bliſs, but fertile of decay.
 As artful heats, apply'd to thirſty lands,
 Produce no flow'rs, and but debase the ſands.

But let fair Health her chearing ſmiles impart,
 How ſweet is nature, how ſuperfluous art!
 'Tis ſhe the fountain's ready draught commands,
 And ſmooths the flinty couch which fortune lends;
 And, when my hero from his toils retires,
 Fills his gay boſom with unuſual fires;
 And, while no checks th' unbounded joy reprove,
 Aids and refines the genuine ſweets of love.
 His faireſt proſpect riſing trophies frame:
 His ſweeteſt muſic is the voice of fame;
 Pleaſures to Sloth unknown! ſhe never found!
 How fair the proſpect, or how ſweet the ſound.

See fame's gay ſtructure from yon ſummit charms,
 And fires the manly breaſt to arts or arms:

Nor dread the steep ascent, by which you rise
From grov'ling vales to tow'rs which reach the skies.

Love, fame, esteem, 'tis labour must acquire;
The smiling offspring of a rigid fire!
To fix the friend, your service must be shewn;
All, ere they lov'd your merit, lov'd their own.
That wond'ring Greece your portrait may admire,
That tuneful bards may string for you their lyre,
That books may praise, or coins record your name,
Such, such rewards 'tis toil alone can claim!
And the same column which displays to view
The conqu'rors name, displays the conquest too.

'Twas slow Experience, tedious mistress! taught
All that e'er nobly spoke, or bravely fought;
'Twas she the patriot, she the bard refin'd,
In arts that serve, protect, or please mankind.
Not the vain visions of inactive schools;
Not fancy's maxims, not opinion's rules,
E'er form'd the man whose gen'rous warmth extends
T' enrich his country, or to serve his friends.
On active worth the laurel war bestows:
Peace rears her olive for industrious brows:
Nor earth uncultur'd, yields its kind supplies,
Nor heav'n its show'rs, without a sacrifice.

See far below such grov'ling scenes of shame,
As lull to rest Ignavia's slumb'ring dame.
Her friends, from all the toils of fame secure,
Alas! inglorious, greater toils endure.
Doom'd all to mourn, who in her cause engage,
A youth enervate, and a painful age!
A sickly sapless mass, if reason flies;
And, if she linger, impotently wise?
A thoughtless train, who pamper'd, sleek and gay,
Invite old age, and revel youth away;

From life's fresh vigour move the load of care,
And idly place it where they least can bear.
When to the mind, diseas'd, for aid they fly,
What kind reflection shall the mind supply?
When, with lost health, what should the loss allay,
Peace, peace is lost; a comfortless decay!
But to my friends, when youth, when pleasure
flies,

And earth's dim beauties fade before their eyes,
Thro' death's dark vista flow'ry tracks are seen,
Elysian plains, and groves for ever green.
If o'er their lives a reluctant glance they cast,
Theirs is the present who can praise the past.
Life has its bliss for these, when past its bloom,
As wither'd roses yield a late perfume.

Serene, and safe from passion's stormy rage,
How calm they glide into the port of age!
Of the rude voyage less depriv'd than eas'd;
More tir'd than pain'd, and weaken'd than diseas'd.
For health on age, 'tis temp'rance must bestow;
And peace from piety alone can flow;
And all the incense bounteous Jove requires,
Has sweets for him who feeds the sacred fires.—

Sloth views the tow'rs of fame with envious eyes;
Desirous still, still impotent to rise.
Oft, when resolv'd to gain those blissful tow'rs,
The pensive queen the dire ascent explores,
Comes onward, wafted by the balmy trees,
Some silvan music, or some scented breeze:
She turns her head, her own gay realm she spies,
And all her short-liv'd resolution dies.
Thus some fond insect's salt'ring pinions wave,
Clasp'd in its fav'rite sweets, a lasting slave:
And thus in vain these charming visions please
The wretch of glory, and the slave of ease:

Doom'd ever in ignoble state to pine,
Boast her own scenes, and languish after mine.

But shun her snares: nor let the world exclaim,
Thy birth, which was thy glory, prov'd thy shame.
Wish early hope thine infant actions fir'd;
Let manhood crown what infancy inspir'd.
Let gen'rous toils reward with health thy days,
Prolong thy prime, and eternize thy praise.
The bold exploit that charms th' attesting age,
To latest times shall gen'rous hearts engage;
And with that myrtle shall thy shrine be crown'd,
With which, alive, thy graceful brows were bound:
Till time shall bid thy virtues freely bloom,
And raise a temple where it found a tomb.

Then in their feasts thy name shall Grecians join;
Shall pour the sparkling juice to Jove's and thine.
Thine, us'd in war, shall raise their native fire;
Thine, us'd in peace, their mutual faith inspire.
Dulness perhaps through want of sight may blame,
And spleen, with odious industry, defame;
And that, the honours giv'n, with wonder view,
And this, in secret sadness, own them due:
Contempt and envy were by fate design'd
The rival tyrants which divide mankind;
Contempt, which none but who deserve can bear;
While envy's wounds the smiles of fame repair.
For know, the gen'rous thine exploits shall fire,
Thine ev'ry friend it suits thee to require,
Lov'd by the gods, and, till their seats I show,
Lov'd by the good, their images below."

Cease, lovely maid, fair daughter of the skies!
My guide! my queen! th' ecstatic youth replies:
In thee I trace a form design'd for sway;
Which chiefs may court, and kings with pride obey.

And, by thy bright immortal friends I swear,
Thy fair idea shall no toils impair.
Lead me! O lead me where whole hosts of foes
Thy form depreciate, and thy friends oppose!
Welcome all toils th' unequal fates decree,
While toils endear thy faithful charge to thee.
Such be my cares, to bind th' oppressive hand,
And crush the fetters of an injur'd land:
To see the monster's noxious life resign'd,
And tyrants quell'd, the monsters of mankind!
Nature shall smile to view the vanquish'd brood;
And none but envy riot unsubdu'd.
In cloister'd state let selfish sages dwell,
Proud that their heart is narrow as their cell;
And boast their mazy labyrinth of rules,
Far less the friends of virtue, than the fools:
Yet such in vain thy fav'ring smiles pretend;
For He is thine, who proves his country's friend.
Thus when my life well spent the good enjoy,
And the mean envious labour to destroy;
When, strongly hur'd by fame's contiguous shrine,
I yet devote my choicer vows to thine;
If all my toils thy promis'd favour claim,
O lead thy fav'rite through the gates of fame!
He ceas'd his vows, and, with disdainful air,
He turn'd to blast the late exulting fair.
But vanish'd, fled to some more friendly shore,
The conscious phantom's beauty pleas'd no more!
Convinc'd, her spurious charms of dress and face
Claim'd a quick conquest, or a sure disgrace.
Fantastic pow'r! whose transient charms allur'd,
While error's mist the reas'ning mind obscur'd:
Not such the victress, virtue's constant queen
Endur'd the test of truth, and dar'd be seen.

Her bright'ning form and features seem'd to own,
 'Twas all her wish, her int'rest to be known :
 And, when his longing view the fair declin'd,
 Left a full image of her charms behind.

Thus reigns the moon, with furtive splendour
 crown'd,

While glooms oppress us, and thick shades sur-
 round.

But let the source of light its beams display,
 Languid and faint the mimic flames decay,
 And all the sick'ning splendour fades away.

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THE
PROGRESS of TASTE;

O R,

The FATE of DELICACY.

A POEM on the Temper and Studies of the
Author; and how great a misfortune it is
for a man of small estate to have much
TASTE.

PART THE FIRST.

PERHAPS some cloud eclips'd the day,
When thus I tun'd my pensive lay.
The ship is launch'd—we catch the gale—
On life's extended ocean sail:
For happiness our course we bend,
Our ardent cry, our gen'ral end!
Yet ah! the scenes which tempt our care
Are like the forms dispers'd in air,
Still dancing near disorder'd eyes;
And weakest his, who best descries!

Yet let me not my birthright barter,
(For wishing is the poet's charter;
All bards have leave to wish what's wanted,
Tho' few e'er found their wishes granted;
Extensive field! where poets pride them
In singing all that is deny'd them),

For humble ease, ye pow'rs ! I pray ;
 That plain warm suit for ev'ry day !
 And pleasure, and brocade, bestow,
 To flaunt it—once a month, or so.
 The first for constant wear we want ;
 The first, ye pow'rs ! for ever grant !
 But constant wear the last bespatters,
 And turns the tissue into tatters.

Where'er my vagrant course I bend,
 Let me secure one faithful friend.
 Let me, in public scenes, request
 A friend of wit and taste, well dress'd ;
 And, if I must not hope such favour,
 A friend of wit and taste, however.

Alas ! that wisdom ever shuns
 To congregate her scatter'd sons ;
 Whose nervous forces, well combin'd,
 Would win the field, and sway mankind.
 The fool will squeeze from morn to night,
 To fix his follies full in sight ;
 The note he strikes, the plume he shows,
 Attract whole flights of fops and beaux ;
 And kindred-fools, who ne'er had known him,
 Flock at the sign, caress and own him.
 But ill-star'd sense, nor gay nor loud,
 Steals soft, on tip-toe, thro' the crowd ;
 Conveys his meagre form between ;
 And slides, like pervious air unseen :
 Contracts his known tenuity,
 As though 'twere ev'n a crime to be :
 Nor ev'n permits his eyes to stray,
 And win acquaintance in their way.

In company, so mean his air,
 You scarce are conscious he is there :
 Till from some nook, like sharpen'd steel,
 Occurs his face's thin profile,

Still seeming from the gazer's eye,
Like Venus, newly-bath'd, to fly.
Yet while reluctant he displays
His real gems before the blaze,
The fool hath, in its centre, plac'd
His tawdry stock of painted paste.
Disus'd to speak, he tries his skill;
Speaks coldly, and succeeds but ill;
His pensive manner, dulness deem'd;
His modesty, reserve esteem'd;
His wit unknown, his learning vain,
He wins not one of all the train.
And those who, mutually known,
In friendship's fairest list had shone,
Less prone, than pebbles, to unite,
Retire to shades from public sight;
Grow savage, quit their social nature;
And starve, to study mutual satire.

But friends and fav'rites, to chagrin them,
Find counties, countries, seas between them:
Meet once a-year, then part, and then
Retiring, wish to meet again.

Sick of the thought, let me provide
Some human form to grace my side;
At hand, where-e'er I shape my course;
An useful, pliant, stalking horse!

No gesture free from some grimace;
No seam without its share of lace;
But, mark'd with gold, or silver either,
Hint where his coat was piec'd together.
His legs be lengthen'd, I advise,
And stockings roll'd abridge his thighs.
What tho' Vandyck had other rules,
What had Vandyck to do with fools?
Be nothing wanting, but his mind;
Before, a solitaire; behind,

A twisted ribband, like the track
Which nature gives an ass's back.
Silent, as midnight ! pity 'twere
His wisdom's slender wealth to share ;
And, whilst in flocks our fancies stray,
To wish the poor man's lamb away.

This form attracting ev'ry eye,
I strole all unregarded by :
This wards the jokes of ev'ry kind,
As an umbrella, sun or wind ;
Or, like a sponge, absorbs the fallies,
And pestilential fumes of malice ;
Or, like a splendid shield, is fit
To screen the templar's random wit ;
Or what some gentler cit lets fall,
As wool-packs quash the leaden ball.

Allusions these of weaker force,
And apter still the stalking horse !

O let me wander all unseen,
Beneath the sanction of his mien !
As lilies soft, as roses fair !
Empty as air-pumps drain'd of air !
With steady eye and pace remark
The speckled flock that haunts the park * :
Level my pen with wond'rous heed
At follies, flocking there to feed :
And, as my satire bursts amain,
See feather'd fopp'ry strew the plain.

But when I seek my rural grove,
And share the peaceful haunts I love,
Let none of this unhallow'd train
My sweet sequester'd paths profane.
Oft may some polish'd virtuous friend
To these soft-winding vales descend ;
And love with me inglorious things,
And scorn with me the pomp of kings :

* St. James's.

And check me, when my bosom burns
 For statues, paintings, coins, and urns.
 For I in Damon's pray'r could join,
 And Damon's wish might now be mine——
 But all dispers'd ! the wish, the pray'r,
 Are driv'n to mix with common air.

PART THE SECOND.

HOW happy once was Damon's lot,
 While yet romantic schemes were not !
 Ere yet he sent his weakly eyes,
 To plan frail castles in the skies ;
 Forsaking pleasures cheap and common,
 To court a blaze, still flitting from one.

Ah ! happy Damon ! thrice and more,
 Had taste ne'er touch'd thy tranquil shore.

Oh days ! when to a girdle ty'd
 The couples gingled at his side ;
 And Damon swore he would not barter
 The sportsman's girdle for a garter !

Whoever came to kill an hour,
 Found easy Damon in their pow'r ;
 Pure social nature all his guide,
 " Damon had not a grain of pride."

He wish'd not to elude the snares
 Which knav'ry plans, and craft prepares ;
 But rather wealth to crown their wiles,
 And win their universal smiles :

For who are chearful, who at ease,
 But they who cheat us as they please !

He wink'd at many a gross design,
 The new-fall'n calf might countermine :
 Thus ev'ry fool allow'd his merit ;

" Yes ! Damon had a gen'rous spirit !"

A coxcomb's jest, however vile,
Was sure, at least, of Damon's smile;
That coxcomb ne'er denied him sense;
For why? it prov'd his own pretence:
All own'd, were modesty away,
Damon could shine as much as they.

When wine and folly came in season,
Damon ne'er strove to save his reason;
Obnoxious to the mad uproar;
A spy upon a hostile shore!
'Twas this his company endear'd:
Mirth never came till he appear'd;
His lodgings——ev'ry draw'r could shew 'em;
The slave was kick'd who did not know 'em.

Thus Damon, studious of his ease,
And pleasing all who mirth could please,
Defy'd the world, like idle Colley,
To shew a softer word than folly.
Since wisdom's gorgon-shield was known
To stare the gazer into stone;
He chose to trust in folly's charm,
To keep his breast alive and warm.

At length grave learning's sober train
Remark'd the trifler with disdain;
The sons of taste condemn'd his ways,
And rank'd him with the brutes that graze:
While they to nobler heights aspir'd,
And grew belov'd, esteem'd, admir'd.

Hence with our youth, not void of spirit,
His old companions lost their merit:
And ev'ry kind, well-natur'd sot,
Seem'd a dull play, without a plot;
Where ev'ry yawning guest agrees,
The willing creature strives to please:
But temper never could amuse;
It barely led us to excuse;

'Twas true, conversing, they averr'd,
 All they had seen, or felt, or heard;
 Talents of weight! for wights like these,
 The law might chuse for witnesses:
 But sure th' attesting dry narration
 Ill suits a judge of conversation.

* What were their freedoms? mere excuses
 To vent ill manners, blows, and bruises.
 Yet freedom, gallant freedom! hailing,
 At form, at form, incessant railing,
 Would they examine each offence,
 Its latent cause, its known pretence,
 Punctilio ne'er was known to breed 'em,
 So sure as fond prolific freedom.
 Their courage? but a loaded gun;
 Machine the wise would wish to shun;
 Its guard unsafe, its lock an ill one,
 Where accident might fire and kill one.

In short, disgusted out of measure,
 Through much contempt, and slender pleasure,
 His sense of dignity returns;
 With native pride his bosom burns;
 He seeks respect—but how to gain it?
 Wit, social mirth, could ne'er obtain it;
 And laughter, where it reigns uncheck'd,
 Discards and dissipates respect:
 The man who gravely bows, enjoys it;
 But shaking hands, at once destroys it.
 Precarious plant, which fresh and gay,
 Shrinks at the touch, and fades away!
 Come then, reserve! yet from thy train
 Banish contempt, and curs'd disdain.
 Teach me, he cry'd, the magic art
 To act the decent distant part:

* Boisterous mirth.

To husband well my complaisance,
 Nor let ev'n wit too far advance;
 But chuse calm reason for my theme,
 In these her royal realms supreme;
 And o'er her charms, with caution shown,
 Be still a graceful umbrage thrown;
 And each abrupter period crown'd,
 With nods, and winks, and smiles profound.
 Till rescu'd from the crowd beneath,
 No more with pain to move or breathe,
 I rise with head elate, to share
 Salubrious draughts of purer air.
 Respect is won by grave pretence,
 And silence, surer ev'n than sense——

'Tis hence the sacred grandeur springs
 Of eastern—and of other kings:
 Or whence this awe to virtue due,
 While virtue's distant as Peru?
 The sheathless sword the guard displays,
 Which round emits its dazzling rays:
 The stately fort, the turrets tall,
 Portcullis'd gate, and battled wall,
 Less screens the body, than controuls,
 And wards contempt from royal souls.

The crowns they wear but check the eye,
 Before it fondly pierce too high;
 That dazzled crowds may be employ'd
 Around the surface of—the void.
 O! 'tis the statesman's craft profound
 To scatter his amusements round;
 To tempt us from their conscious breast,
 Where full fledg'd crimes enjoy their nest.
 Nor awes us ev'ry worth reveal'd
 So deeply, as each vice conceal'd.

The lordly log, dispatch'd of yore,
 That the frog-people might adore,

With guards to keep them at a distance,
Had reign'd, nor wanted wit's assistance;
Nay—had addressees from his nation,
In praise of log-administration.

P A R T T H E T H I R D.

THE buoyant fires of youth were o'er,
And fame and finery pleas'd no more;
Productive of that gen'ral stare,
Which cool reflection ill can bear!
And, crowds commencing mere vexation,
Retirement sent its invitation.

Romantic scenes of pendant hills,
And verdant vales, and falling rills,
And mossy banks the fields adorn,
Where Damon, simple swain, was born.

The dryads rear'd a shady grove;
Where such as think, and such as love,
Might safely sigh their summer's day,
Or muse their silent hours away.

The Oreads lik'd the climate well,
And taught the level plain to swell,
In verdant mounds, from whence the eye
Might all their larger works descry.
The Naiads pour'd their urns around,
From nodding rocks o'er vales profound.
They form'd their streams to please the view,
And bade them wind, as serpents do:
And, having shewn them where to stray,
Threw little pebbles in their way.

These Fancy, all-sagacious maid,
Had at their several task survey'd:
She saw, and smil'd; and oft would lead
Our Damon's foot o'er hill and mead;

There, with descriptive finger, trace
The genuine beauties of the place;
And when she all its charms had shown,
Prescribe improvements of her own.

“ See yonder hill, so green, so round,
Its brow with ambient beeches crown’d;
’Twould well become thy gentle care
To raise a dome to Venus there;
Pleas’d would the nymphs thy zeal survey,
And Venus, in their arms, repay.
’Twas such a shade, and such a nook,
In such a vale, near such a brook,
From such a rocky fragment springing,
That fam’d Apollo chose to sing in.
There let an altar wrought with art
Engage thy tuneful patron’s heart.
How charming there to muse and warble
Beneath his bust of breathing marble!
With laurel wreath, and mimic lyre,
That crown a poet’s vast desire.
Then, near it, scoop the vaulted cell
Where music’s * charming maids may dwell;
Prone to indulge thy tender passion,
And make thee many an assignation.
Deep in the grove’s obscure retreat
Be plac’d Minerva’s sacred seat;
There let her awful turrets rise,
(For wisdom flies from vulgar eyes):
There her calm dictates shalt thou hear
Distinctly strike thy list’ning ear:
And who would shun the pleasing labour,
To have Minerva for his neighbour.”

In short, so charm’d each wild suggestion,
Its truth was little call’d in question:

* The Muses.

And Damon dream'd he saw the fawns,
And nymphs, distinctly skim the lawns;
Now trac'd amid the trees, and then
Lost in the circling shades again :
With leer oblique their lover viewing—
And Cupid—panting—and pursuing—
“Fancy, enchanting fair,” he cry'd,
“Be thou my goddess! thou my guide!
For thy bright visions I despise
What foes may think, or friends advise;
The feign'd concern, when folks survey
Expend, time, study cast a way;
The real spleen, with which they see
I please myself, and follow thee.”

Thus glow'd his breast by fancy warm'd;
And thus the fairy landscape charm'd.
But most he hop'd his constant care
Might win the favour of the fair;
And, wand'ring late thro' yonder glade,
He thus the soft design betray'd :

“Ye doves! for whom I rear'd the grove,
With melting lays salute my love!
My Delia with your notes detain,
Or I have rear'd the groves in vain!
Ye flow'rs! which early spring supplies,
Display at once your brightest dyes!
That she your op'ning charms may see;
Or what were else your charms to me?
Kind zephyr! brush each fragrant flow'r,
And shed its odours round my bow'r;
Or ne'er again, O gentle wind!
Shall, I in thee, refreshment find.
Ye streams, if e'er your banks I lov'd,
If e'er your native sounds improv'd,
May each soft murmur soothe my fair;
Or, oh! 'twill deepen my despair!

Be sure, ye willows ! you be seen
 Array'd in liveliest robes of green ;
 Or I will tear your slighted boughs,
 And let them fade around my brows.
 And thou, my grott ! whose lonely bounds
 The melancholy pine furrounds !
 May she admire thy peaceful gloom,
 Or thou shalt prove her lover's tomb."

And now the lofty domes were rear'd ;
 Loud laugh'd the squires, the rabble star'd.

" See, neighbours, what our Damon's doing !
 I think some folks are fond of ruin !
 I saw his sheep at random stray—
 But he has thrown his crook away——
 And builds such huts as, in foul weather,
 Are fit for sheep nor shepherd neither."

Whence came the sober swain misled ?
 Why, Phœbus put it in his head.
 Phœbus befriends him, we are told ;
 And Phœbus coins bright tuns of gold.
 'Twere prudent not to be so vain on't :
 I think he'll never touch a grain on't.
 And if, from Phœbus, and his muse,
 Mere earthy laziness ensues ;
 'Tis plain, for aught that I can say,
 The devil inspires as well as they.
 So they—while fools of grosser kind,
 Less weeting what our bard design'd,
 Impute his schemes to real evil ;
 That in these haunts he met the devil:

He own'd, though their advice was vain,
 It suited wights who trod the plain :
 For dulness—though he might abhor it—
 In them he made allowance for it.
 Nor wonder'd, if beholding mottos,
 And urns, and domes, and cells, and grottos,

Folks, little dreaming of the muses,
Were plagu'd to guess their proper uses.

But did the muses haunt his cell?

Or in his dome did Venus dwell?

Did Pallas in his counsels share?

The Delian god reward his pray'r?

Or did his zeal engage the fair?

When all the structures shone complete;

Not much convenient, wond'rous neat;

Adorn'd with gilding, painting, planting,

And the fair guests alone were wanting;

Ah me! ('twas Damon's own confession),

Came Poverty, and took possession.

PART THE FOURTH.

WHY droops my Damon, whilst he roves
Thro' ornamented meads and groves?

Near columns, obelisks, and spires,

Which ev'ry critic eye admires?

'Tis Poverty, detested maid,

Sole tenant of their ample shade!

'Tis she that robs him of his ease,

And bids their very charms displease.

And now by fancy long controll'd,

And with the sons of taste inroll'd,

He deem'd it shameful to commence

First minister to common sense:

Far more elated to pursue

The lowest task of dear *virtu*.

And now behold his lofty soul,

That whilom flew from pole to pole,

Settle on some elab'rate flow'r;

And, like a bee, the sweets devour!

Now, of a rose enamour'd, prove
 The wild sollicitudes of love !
 Now, in a lily's cup enshrin'd,
 Forego the commerce of mankind !

As in these toils he wore away
 The calm remainder of his day ;
 Conducting sun, and shade, and show'r,
 As most might glad the new-born flow'r,
 So fate ordain'd—before his eye—
 Starts up the long-sought butterfly ;
 While flutt'ring round, her plumes unfold
 Celestial crimson dropt with gold.

Adieu, ye bands of flow'rets fair !
 The living beauty claims his care :
 For this he strips—nor bolt, nor chain,
 Could Damon's warm pursuit restrain.

See him o'er hill, morafs, or mound,
 Where-e'er the speckled game is found,
 Tho' bent with age, with zeal pursue,
 And totter tow'rd's the prey in view.

Nor rock, nor stream, his steps retard,
 Intent upon the blest'd reward :
 One vassal fly repays the chace !
 A wing, a film, rewards the race !
 Rewards him, tho' disease attend,
 And in a fatal surfeit end.

So fierce Camilla skimm'd the plain,
 Smit with the purple's pleasing stain,
 She ey'd intent the glitt'ring stranger,
 And knew, alas ! nor fear nor danger :
 Till deep within her panting heart,
 Malicious fate impell'd the dart !

How studious he what fav'rite food
 Regales dame nature's tiny brood !
 What junkets fat the filmy people !
 And what liqueurs they chuse to tipple !

Behold him at some crife prescribe,
And raise with drugs the sick'ning tribe !
Or haply, when their spirits falter,
Sprinkling my Lord of Cloyne's tar-water.

When nature's brood of insects dies,
See how he pimps for am'rous flies !
See him the timely succour lend her,
And help the wantons to engender :

Or see him guard their pregnant hour ;
Exert his soft obstetric pow'r ;
And, lending each his lenient hand,
With new-born grubs enrich the land !

* O Wilkes ! what poet's loftiest lays
Can match thy labours, and thy praise ?
Immortal sage ! by fate decreed
To guard the moth's illustrious breed !
Till flutt'ring swarms on swarms arise,
And all our wardrobes teem with flies !

And must we praise this taste for toys ?
Admire it then in girls and boys.

Ye youths of fifteen years, or more,
Resign your moths—the season's o'er.
'Tis time more social joys to prove ;
'Twere now your noblest task—to love.

Let * * * *'s eyes more deeply warm ;
Nor, slighting nature's fairest form,
The bias of your souls determine
Tow'rd's the mean love of nature's vermin.

But ah ! how wond'rous few have known,
To give each stage of life its own ?

'Tis the pretexta's utmost bound,
With radiant purple edg'd around,

* Alluding to moths and butterflies delineated by Benjamin Wilkes. See his very expensive proposals.

To please the child, whose glowing dyes
 Too long delight maturer eyes :
 And few, but with regret, assume
 The plain-wrought labours of the loom.
 Ah ! let not me by fancy steer,
 When life's autumnal clouds appear ;
 Nor ev'n in learning's long delays
 Consume my fairest, fruitless days :
 Like him, who should in armour spend
 The sums that armour should defend,
 A while, in pleasure's myrtle bow'r,
 We share her smiles, and bless her pow'r ;
 But find at last, we vainly strive
 To fix the worst coquette alive.

O you ! that with assiduous flame
 Have long pursu'd the faithless dame ;
 Forsake her soft abodes a while,
 And dare her frown, and slight her smile.
 Nor scorn, whatever wits may say,
 The foot-path road, the king's highway.
 No more the scrup'lous charmer tease,
 But seek the roofs of honest ease ;
 The rival-fair no more pursu'd,
 Shall there with forward pace intrude ;
 Shall there her ev'ry art essay,
 To win you to her slighted sway ;
 And grant your scorn a glance more fair
 Than e'er she gave your fondest pray'r.

But would you happiness pursue ?
 Partake both ease and pleasure too ?
 Would you thro' all your days dispense
 The joys of reason, and of sense ?
 Or give to life the most you can ?
 Let social virtue shape the plan.
 For does not to the virtuous deed
 A train of pleasing sweets succeed ?

Or, like the sweets of wild desire,
Did social pleasures ever tire?

Yet, 'midst the groupe be some preferr'd,
Be some abhorr'd—for Damon err'd:
And such there are—of fair address—
As 'twere unsocial to carefs.

O learn, by reason's equal rule,
To shun the praise of knave, or fool.
Then, though you deem it better still
To gain some rustic squire's good-will;
And souls, however mean or vile,
Like features, brighten by a smile;
Yet reason holds it for a crime,
The trivial breast should share thy time:
And virtue, with reluctant eyes,
Beholds this human sacrifice!

Through deep reserve, and air erect,
Mistaken Damon won respect;
But could the specious homage pass
With any creature but an ass!
If conscious, they who fear'd the skin,
Would scorn the sluggish brute within.
What awe-struck slaves the tow'rs inclose,
Where Persian monarchs eat, and doze!
What prostrate rev'rence all agree,
To pay a prince they never see!
Mere vassals of a royal throne!
The sopher's virtues must be shown,
To make the reverence his own.

As for Thalia—wouldst thou make her
Thy bride without a portion?—take her.
She will with duteous care attend,
And all thy pensive hours befriending;
Will swell thy joys, will share thy pain;
With thee rejoice, with thee complain;

Will smooth thy pillow, plait thy bow'rs,
 And bind thine aching head with flow'rs;
 But be this previous maxim known,
 If thou canst feed on love alone;
 If blest'd with her, thou canst sustain
 Contempt, and poverty, and pain;
 If so—then rise all her graces—
 And fruitful be your fond embraces.

Too soon, by caitiff-spleen inspir'd,
 Sage Damon to his groves retir'd:
 The path disclaim'd by sober reason;
 Retirement claims a later season.
 Ere active youth and warm desires
 Have quite withdrawn their ling'ring fires,
 With the warm bosom ill agree
 Or limpid stream, or shady tree:
 Love lurks within the rosy bow'r,
 And claims the speculative hour;
 Ambition finds his calm retreat,
 And bids his pulse too fiercely beat;
 Ev'n social friendship duns his ear,
 And cites him to the public sphere.
 Does he resist their genuine force?
 His temper takes some froward course;
 Till passion, misdirected, sighs
 For weeds, or shells, or grubs, or flies.

Far happiest he, whose early days
 Spent in the social paths of praise,
 Leave, fairly printed on his mind,
 A train of virtuous deeds behind:
 From this rich fund, the mem'ry draws
 The lasting meed of self-applause.

Such fair ideas lend their aid
 To people the sequester'd shade.
 Such are the naiads, nymphs, and fawns,
 That haunt his floods, or cheer his lawns.

If where his devious ramble strays,
 He virtue's radiant form surveys;
 She seems no longer now to wear
 The rigid mien, the frown severe *;
 To shew him her remote abode;
 To point the rocky arduous road:
 But from each flow'r his fields allow,
 She twines a garland for his brow.

* Alluding to—the allegory in Cebes's tables.

OE C O N O M Y:

A RHAPSODY,

Addressed to young POETS.

*Infantis; omnes gelidis quicunque lacernis
Sunt tibi, Nasones Virgilioſque vides. Mart.*

PART THE FIRST.

TO you, ye bards! whose lavish breast requires
This monitory lay, the strains belong;
Nor think some miſer vents his ſapient ſaw,
Or ſome dull cit, unfeeling of the charms
That tempt profuſion, ſings; while friendly zeal,
To guard from fatal ills the tribe he loves,
Inſpires the meaneſt of the muſe's train!
Like you I loathe the grov'ling progeny,
Whoſe wily arts, by creeping time matur'd,
Advance them high on pow'r's tyrannic throne:
To lord it there in gorgeous uſeleſſneſs,
And ſpurn ſucceſſleſs worth that pines below!

See the rich churl, amid the ſocial ſuns
Of wine and wit, regaling! hark he joins
In the free jeſt delighted! ſeems to ſhew
A meliorated heart! he laughs! he ſings!
Songs of gay import, madrigals of glee,
And drunken anthems ſet agape the board.
Like * Demea, in the play, benign and mild,
And pouring forth benevolence of ſoul,
Till Micio wonders; or, in Shakeſpeare's line,

* In Terence's *Adelphi*.

Obstrep'rous silence ; drowning Shallow's voice,
And startling Falstaff, and his mad compeers.

He owns 'tis prudence, ever and anon,
To smoothe his careful brow ; to let his purse
Ope to a sixpence's diameter ;
He likes our ways ; he owns the ways of wit
Are ways of pleasure, and deserve regard.
True, we are dainty good society ;
But what art thou ? alas ! consider well,
Thou bane of social pleasure, know thyself.
Thy fell approach, like some invasive damp
Breath'd through the pores of earth from Stygian
caves,

Destroys the lamp of mirth ; the lamp which we
Its flamens boast to guard, we know not how ;
But at thy sight the fading flame assumes
A ghastly blue, and in a flench expires.

True, thou seem'st chang'd ; all fainted, all en-
sky'd ;

The trembling tears that charge thy melting eyes,
Say thou art honest, and of gentle kind ;

But all is false ! an intermitting sigh

Codemens each hour, each moment giv'n to smiles,
And deems those only lost thou dost not lose.

Ev'n for a demi-groat, this open'd soul,

This boon companion, this elastic breast

Revibrates quick ; and sends the tuneful tongue

To lavish music on the rugged walls

Of some dark dungeon. Hence thou caitiff, fly !

Touch not my glass, nor drain my sacred bowl,

Monster, ingrate ! beneath one common sky

Why shouldst thou breathe ? beneath one common
roof

Thou ne'er shalt harbour ; nor my little boat

Receive a soul with crimes to press it down.

Go to thy bags, thou recreant ! hourly go,

And gazing there, bid them be wit, be mirth,
 Be conversation. Not a face that smiles
 Admit thy presence! not a soul that glows
 With social purport, bid or ev'n or morn
 Invest thee happy! but when life declines,
 May thy sure heirs stand tit'ring round thy bed,
 And, ush'ring in their fav'rites, burst thy locks,
 And fill their laps with gold; till want and care
 With joy depart, and cry, "We ask no more."

Ah, never, never may th' harmonious mind
 Endure the worldly! poets, ever void
 Of guile, distrustless, scorn the treasur'd gold,
 And spurn the miser, spurn his deity.
 Balanc'd with friendship, in the poet's eye,
 The rival'd scale of int'rest kicks the beam,
 Than lightening swifter. From his cavern'd store
 The sordid soul, with self-applause remarks
 The kind propensity; remarks and smiles,
 And hies with impious haste to spread the snare.
 Him we deride, and in our comic scenes
 Contemn the niggard form Moliere has drawn,
 We lothe with justice; but alas the pain
 To bow the knee before this calf of gold,
 Implore his envious aid, and meet his frown!

But 'tis not Gomez, 'tis not he whose heart
 Is crusted o'er with dross, whose callous mind
 Is senseless as his gold, the slighted muse
 Intensely lothes. 'Tis sure no equal task
 To pardon him who lavishes his wealth
 On racer, fox-hound, hawk, or spaniel, all
 But human merit; who with gold essays
 All, but the noblest pleasure, to remove,
 The wants of genius, and its smiles enjoy.

But you, ye titled youths! whose nobler zeal
 Would burnish o'er your coronets with fame,
 Who listen pleas'd when poet tunes his lay,

Permit him not, in distant solitudes,
 To pine, to languish out the fleeting hours
 Of active youth! then virtue pants for praise,
 That season unadorn'd, the careless bard
 Quits your worn threshold, and, like honest Gay,
 Contemns the niggard boon ye time so ill.
 Your favours then, like trophies given the tomb,
 Th' enfranchis'd spirit soaring not perceives,
 Or scorns perceiv'd; and execrates the smile
 Which bade his vig'rous bloom, to treach'rous
 hopes

And servile cares a prey, expire in vain!—

Two lawless pow'rs, engag'd by mutual hate
 In endless war, beneath their flags enroll
 The vassal world. This avarice is nam'd,
 That luxury; 'tis true, their partial friends
 Assign them softer names; usurpers both!
 That share by dint of arms the legal throne
 Of just œconomy; yet both betray'd
 By fraudulent ministers. The niggard chief
 List'ning to want, all faithless, and prepar'd
 To join each moment in his rival's train,
 His conduct models by the needless fears
 The slave inspires; while luxury, a chief
 Of amplest faith, to plenty's rule resigns
 His whole campaign. 'Tis plenty's flatt'ring sounds
 Ingross his ear; 'tis plenty's smiling form
 Moves still before his eyes. Discretion strives,
 But strives in vain to banish from the throne
 The perjur'd minion. He, secure of trust,
 With latent malice to the hostile camp
 Day, night, and hour, his monarch's wealth conveys

Ye tow'ring minds! ye sublimated souls!
 Who, careless of your fortunes, seal and sign,
 Set, let, contract, acquit, with easier mien
 Than fops take snuff! whose œconomic care

Your green silk purse ingrosses! easy, pleas'd,
 To see gold sparkle through the subtle folds;
 Lovely, as when th' Hesperian fruitage smil'd
 Amid the verd'rous grove! who fondly hope
 Spontaneous harvests! harvests all the year!
 Who scatter wealth, as tho' the radiant crop
 Glitter'd on ev'ry bough; and ev'ry bough,
 Like that the Trojan gather'd, once avuls'd,
 Were by a splendid successor supply'd
 Instant, spontaneous! listen to my lays.
 For 'tis not fools, whate'er proverbial phrase
 Have long decreed, that quit with greatest ease
 The-treasur'd gold. Of words indeed profuse,
 Of gold tenacious, their torpescent soul
 Clenches their coin, and what electrical fire
 Shall solve the frosty gripe, and bid it flow?
 'Tis genius, fancy, that to wild expence
 Of health, of treasure, stimulates the soul:
 These, with officious care, and fatal art,
 Improves the vinous flavour; these the smile
 Of Chloe soften; these the glare of dress
 Illume; the glitt'ring chariot gild anew,
 And add strange wisdom to the furs of pow'r.

Alas! that he, amid the race of men,
 That he, who thinks of purest gold with scorn,
 Should with unsated appetite demand,
 And vainly court the pleasure it procures!
 When fancy's vivid spark impells the soul
 To scorn quotidian scenes, to spurn the bliss
 Of vulgar minds, what nostrum shall compose
 Its fatal tension? in what lonely vale
 Of balmy medicine's various field, aspires
 The blest refrigerant? Vain, ah vain the hope
 Of future peace, this orgasm uncontrol'd!
 Impatient, hence, of all the frugal mind
 Requires; to eat, to drink, to sleep, to fill

A chest with gold, the sprightly breast demands
 Incessant rapture; life, a tedious load,
 Deny'd its continuity of joy.
 But whence obtain? philosophy requires
 No lavish cost; to crown its utmost pray'r
 Suffice the root-built cell, the simple fleece,
 The joicy viand, and the crystal stream.
 Ev'n mild stupidity rewards her train
 With cheap contentment. Taste alone requires
 Entire profusion! Days, and nights, and hours
 Thy voice, hydropic fancy! calls aloud
 For costly draughts, inundant bowls of joy,
 Rivers of rich regalement! seas of bliss!
 Seas without shore! infinity of sweets!

And yet, unless sage reason join her hand
 In pleasure's purchase, pleasure is unsure:
 And yet, unless œconomy's consent
 Legitimate expence, some graceless mark,
 Some symptom ill conceal'd, shall, soon or late,
 Burst like a pimple from the vitious tide
 Of acid blood, proclaiming want's disease,
 Amidst the bloom of shew. The scanty stream
 Slow-loit'ring in its channel, seems to vie
 With Vaga's depth; but shou'd the sedgy pow'r
 Vain-glorious empty his penurious urn
 O'er the rough rock, how must his fellow streams
 Deride the tinklings of the-boastive rill!

I not aspire to mark the dubious path
 That leads to wealth, to poets mark'd in vain!
 But ere self-flatt'ry soothe the vivid breast
 With dreams of fortune near ally'd to fame,
 Reflect how few, who charm'd the list'ning ear
 Of satrap or of king, her smiles enjoy'd!
 Consider well, what meagre alms repay'd
 The great Mæonian, sire of tuneful song,
 And prototype of all that soar'd sublime,

And left dull cares below ; what griefs impell'd
 The modest bard of learn'd Eliza's reign
 To swell with tears, his Mulla's parent stream,
 And mourn aloud the pang, " to ride, to run,
 To spend; to give, to want, to be undone."
 Why should I tell of Cowley's pensive muse
 Belov'd in vain? too copious is my theme!
 Which of your boasted race might hope reward
 Like loyal Butler, when the lib'ral Charles,
 The judge of wit, perus'd the sprightly page
 Triumphant o'er his foes? Believe not hope,
 The poet's parasite; but learn alone
 To spare the scanty boon the fates decree.
 Poet and rich! 'tis solecism extreme!
 'Tis heighten'd contradiction! in his frame,
 In ev'ry nerve and fibre of his soul,
 The latent seeds and principles of want
 Has nature wove, and fate confirm'd the clue.

Nor yet despair to shun the ruder gripe
 Of penury; with nice precision learn
 A dollar's value. Foremost in the page
 That marks th' expence of each revolving year,
 Place inattention. When the lust of praise,
 Or honour's false idea, tempts thy soul
 To slight frugality, assure thine heart
 That danger's near. This perishable coin
 Is no vain ore. It is thy liberty,
 It fetters misers, but it must alone
 Enfranchise thee. The world, the cit-like world
 Bids thee beware; thy little craft essay;
 Nor, piddling with a tea-spoon's slender form,
 See with soup-ladles devils gormandize.

Oeconomy! thou good old aunt, whose mien
 Furrow'd with age and care the wise adore,
 The wits contemn! reserving still thy stores
 To cheer thy friends at last! why with the cit,

Or bookless churl, with each ignoble name,
Each earthly nature, deign'st thou to reside?
And shunning all, who by thy favours crown'd
Might glad the world, to seek some vulgar mind
Inspiring pride, and selfish shapes of ill?

Why with the old, infirm, and impotent,
And childless, love to dwell, yet leave the breast
Of youth, unwarn'd, unguided, uninform'd?
Of youth, to whom thy monitory voice
Were doubly kind? for sure to youthful eyes
(How short soe'er it prove) the road of life
Appears protracted; fair on either side
The loves, the graces play, on Fortune's child
Profusely smiling; well might you essay
The frugal plan, the lucrative employ,
Source of their favour all the live-long day.
But fate assents not. Age alone contracts
His meagre palm, to clench the tempting bane
Of all his peace, the glitt'ring seeds of care!

O that the muse's voice might pierce the ear
Of gen'rous youth! for youth deserves her song.
Youth is fair virtue's season, virtue then
Requires the pruner's hand; the sequent stage,
It barely vegetates; nor long the space
Ere robb'd of warmth its arid trunk display
Fell winter's total reign. O lovely source
Of gen'rous foibles, youth! when op'ning minds
Are honest as the light, lucid as air,
As soft'ring breezes kind, as linnets gay,
Tender as buds, and lavish as the spring!
Yet hapless state of man! his earliest youth
Cozens itself, his age defrauds mankind.

Nor deem it strange that rolling years abrade
The social bias. Life's extensive page
What does it but unfold repeated proofs
Of gold's omnipotence? with patriots, friends,

Sick'ning beneath its ray, enervate some,
 And others dead, whose putrid name exhales
 A noisome scent, the bulky volume teems
 With kinsmen, brothers, sons, moist'ning the shroud,
 Or honouring the grave, with specious grief
 Of short duration; soon in fortune's beams
 Alert, and wond'ring at the tears they shed:

But who shall save by tame prosaic strain
 That glowing breast, where wit with youth conspires
 To sweeten luxury? The fearful muse
 Shall yet proceed, tho' by the faintest gleam
 Of hope inspir'd, to warn the train she loves.

P A R T T H E S E C O N D.

IN some dark season, when the misty shower
 Obscures the sun, and saddens all the sky;
 When linnets drop the wing, nor grove nor stream
 Invites thee forth, to sport thy drooping muse;
 Seize the dull hour, nor with regret assign
 To worldly prudence. She, nor nice nor coy,
 Accepts the tribute of a joyless day;
 She smiles well pleas'd, when wit and mirth recede,
 And not a grace, and not a muse will hear.
 Then, from majestic Maro's awful strain,
 Or tow'ring Homer, let thine eye descend
 To trace, with patient industry, the page
 Of income and expence. And oh! beware,
 Thy breast, self-flatt'ring, place no courtly smile,
 No golden promise of the faithless muse,
 Nor latent mind which fortune's hand may shew,
 Amid thy solid store. The syren's song
 Wrecks not the list'ning sailor half so sure.
 See by what avenues, what devious paths,
 The foot of want, detested, steals along,

And bars each fatal pass. Some few short hours
Of punctual care, the refuse of thy year,
On frugal schemes employ'd, shall give the muse
To sing intrepid many a chearful day.

But if too soon before the tepid gales
Thy resolution melt; and ardent vows,
In wary hours preferr'd, or die forgot,
Or seem the forc'd effect of hazy skies;
Then, ere surprise, by whose impetuous rage
The massy fort, with which thy gentler breast
I not compare, is won, the song proceeds.

Know too, by nature's undiminish'd law,
Throughout her realms obey'd, the various parts
Of deep creation, atoms, systems, all!
Attract and are attracted; nor prevails the law
Alone in matter; soul alike with soul
Aspires to join: nor yet in souls alone,
In each idea it imbibes, is found
The kind propensity. And when they meet,
And grow familiar, various though their tribe,
Their tempers various, vow perpetual faith:
That, should the world's disjointed frame once more
To chaos yield the sway, amid the wreck
Their union should survive; with Roman warmth,
By sacred hospitable laws endear'd,
Should each idea recollect its friend.

Here then we fix; on this perennial base
Erect thy safety, and defy the storm.
Let soft profusion's fair idea join
Her hand with poverty; nor here desist,
Till o'er the groupe that forms their various train,
Thou sing loud hymeneals. Let the pride
Of outward shew in lasting leagues combine
With shame thread-bare; the gay vermilion face
Of rash intemp'rance, be discreetly pair'd
With fallow hunger; the licentious joy,

With mean dependence ; ev'n the dear delight
 Of sculpture, paint, intaglios, books, and coins,
 Thy breast, sagacious prudence ! shall connect
 With filth and beggary ; nor disdain to link
 With black insolvency. Thy soul alarm'd
 Shall shun the syren's voice ; nor boldly dare
 To bid the soft enchantress share thy breast,
 With such a train of horrid fiends combin'd.

Nor think, ye sordid race ! ye groveling minds !
 I frame the song for you ! for you, the muse
 Could other rules impart. The friendly strain
 For gentler bosoms plann'd, to yours would prove
 The juice of lurid aconite, exceed
 Whatever Colchos bore, and in your breast
 Compassion, love, and friendship, all destroy !

It greatly shall avail, if e'er thy stores
 Increase apace, by periodic days
 Of annual payment, or thy patron's boon,
 The lean reward of gross unbounded praise
 It much avails, to seize the present hour,
 And, undeliberating, call around
 Thy hungry creditors ; their horrid rage
 When once appeas'd, the small remaining store
 Shall rise in weight tenfold, in lustre rise,
 As gold improv'd by many a fierce assay.
 'Tis thus the frugal husbandman directs
 His narrow stream, if o'er its wonted banks
 By sudden rains impell'd, it proudly swell ;
 His timely hand through better tracks conveys
 The quick decreasing tide ; ere borne along,
 Or through the wild morass, or cultur'd field,
 Or bladed grass mature, or barren sands,
 It flow destructive, or it flow in vain !
 But happiest he who sanctifies expence
 By present pay ! who subjects not his fame
 To tradesmen's varlets, nor bequeaths his name.

His honour'd name, to deck the vulgar page
 Of base mechanic, sordid, unsincere !
 There haply, while thy muse sublimely soars
 Beyond this earthly sphere, in heaven's abodes,
 And dreams of nectar and ambrosial sweets,
 Thy growing debt steals unregarded o'er
 The punctual record ; till nor Phœbus self—
 Nor sage Minerva's art can aught avail
 To soothe the ruthless dun's detested rage.
 Frantic and fell, with many a curse profane
 He loads the gentle muse ; then hurls thee down
 To want, remorse, captivity, and shame.

Each public place, the glitt'ring haunts of men,
 With horror fly. Why loiter near thy bane !—
 Why fondly linger on a hostile shore
 Disarm'd, defenceless ? why require to tread
 The precipice ? or why, alas ! to breathe
 A moment's space, where ev'ry breeze is death ?
 Death to thy future peace ! Away, collect
 Thy dissipated mind ; contract thy train
 Of wild ideas o'er the flow'ry fields
 Of shew diffus'd, and speed to safer climes.
 Oeconomy presents her glass, accept
 The faithful mirror ; powerful to disclose
 A thousand forms, unseen by careless eyes,
 That plot thy fate. Temptation in a robe
 Of Tyrian dye, with ev'ry sweet perfum'd,
 Besets thy sense ; extortion follows close
 Her wanton step ; and ruin brings the rear.
 These and the rest shall her mysterious glass
 Embody to thy view ; like Venus, kind,
 When to her lab'ring son, the vengeful pow'rs
 That urg'd the fall of Ilium, she display'd.
 He, not imprudent, at the sight declin'd
 Th' unequal conflict, and decreed to raise
 The Trojan welfare on some happier shore.

For here to drain thy swelling purse await
 A thousand arts, a thousand frauds attend,
 "The cloud-wrought canes, the gorgeous stuff
 "boxes,
 "The twinkling jewels, and the gold etwee,
 "With all its bright inhabitants, shall waste
 "Its melting stores, and in the dreary void
 "Leave not a doit behind." Ere yet exhaust
 Its flimsy folds offend thy pensive eye,
 Away! embosom'd deep in distant shades,
 Nor seen, nor seeing, thou mayst vent thy scorn
 Of lace, embroid'ry, purple, gems, and gold!
 There of the farded fop, and essenc'd beau,
 Ferocious with a stoic's frown, disclose
 Thy manly scorn, averse to tinsel pomp,
 And fluent thine harangue. But can thy soul
 Deny thy limbs the radiant grace of dress,
 Where dress is merit! where thy graver friend
 Shall wish thee burnish'd! where the sprightly fair
 Demand embellishment! ev'n Delia's eye,
 As in a garden, roves, of hues alone
 Inquirent, curious? Fly the curs'd domain;
 These are the realms of luxury and shew;
 No classic soil: away! the bloomy spring
 Attracts thee hence; the waning autumn warns;
 Fly to thy native shades, and dread ev'n there,
 Lest busy fancy tempt thy narrow state
 Beyond its bounds. Observe Florelia's mien:
 Why treads my friend with melancholy step
 That beauteous lawn? Why pensive strays his eye
 O'er statues, grottos, urns, by critic art
 Proportion'd fair? or from his lofty dome
 Bright glitt'ring thro' the grove, returns his eye
 Unpleas'd, disconsolate? And is it love,
 Disast'rous love, that robs the finish'd scenes
 Of all their beauty? cent'ring all in her

His soul adores? or from a blacker cause
 Springs this remorseful gloom? is conscious guilt
 The latent source of more than love's despair?
 It cannot be within that polish'd breast
 Where science dwells, that guilt should harbour there.
 No! 'tis the sad survey of present want,
 And past profusion! Lost to him the sweets
 Of yon pavilion, fraught with ev'ry charm
 For other eyes; or, if remaining, proofs
 Of criminal expence! Sweet interchange
 Of river, valley, mountain, woods and plains!
 How gladsome once he rang'd your native turf,
 Your simple scenes, how raptur'd! ere expence
 Had lavish'd thousand ornaments, and taught
 Convenience to perplex him, art to pall,
 Bomp to deject, and beauty to displease.

Oh! for a soul to all the glare of wealth,
 To fortune's wide exhaustless treasury,
 Nobly superior! but let caution guide
 The coy disposal of the wealth we scorn,
 And prudence be our almoner! Alas!
 The pilgrim wand'ring o'er some distant clime,
 Sworn foe of av'rice! not disdains to learn
 Its coin's imputed worth; the destin'd means
 To smooth his passage to the favour'd shrine.
 Ah let not us, who tread this stranger-world,
 Let none who sojourn on the realms of life,
 Forget the land is merc'nary; nor waste
 His fare, e'er landed on no venal shore.

Let never bard consult Palladio's rules;
 Let never bard, O Burlington! survey
 Thy learned art, in Chiswick's dome display'd;
 Dang'rous incentive! nor with ling'ring eye
 Survey the window Venice calls her own.
 Better for him, with no ungrateful muse,
 To sing a requiem to that gentle soul

Who plann'd the sky-light, which to lavish bards
 Conveys alone the pure ethereal ray.
 For garrets him, and squalid walls await;
 Unless, presageful, from this friendly strain,
 He glean advice, and shun the scribbler's doom.

P A R T T H E T H I R D.

YET once again, and to thy doubtful fate
 The trembling muse consigns thee. Ere con-
 tempt,

Or want's empoison'd arrow, ridicule,
 Transfix thy weak unguarded breast, behold!
 The poet's roofs, the careless poet's, his
 Who scorns advice, shall close my serious lay.

When Gulliver, now great, now little deem'd,
 The play-thing of comparison, arriv'd
 Where learned bosoms their aerial schemes
 Projected, studious of the public weal;
 'Mid these, one subtler artist he discry'd,
 Who cherish'd in his dusty tenement
 The spider's web, injurious, to supplant
 Fair Albion's fleeces! Never, never may
 Our monarch on such fatal purpose smile,
 And irritate Minerva's beggar'd sons,
 The Melksham weavers! Here in ev'ry nook
 Their webs they spun; here revell'd uncontroul'd
 And, like the flags from Westminster's high roof
 Dependent, here their flutt'ring textures wav'd.
 Such, so adorn'd, the cell I mean to sing!
 Cell ever squalid; where the sneerful maid
 Will not fatigue her hand! broom never comes,
 That comes to all! o'er whose quiescent walls
 Arachne's unmolested care has drawn
 Curtains subfusc, and sav'd th' expence of art.

Survey those walls, in fady texture clad,
Where wand'ring snails in many a slimy path,
Free, unrestrain'd, their various journeys crawl;
Peregrinations strange, and labyrinths
Confus'd, inextricable! such the clue
Of Cretan Ariadne ne'er explain'd!
Hooks! angles! crooks! and involutions wild!
Meantime thus silver'd with meanders gay!
In mimic pride the snail-wrought tissue shines,
Perchance of tabby, or of aretine,
Not ill expressive! such the pow'r of snails!

Behold his chair, whose fractur'd seat infirm
An aged cushion hides! replete with dust
The foliag'd velvet; pleasing to the eye
Of great Eliza's reign, but now the snare
Of weary guest, that on the specious bed
Sits down confiding. Ah! disastrous wight!
In evil hour and rashly dost thou trust
The fraudulent couch? for, tho' in velvet cas'd,
The fated thigh shall kiss the dusty floor.
The traveller thus, that o'er Hibernian plains
Hath shap'd his way, on beds profuse of flow'rs,
Cowslip, or primrose, or the circ'lar eye
Of daisie fair, decrees to bask supine.
And see! delighted, down he drops, secure
Of sweet refreshment, ease without annoy,
Or luscious noon-day nap. Ah much deceiv'd,
Much suff'ring pilgrim! thou nor noon-day nap,
Nor sweet repose shalt find; the false morals
In quiv'ring undulations yields beneath
Thy burden, in the miry gulf inclos'd!
And who would trust appearance! cast thine eye
Where 'mid machines of het'rogenous form
His coat depends; alas! his only coat,
Eldest of things! and napless, as an heath
Of small extent by fleecy myriads graz'd,

Not diff'rent have I seen in dreary vault
 Display'd, a coffin: on each sable side
 The texture unmolested seems entire.
 Fraudful, when touch'd it glides away!
 And leaves the wond'ring swain to gape, to stare,
 And with expressive shrug, and piteous sigh,
 Declare the fatal force of rolling years,
 Or dire extent of frail mortality.
 This aged vesture, scorn of gazing beaux,
 And formal cits, (themselves too haply scorn'd),
 Both on its sleeve and on its skirt, retains
 Full many a pin wide sparkling: for, if e'er
 Their well-known crest met his delighted eye,
 Tho' wrapt in thought, commercing with the sky,
 He, gently stooping, scorn'd not to upraise,
 And on each sleeve, as conscious of their use,
 Indenting fix them; nor, when arm'd with these,
 The cure of rents and separations dire,
 And chasms enormous, did he view dismay'd
 Hedge, bramble, thicket, bush, portending fate
 To breeches, coat, and hose! had any wight
 Of vulgar skill, the tender texture own'd;
 But gave his mind to form a sonnet quaint
 Of Sylvia's shoe-string, or of Chloe's fan,
 Or sweetly-fashion'd tip of Celia's ear.
 Alas! by frequent use decays the force
 Of mortal art! the refractory robe
 Eludes the tailor's art, eludes his own;
 How potent once, in union quaint conjoin'd!
 See near his bed (his bed too falsely call'd
 The place of rest, while it a bard sustains;
 Pale, meagre, muse-rid wight! who reads in vain
 Narcotic volumes o'er) his candlestick,
 Radiant machine, when from the plastic hand
 Of Mulciber, the may'r of Birmingham,
 The engine issu'd; now, alas! disguis'd

By many an unctuous tide, that wand'ring down
Its sides congeal; what he, perhaps, essays
With humour forc'd, and ill-dissembled smile,
Idly to liken to the poplar's trunk,
When o'er its bark, the lucid amber, wound
In many a pleasing fold, incrusts the tree.
Or suits him more the winter's candy'd thorn,
When from each branch, anneal'd, the works of
frost

Pervasive, radiant icicles depend?

How shall I sing the various ill that waits
The careful sonneteer? or who can paint
The shifts enormous, that in vain he forms
To patch his paneless window? to cement
His batter'd tea-pot, ill-retentive vase?
To war with ruin? anxious to conceal
Want's fell appearance, of the real ill
Nor foe, nor fearful. Ruin unforeseen
Invades his chattels; ruin will invade;
Will claim his whole invention to repair,
Nor of the gift for tuneful ends design'd.
Allow one part to decorate his song,
While ridicule, with ever-pointing hand
Conscious of ev'ry shift, of ev'ry shift
Indicative, his inmost plot betrays,
Points to the nook, which he his study calls
Pompous and vain! for thus he might esteem
His chest, a wardrobe; purse, a treasury;
And shews, to crown her full display, himself.
One whom the pow'rs above, in place of health,
And wonted vigour; of paternal cot,
Or little farm; of bag, or scrip, or staff,
Cup, dish, spoon, plate, or worldly utensil,
A poet fram'd; yet fram'd not to repine,
And wish the cobbler's loftiest site his own;
Nor, partial as they seem, upbraid the fates,

Who to the humbler mechanifm, join'd
Goods fo fuperior, fuch exalted blifs !

See with what feeming eafe, what labour'd peace
He, haplefs hypocrite ! refines his nail,
His chief amufement ! then how feign'd, how forc'd,
That care-defying fonnet, which implies
His debts difcharg'd, and he of half a crown
In full poffeffion, uncontefted right
And property ! yet ah ! whoe'er this wight
Admiring view, if fuch there be, diftruf
The vain pretence ; the fmiles that harbour grief,
As lurks the ferpent deep in flow'rs enwreath'd.
Forewarn'd, be frugal ; or with prudent rage
Thy pen demolifh ; chufe the truftier flail,
And blefs thofe labours which the choice inspir'd.
But if thou view'ft a vulgar mind, a wight
Of common fenfe, who feeks no brighter name,
Him envy, him admire, him, from thy breast,
Prefcient of future dignities, falute
Sheriff, or may'r, in comfortable furs
Enwrap't, fecure : nor yet the laureat's crown
In thought exclude him ! He perchance fhall rife
To nobler heights than foresight can decree.

When fir'd with wrath, for his intrigues difplay'd
In many an idle fong, Saturnian Jove
Vow'd fure deftruction to the tuneful race ;
Appeas'd by fuppliant Phoebus, " Bards," he faid,
" Henceforth of plenty, wealth, and pomp debarr'd,
" But fed by frugal cates, might wear the bay
" Secure of thunder."—Low the Delian bow'd,
Nor at th' invidious favour dar'd repine.

The Ruin'd ABBEY;

O R,

The EFFECTS of SUPERSTITION.

A T length fair peace, with olive crown'd, regains
Her lawful throne, and to the sacred haunts
Of wood or fount the frighted muse returns.

Happy the bard, who from his native hills,
Soft musing on a summer's eve, surveys
His azure stream, with pensile woods inclos'd!
Or o'er the glassy surface, with his friend,
Or faithful fair, through bord'ring willows green,
Wafts his small frigate. Fearless he of shouts,
Or taunts, the rhetoric of the wat'ry crew,
That ape confusion from the realms they rule!
Fearless of these; who shares the gentler voice
Of peace and music; birds of sweetest song
Attune from native boughs their various lay,
And cheer the forest; birds of brighter plume
With busy pinion skim the glitt'ring wave,
And tempt the sun; ambitious to display
Their sev'ral merit, while the vocal flute,
Or number'd verse, by female voice endear'd,
Crowns his delight, and mollifies the scene.

If solitude his wand'ring steps invite
To some more deep recess (for hours there are,
When gay, when social minds to friendship's voice,
Or beauty's charm, her wild abodes prefer);
How pleas'd he treads her venerable shades,
Her solemn courts! the centre of the grove!

The root-built cave, by far extended rocks
 Around embosom'd, how it soothes the soul !
 If scoop'd at first by superstitious hands
 The rugged cell receiv'd alone the shoals
 Of bigot-minds, religion dwells not here,
 Yet virtue pleas'd, at intervals, retires :
 Yet here may wisdom, as she walks the maze,
 Some serious truths collect, the rules of life,
 And serious truths of mightier weight than gold !

I ask not wealth ; but let me hoard with care,
 With frugal cunning, with a niggard's art,
 A few fix'd principles ; in early life,
 Ere indolence impede the search, explor'd.
 Then like old Latimer, when age impairs
 My judgment's eye, when quibbling schools attack
 My grounded hope, or subtler wits deride,
 Will I not blush to shun the vain debate,
 And this mine answer, " Thus, 'twas thus I thought,
 " My mind yet vigorous, and my soul entire ;
 " Thus will I think, averse to listen more
 " To intricate discussion, prone to stray.
 " Perhaps my reason may but ill defend
 " My settled faith ; my mind, with age impair'd,
 " Too sure its own infirmities declare.
 " But I am arm'd by caution, studious youth,
 " And early foresight ; now the winds may rise,
 " The tempest whistle, and the billows roar ;
 " My pinnace rides in port, despoil'd and worn,
 " Shatter'd by time and storms, but while it shuns
 " Th' unequal conflict, and declines the deep,
 " Sees the strong vessel fluctuate less secure."

Thus while he strays, a thousand rural scenes
 Suggest instruction, and instructing please.
 And see, betwixt the grove's extended arms,
 An abbey's rude remains attract thy view,
 Gilt by the mid-day sun : with ling'ring step

Produce thine axe, (for, aiming to destroy
 Tree, branch, or shade, for never shall thy breast
 Too long deliberate), with tim'rous hand
 Remove th' obstructive bough, nor yet refuse,
 Tho' sighing to destroy that fav'rite pine,
 Rais'd by thine hand, in its luxuriant prime
 Of beauty fair, that screens the vast remains,
 Aggriev'd, but constant as the Roman fire,
 The rigid Manlius, when his conqu'ring son
 Bled by a parent's voice; the cruel meed
 Of virtuous ardour, timelessly display'd;
 Nor cease, till thro' the gloomy road, the pile
 Gleam unobstructed; thither, oft thine eye
 Shall sweetly wander; thence returning, soothe
 With pensive scenes thy philosophic mind.

These were thy haunts, thy opulent abodes,
 O Superstition! hence the dire disease
 (Balanc'd with which the fam'd Athenian pest
 Were a short head-ach, were the trivial pain
 Of transient indigestion) seiz'd mankind.

Long time she rag'd, and scarce a southern gale
 Warm'd our chill air, unloaded with the threats
 Of tyrant Rome; but futile all, till she,
 Rome's abler legate, magnify'd their pow'r,
 And in a thousand horrid forms attir'd.

Where then was truth, to sanctify the page
 Of British annals? if a foe expir'd,
 The perjurd monk soborn'd infernal shrieks,
 And fiends to snatch at the departing soul
 With hellish emulation. If a friend,
 High o'er his roof exultant angels tune
 Their golden lyres, and waft him to the skies.

What then were vows, were oaths, were plighted
 faith?

The sov'reign's just, the subject's loyal pact
 To cherish mutual good, annull'd and vain,

By Roman magic, grew an idle scroll,
Ere the frail sanction of the wax was cold.

With thee, * Plantagenet, from civil broils
The land a while respir'd, and all was peace.
Then Becket rose, and impotent of mind,
From regal courts with lawless fury march'd
The church's blood-stain'd convicts, and forgave!
Bid murd'rous priests the sov'reign frown condemn,
And with unhallow'd crozier bruise'd the crown.

Yet yielded not supinely tame a prince
Of Henry's virtues; learn'd, courageous, wise,
Of fair ambition. Long his regal soul
Firm and erect the peevish priest exil'd,
And brav'd the fury of revengeful Rome.
In vain! let one faint malady diffuse

The pensive gloom which superstition loves,
And see him, dwindled to a recreant groom,
Rein the proud palfrey, while the priest ascends!

Was † Cœur-de-lion blest'd with whiter days?
Hear the cowl'd zealots with united cries
Urge the crusade; and see, of half his stores
Despoil'd the wretch, whose wiser bosom chose
To bless his friends, his race, his native land.

Of ten fair suns that roll'd their annual race
Not one beheld him on his vacant throne:
While haughty ‡ Longchamp, 'mid his liv'ry'd files
Of wanton vassals, spoil'd his faithful realm,
Battling in foreign fields; collecting wide
A laurel-harvest for a pillag'd land.

Oh dear-bought trophies! when a prince deserts
His drooping realm, to pluck the barren sprays!

When faithless John usurp'd the sully'd crown,
What ample tyranny! the groaning land

* Henry II. † Richard I.

‡ Bishop of Ely, Lord Chancellor.

Deem'd earth, deem'd heav'n its foe! six tedious
years

Our helpless fathers in despair obey'd
The papal interdict; and who obey'd
The sov'reign plunder'd. O inglorious days!
When the French tyrant, by the futile grant
Of papal rescript, claim'd Britannia's throne,
And durst invade; be such inglorious days
Or hence forgot, or not recall'd in vain!

Scarce had the tortur'd ear dejected heard
Rome's loud anathema, but heartless, dead
To ev'ry purpose, men nor wish'd to live,
Nor dar'd to die. The poor laborious hind
Heard the dire curse, and from his trembling hand
Fell the neglected crook, that rul'd the plain.
Thence journeying home, in ev'ry cloud he sees
A vengeful angel, in whose waving scroll
He reads damnation; sees its sable train
Of grim attendants, pencil'd by despair.

The weary pilgrim from remoter climes
By painful steps arriv'd; his home, his friends;
His offspring left, to lavish on the shrine
Of some far-honour'd saint his costly stores,
Inverts his footstep; sickens at the sight
Of the barr'd fane, and silent sheds his tear.

The wretch whose hope, by stern oppression chas'd
From ev'ry earthly bliss, still as it saw
Triumphant wrong, took wing and flew to heav'n,
And rested there, now mourn'd his refuge lost
And wonted peace. The sacred fane was barr'd,
And the lone altar, where the mourners throng'd
To supplicate remission, smok'd no more;
While the green weed, luxuriant round uprose.
Some from their deathbed, whose delirious faith
Thro' ev'ry stage of life to Rome's decrees
Obsequious, humbly hop'd to die in peace,

Now saw the ghastly king approach, begirt
 In tenfold terrors; now expiring heard
 The last loud clarion sound, and heav'n's decree
 With unremitting vengeance bar the skies.
 Nor light the grief by superstition weigh'd,
 That their dishonour'd corse, shut from the verge
 Of hallow'd earth, or tutelary fane,
 Must sleep with brutes their vassals, on the field;
 Unneath some path, in marle unexorcis'd!
 No solemn bell extort a neighbour's tear!
 No tongue of priest pronounce their soul secure!
 Nor fondest friend assure their peace obtain'd!

The priest! alas, so boundless was the ill!
 He, like the flock he pillag'd, pin'd forlorn;
 The vivid vermeil fled his sady cheek,
 And his big paunch, distended with the spoils
 Of half his flock, emaciate, groan'd beneath
 Superior pride, and mightier lust of pow'r!
 'Twas now Rome's fondest friend, whose meagre
 hand

Told to the midnight lamp his holy beads
 With nice precision, felt the deeper wound
 As his gull'd soul rever'd the conclave more.

Whom did the ruin spare? for wealth, for pow'r,
 Birth, honour, virtue, enemy, and friend,
 Sunk helpless in the dreary gulf involv'd;
 And one capricious curse envelop'd all!
 Were kings secure? in tow'ring stations born,
 In flatt'ry nurs'd, inur'd to scorn mankind,
 Or view diminish'd from their site sublime;
 As when a shepherd, from the lofty brow
 Of some proud cliff surveys his less'ning flock
 In snowy groups diffusive, scud the vale.

A while the furious menace John return'd,
 And breath'd defiance loud. Alas! too soon
 Allegiance sick'ning saw its sov'reign yield,
 An angry prey to scruples not his own.

The loyal soldier, girt around with strength,
 Who stole from mirth and wine his blooming years,
 And seiz'd the faulchion, resolute to guard
 His sov'reign's right, impalsy'd at the news,
 Finds the firm bias of his soul revers'd
 For foul desertion; drops the lifted steel,
 And quits fame's noble harvest, to expire
 The death of monks, of surfeit, and of sloth!

At length fatigu'd with wrongs the servile king
 Drain'd from his land its small remaining stores
 To buy remission. But could these obtain?
 No! resolute in wrongs, the priest obdur'd;
 Till crawling base to Rome's deputed slave,
 His fame, his people, and his crown he gave.
 Mean monarch! slighted, brav'd, abhorr'd before!
 And now, appeas'd by deligated sway,
 The wily pontiff scorns not to recall
 His interdictions. Now the sacred doors
 Admit repentant multitudes, prepar'd
 To buy deceit; admit obsequious tribes
 Of satraps! princes! crawling to the shrine
 Of sainted villainy! the pompous tomb
 Dazzling with gems and gold, or in a cloud
 Of incense wreath'd, amidst a drooping land
 That sigh'd for bread! 'Tis thus the Indian clove
 Displays its verdant leaf, its crimson flow'r,
 And sheds its odours; while the flocks around
 Hungry and faint the barren sands explore
 In vain! nor plant nor herb endears the soil;
 Drain'd and exhaust to swell its thirsty pores,
 And furnish luxury——Yet, yet in vain
 Britannia strove; and whether artful Rome
 Carefs'd or curs'd her, Superstition rag'd,
 And blinded, fetter'd, and despoil'd the land.

At length some murd'rous monk, with pois'nonous
 art
 Expell'd the life his brethren robb'd of peace.

Nor yet furceas'd with John's disastrous fate
 Pontific fury ! English wealth exhaust,
 The sequent reign * beheld the beggar'd shore
 Grim with Italian usurers ; prepar'd
 To lend for griping unexampled hire,
 To lend—what Rome might pillage uncontroll'd.

For now with more extensive havock rag'd
 Relentless Greg'ry, with a thousand arts,
 And each rapacious, born to drain the world !
 Nor shall the muse repeat, how oft he blew
 The croise's trumpet ; then for sums of gold
 Annul'd the vow, and bade the false alarm
 Swell the gross hoards of Henry, or his own.
 Nor shall she tell, how pontiffs dar'd repeal
 The best of charters ! dar'd absolve the tie
 Of British kings by legal oath restrain'd.
 Nor can she dwell on argosies of gold
 From Albion's realm to servile shores convey'd,
 Wrung from her sons, and speeded by her kings !
 Oh, irksome days ! when wicked thrones combine
 With papal craft to gull their native land !

Such was our fate, while Rome's director taught
 Of subjects, born to be their monarch's prey,
 To toil for monks, for gluttony to toil,
 For vacant gluttony, extortion, fraud,
 For avarice, envy, pride, revenge, and shame !
 O doctrine breath'd from Stygian caves ! exhal'd
 From inmost Erebus !—Such Henry's reign !
 Urging his loyal realm's reluctant hand
 To wield the peaceful sword, by John erewhile
 Forc'd from its scabbard ; and with burnish'd lance
 Essay the savage cure, domestic war !

And now some nobler spirits chas'd the mist
 Of general darkness. Ghosted † now adorn'd

* Henry III. who cancelled the Magna Charta.

† Bishop of Lincoln, called, Malleus Romanorum.

The mitred wreath he wore, with reason's sword
 Stagg'ring delusion's frauds; at length beneath
 Rome's interdict expiring calm, resign'd
 No vulgar soul that dar'd to heaven appeal!
 But ah, this fertile glebe, this fair domain
 Had well nigh ceded to the slothful hands
 Of monks libidinous; ere Edward's care
 The lavish hand of death-bed fear restrain'd,
 Yet was he clear of Superstition's taint!
 He too, misdeemful of his wholesome law,
 Ev'n he, expiring, gave his treasur'd gold
 To fatten monks on Salem's distant soil!

Yes, the third Edward's breast, to papal sway
 So little prone, and fierce in honour's cause,
 Could superstition quell! before the tow'rs
 Of haggard Paris, at the thunder's voice
 He drops the sword, and signs ignoble peace!

But still the night by Romish art diffus'd
 Collects her clouds, and with slow pace recedes.
 When by soft Bourdean's braver queen approv'd,
 Bold Wickliff rose; and while the bigot pow'r
 Amidst her native darkness sculk'd secure,
 The demon vanish'd as he spread the day.
 So from his bosom Cacus breath'd of old
 The pitchy cloud, and in a night of smoke
 Secure a while his recreant life sustain'd;
 Till fam'd Alcides, o'er his subtlest wiles
 Victorious, cheer'd the ravag'd nations round.

Hail honour'd Wickliff! enterprising sage!
 An Epicurus in the cause of truth!
 For 'tis not radiant suns, the jovial hours
 Of youthful spring, an ether all serene,
 Nor all the verdure of Campania's vales,
 Can chase religion's gloom! 'Tis reason, thought,
 The light, the radiance that pervades the soul,
 And sheds its beams on heaven's mysterious way!
 As yet this light but glimmer'd, and again

Error prevail'd; while kings by force uprais'd,
 Let loose the rage of bigots on their foes,
 And seek affection by the dreadful boon
 Of licens'd murder. Ev'n the kindest prince,
 The most extended breast, the royal Hal!
 All unrelenting heard the Lollards cry
 Burst from the centre of remorseless flames;
 Their shrieks endur'd! Oh stain to martial praise!
 When Cobham, gen'rous as the noble peer
 That wears his honours, paid the fatal price
 Of virtue blooming ere the storms were laid!

'Twas thus, alternate, truth's precarious flame
 Decay'd or flourish'd. With malignant eye
 The pontiff saw Britannia's golden fleece,
 Once all his own, invest her worthier sons!
 Her verdant valleys, and her fertile plains,
 Yellow with grain, abjure his hateful sway!
 Essay'd his utmost art, and inly own'd
 No labours bore proportion to the prize.

So when the tempter view'd, with envious eye,
 The first fair pattern of the female frame,
 All nature's beauties in one form display'd,
 And cent'ring there, in wild amaze he stood;
 Then only envying Heaven's creative hand:
 Wish'd to his gloomy reign his envious arts
 Might win this prize, and doubled ev'ry snare.

And vain were reason, courage, learning, all,
 Till pow'r accede: till Tudor's wild caprice
 Smile on their cause; Tudor, whose tyrant reign
 With mental freedom crown'd, the best of kings
 Might envious view, and ill prefer their own!
 Then Wolfey rose, by nature form'd to seek
 Ambition's trophies, by address to win,
 By temper to enjoy—whose humbler birth
 Taught the gay scenes of pomp to dazzle more.

Then from its tow'ring height with horrid sound
 Rush'd the proud abbey. Then the vaulted roofs,
 Torn from their walls, disclos'd the wanton scene

Of monkish chastity! Each angry friar
Crawl'd from his bedded strumpet, mutt'ring low
An ineffectual curse. The perversus nooks
That, ages past, convey'd the guileful priest
To play some image on the gaping crowd,
Imbibe the novel day-light; and expose
Obvious, the fraudulent engin'ry of Rome.
As though this op'ning earth to nether realms
Should flash meridian day, the hooded race
Shudder abash'd to find their cheats display'd;
And conscious of their guilt, and pleas'd to wave
Its fearful meed, resign'd their fair domain.

Nor yet supine, nor void of rage, retir'd
The pest gigantic; whose revengeful stroke
Ting'd the red annals of Maria's reign.
When from the tend'rest breast, each wayward priest
Could banish mercy, and implant a fiend!
When cruelty the fun'ral pyre uprear'd,
And bound religion there, and fir'd the base!
When the same blaze, which on each tortur'd limb
Fed with luxuriant rage, in ev'ry face
Triumphant faith appear'd, and smiling hope.
O bless'd Eliza! from thy piercing beam
Forth flew his hated fiend, the child of Rome;
Driv'n to the verge of Albion, linger'd there,
Then with her James receding, cast behind
One angry frown, and sought more servile climes.
Henceforth they ply'd the long-continued task
Of righteous havoc, cov'ring distant fields
With the wrought remnants of the shatter'd pile.
While through the land the musing pilgrim sees
A track of brighter green, and in the midst
Appears a mould'ring wall, with ivy crown'd;
Or Gothic turret, pride of ancient days!
Now but of use to grace a rural scene;
To bound our vistas, and to glad the sons
Of George's reign, reserv'd for fairer times!

LOVE AND HONOUR.

*Sed neque Medorum silvæ, ditissima terra,
Nec pulcher Ganges, atque auro turbidus Hæmus,
Laudibus Angligenum certent: non Bactra, nec Indi;
Totaque thuriferis Panchaia pinguis arenis.*

LET the green olive glad Hesperian shores;
Her tawny citron, and her orange-groves,
These let Iberia boast; but if in vain,
To win the stranger plant's diffusive smile,
The Briton labours, yet our native minds,
Our constant bosoms, these the dazzled world
May view with envy; these Iberian dames
Survey with fix'd esteem and fond desire.

Hapless Elvira! thy disastrous fate
May well this truth explain; nor ill adorn
The British lyre; then chiefly, if the muse,
Nor vain, nor partial, from the simple guise
Of ancient record catch the pensive lay;
And in less grov'ling accents give to fame.
Elvira! loveliest maid! th' Iberian realm
Could boast no purer breast, no sprightlier mind,
No race more splendid, and no form so fair.
Such was the chance of war, this peerless maid
In life's luxuriant bloom, enrich'd the spoil
Of British victors, vict'ry's noblest pride!
She, she alone, amid the wailful train
Of captive maids, assign'd to Henry's care;
Lord of her life, her fortune, and her fame!
He, gen'rous youth, with no penurious hand,
The tedious moments that unjoyous roll
Where freedom's chearful radiance shines no more,
Essay'd to soften; conscious of the pang

That beauty feels, to waste its fleeting hours
 In some dim fort, by foreign rule restrain'd,
 Far from the haunts of men, or eye of day !
 : Sometimes, to cheat her bosom of its cares,
 Her kind protector number'd o'er the toils
 Himself had worn : the frowns of angry seas,
 Or hostile rage, or faithless friend, more fell
 Than storm or foe : if haply she might find
 Her cares diminish'd ; fruitless, fond essay !
 Now to her lovely hand, with modest awe
 The tender lute he gave : she not averse
 Nor destitute of skill, with willing hand
 Call'd forth angelic strains ; the sacred debt
 Of gratitude, she paid ; whose just commands
 Still might her hand with equal pride obey !

Nor to the melting sounds the nymph refus'd
 Her vocal art ; harmonious, as the strain
 Of some imprison'd lark, who daily chear'd
 By guardian cares, repays them with a song :
 Nor droops, nor deems sweet liberty resign'd.

The song, not artless, had she fram'd to paint
 Disastrous passion ; how, by tyrant laws
 Of idiot custom sway'd, some soft-ey'd fair
 Lov'd only one ; nor dar'd that love reveal !
 How the soft anguish banish'd from her cheek
 The damask rose full-blown ; a fever came,
 And from her bosom forc'd the plaintive tale.
 Then, swift as light, he sought the love-lorn maid,
 But vainly sought her ; torn by swifter fate
 To join the tenants of the myrtle shade,
 Love's mournful victims on the plains below.

Sometimes, as fancy spoke the pleasing task,
 She taught her artful needle to display
 The various pride of spring ; then swift upsprung
 Thickets of myrtle, eglantine and rose :
 There might you see, on gentle toils intent,

A train of busy loves; some pluck the flow'r;
 Some twine the garland, some with grave grimace
 Around a vacant warrior cast the wreath.
 'Twas paint, 'twas life! and sure to piercing eyes
 The warrior's face depictur'd Henry's mien.

Now had the gen'rous chief with joy perus'd
 The royal scroll, which to their native home,
 Their ancient rights, uninjur'd, unredeem'd,
 Restor'd the captives. Forth with rapid haste
 To glad his fair Elvira's ear, he sprung;
 Fir'd by the bliss he panted to convey;
 But fir'd in vain! ah! what was his amaze,
 His fond distress, when o'er her pallid face
 Dejection reign'd, and from her lifeless hand
 Down dropt the myrtle's fair unfinish'd flow'r!
 Speechless she stood; at length with accents faint,
 "Well may my native shore," she said, "resound
 "Thy monarch's praise; and ere Elvira prove
 "Of thine forgetful, flow'rs shall cease to feel
 "The soft'ring breeze, and nature change her laws."

And now the grateful edict wide alarm'd
 The British host. Around the smiling youths
 Call'd to their native scenes, with willing haste
 Their fleet unmoor; impatient of the love
 That weds each bosom to its native soil.
 The patriot passion! strong in ev'ry clime,
 How justly theirs, who find no foreign sweets.
 To dissipate their loves, or match their own.

Not so Elvira! she, disastrous maid,
 Was doubly captive! pow'r nor chance could loose
 The subtle bands; she lov'd her gen'rous foe.
 She, where her Henry dwelt, her Henry smil'd,
 Could term her native shore; her native shore
 By him deserted, some unfriendly strand,
 Strange, bleak, forlorn! a desert waste and wild.

The fleet careen'd, the wind propitious fill'd
 The swelling sails, the glitt'ring transports wav'd
 Their pendants gay, and halcyons azure wing
 With flight auspicious skimm'd the placid main.

On her lone couch in tears Elvira lay,
 And chid th' officious wind, the tempting sea,
 And wish'd a storm as merciless as tore
 Her lab'ring bosom. Fondly now she strove
 To banish passion; now the vassal days,
 The captive moments that so smoothly past,
 By many an art recall'd; now from her lute
 With trembling fingers call'd the fav'rite sounds
 Which Henry deign'd to praise; and now essay'd
 With mimic chains of silken fillets wove
 To paint her captive state; if any fraud
 Might to her love the pleasing scenes prolong,
 And with the dear idea feast the soul.

But now the chief return'd; prepar'd to launch
 On Ocean's willing breast, and bid adieu
 To his fair pris'ner. She, soon as she heard
 His hated errand, now no more conceal'd
 The raging flame; but with a spreading blush,
 And rising sigh, the latent pang disclos'd.

Yes, gen'rous youth! I see thy bosom glow
 With virtuous transport, that the task is thine
 To solve my chains; and to my weeping friends,
 And ev'ry longing relative, restore
 A soft-ey'd maid, a mild offenceless prey!
 But know, my soldier, never youthful mind
 Torn from the lavish joys of wild expence
 By him he loth'd, and in a dungeon bound
 To languish out his bloom, could catch the pains
 This ill-starr'd freedom gives my tortur'd mind.

What call I freedom? is it that these limbs
 From rigid bolts secure, may wander far
 From him I love? Alas, ere I may boast

That sacred blessing, some superior pow'r
 To mortal kings, to sublunary thrones,
 Must loose my passion, must unchain my soul.
 Ev'n that I lothe; all liberty I lothe!
 But most the joyless privilege to gaze
 With cold indifference, where desert is love.

True, I was born an alien to those eyes
 I ask alone to please; my fortune's crime!
 And ah! this flatter'd form, by dress endear'd
 To Spanish eyes, by dress may thine offend,
 Whilst I, ill-fated maid! ordain'd to strive
 With custom's load, beneath its weight expire.

Yet Henry's beauties knew in foreign garb
 To vanquish me; his form, howe'er disguis'd,
 To me were fatal! no fantastic robe
 That e'er caprice invented, custom wore,
 Or folly smil'd on, could eclipse thy charms.

Perhaps by birth decreed, by fortune plac'd
 Thy country's foe, Elvira's warmest plea,
 Seems but the subtler accent fraud inspires;
 My tend'rest glances, but the specious flow'rs
 That shade the viper while she plots her wound.
 And can the trembling candidate of love
 Awake thy fears? and can a female breast
 By ties of grateful duty bound, ensnare?
 Is there no brighter mien, no softer smile
 For love to wear, to dark deceit unknown?
 Heav'n search my soul, and if thro' all its cells
 Lurk the pernicious drop of pois'nous guile,
 Full on my fenceless head its phial'd wrath
 May fate exhaust; and for my happiest hour
 Exalt the vengeance I prepare for thee!

Ah me! nor Henry's, nor his country's foe,
 On thee I gaz'd, and reason soon dispell'd
 Dim error's gloom, and to thy favour'd isle
 Assign'd its total merit, unrestrain'd.

Oh! lovely region to the candid eye!
 'Twas there my fancy saw the virtues dwell,
 The loves, the graces play; and blest'd the soil
 That nurrur'd thee; for sure the virtues form'd
 Thy gen'rous breast; the loves, the graces plann'd
 Thy shapely limbs. Relation, birth essay'd
 Their partial power in vain; again I gaz'd,
 And Albion's isle appear'd, amidst a track
 Of savage wastes, the darling of the skies!
 And thou by nature form'd, by fate assign'd
 To paint the genius of thy native shore.

'Tis true, with flow'rs, with many a dazzling
 scene

Of burnish'd plants, to lure a female eye,
 Iberia glows: but ah! the genial sun,
 That gilds the lemon's fruit, or scents the flow'r,
 On Spanish minds, a nation's nobler boast!
 Beams forth ungentle influences. There
 Sits jealousy enthron'd, and at each ray
 Exultant lights his slow consuming fires.
 Not such thy charming region; long before
 My sweet experience taught me to decide
 Of English worth, the sound had pleas'd mine ear.
 Is there that savage coast, that rude sojourn
 Stranger to British worth? the worth which forms
 The kindest friends, the most tremendous foes;
 First, best supports of liberty and love!
 No, let subjected India, while she throws
 O'er Spanish deeds the veil, your praise resound.
 Long as I heard, or ere in story read
 Of English fame, my bias'd partial breast
 Wish'd them success, and happiest he, I cry'd,
 Of women happiest she, who shares the love,
 The fame, the virtues of an English lord.
 And now what shall I say? blest'd be the hour

Your fair-built vessels touch'd th' Iberian shores :
 Bless'd did I say the time ? if I may bless
 That lov'd event, let Henry's smiles declare.
 Our hearts and cities won, will Henry's youth
 Forego its nobler conquest ? will he slight
 The soft endearments of the lovelier spoil ?
 And yet Iberia's sons, with every vow
 Of lasting faith, have sworn these humble charms
 Were not excell'd ; the source of all their pains,
 And love her just desert, who sues for love ;
 But sues to thee, while natives sigh in vain.
 Perhaps in Harry's eye (for vulgar minds
 Dissent from his) it spreads an hateful stain
 On honest fame, amid his train to bear
 A female friend. Then learn, my gentle youth !
 Not Love himself, with all the pointed pains
 That store his quiver, shall seduce my soul
 From honour's laws. Elvira once deny'd
 A consort's name, more swift than light'ning flies,
 When elements discordant vex the sky,
 Shall blushing from the form she loves retire.

Yet if the specious with the vulgar voice
 Has titled prudence, sways a soul like thine,
 In gems or gold what proud Iberian dame
 Eclipses me ? nor paint the dreary storms
 Or hair-breadth 'scapes that haunt the boundless
 deep,

And force from tender eyes the silent tear ;
 When mem'ry to the pensive maid suggests
 In full contrast, the safe domestic scene
 For these resign'd. Beyond the frantic rage
 Of conqu'ring heroes brave, the female mind,
 When steel'd by love, in love's most horrid way
 Beholds not danger, or beholding scorns.
 Heaven take my life, but let it crown my love."

She ceas'd, and ere his words her fate decreed,
 Impatient, watch'd the language of his eye:
 There pity dwelt, and from its tender sphere
 Sent looks of love, and faithless hope inspir'd.

"Forgive me, gen'rous maid," the youth return'd,
 "If by thy accents charm'd, thus long I bore
 To let such sweetness plead, alas! in vain!
 Thy virtue merits more than crowns can yield
 Of solid bliss, or happiest love bestow.
 But ere from native shores I plough'd the main,
 To one dear maid, by virtue and by charms
 Alone endear'd, my plighted vows I gave;
 To guard my faith, whatever chance should wait
 My warring sword: if conquest, fame, and spoil
 Grac'd my return, before her feet to pour
 The glitt'ring treasure, and the laurel wreath;
 Enjoying conquest then, and fame and spoil.
 If fortune frown'd adverse; and death forbade
 The blissful union, with my latest breath
 To dwell on Medway's and Maria's name,
 This ardent vow deep rooted, from my soul
 No dangers tore; this vow my bosom fir'd
 To conquer danger, and the spoil enjoy.
 Her shall I leave, with fair events elate,
 Who crown'd mine humblest fortune with her love?
 Her shall I leave, who now perchance alone
 Climbs the proud cliff, and chides my slow return?
 And shall that vessel, whose approaching sails
 Shall swell her breast with ecstasies, convey
 Death to her hopes, and anguish to her soul?
 No! may the deep my villain-corse devour,
 If all the wealth Iberian mines conceal,
 If all the charms Iberian maids disclose,
 If thine, Elvira, thine, uniting all!
 Thus far prevail—nor can thy virtuous breast
 Demand, what honour, faith, and love denies."

" Oh ! happy she ! " rejoin'd the pensive maid,
 " Who shares thy fame, thy virtue, and thy love !
 And be she happy ! thy distinguish'd choice
 Declares her worth, and vindicates her claim.
 Farewell my luckless hopes, my flatt'ring dreams
 Of rapt'rous days ! my guilty suit farewell !
 Yet, fond howe'er my plea, or deep the wound
 That waits my fame, let not the random shaft
 Of censure pierce with me th' Iberian dames :
 They love with caution, and with happier stars.
 And oh ! by pity mov'd, restrain the taunts
 Of levity, nor brand Elvira's flame ;
 By merit rais'd ; by gratitude approv'd ;
 By hope confirm'd ; with artless truth reveal'd ;
 Let, let me say, but for one matchless maid
 Of happier birth, with mutual ardour crown'd.

These radiant gems, which burnish happiness,
 But mock misfortune, to thy favourite's hand
 With care convey. And well may such adorn
 Her chearful front, who finds in thee alone
 The source of ev'ry transport ; but disgrace
 My pensive breast, which doom'd to lasting woe,
 In thee the source of ev'ry bliss resigns.

And now farewell, thou darling youth ! the gem
 Of English merit ! peace, content, and joy,
 And tender hopes, and young desires, farewell !
 Attend, ye smiling train, this gallant mind
 Back to his native shores ; there sweetly smooth
 His ev'ning pillow ; dance around his groves ;
 And where he treads, with vi'lets paint his way.
 But leave Elvira ! leave her, now no more
 Your frail companion ! In the sacred cells
 Of some lone cloister let me shroud my shame :
 There to the matin bell, obsequious, pour
 My constant orisons. The wanton loves,
 And gay desires shall spy the glimm'ring tow'rs,

And wing their flight aloof: but rest confirm'd,
That never shall Elvira's tongue conclude
Her shortest pray'r, ere Henry's dear success
The warmest accent of her zeal employ."

Thus spoke the weeping fair, whose artless mind
Impartial scorn'd to model her esteem
By native customs; dress, and face, and air,
And manners, less; nor yet resolv'd in vain.
He, bound by prior love, the solemn vow
Giv'n and receiv'd, to soft compassion gave
A tender tear; then with that kind adieu,
Esteem could warrant, weary'd heav'n with pray'rs
To shield that tender breast he left forlorn.

He ceas'd, and to the cloister's pensive scene
Elvira shap'd her solitary way.

The SCHOOL-MISTRESS.

In imitation of SPENCER.

*Audite voces, vagitus et ingens,
Infantumque animæ flentes in limine primo.*

Virg.

ADVERTISEMENT.

What particulars in Spencer were imagined most proper for the author's imitation on this occasion, are his language, his simplicity, his manner of description, and a peculiar tenderness of sentiment, remarkable throughout his works.

AH me! full sorely is my heart forlorn,
To think how modest worth neglected lies!
While partial fame doth with her blast adorn
Such deeds alone, as pride and pomp disguise;
Deeds of ill sort, and mischievous emprise!
Lend me thy clarion, goddess! let me try
To sound the praise of merit, ere it dies!
Such as I oft have chanced to espy,
Lost in the dreary shades of dull obscurity.

In ev'ry village mark'd with little spire,
Embower'd in trees, and hardly known to fame,
There dwells, in lowly shed, and mean attire,
A matron old, whom we School-mistress name;
Who boasts unruly brats with birch to tame;
They grieven sore, in piteous durance pent,
Aw'd by the pow'r of this relentless dame;
And oft times, on vagaries idly bent,
For unkempt hair, or talk unconn'd, are sorely shent.

And all in sight doth rise a birchen tree,
 Which Learning near her little dome did stowe;
 Whilom a twig of small regard to see,
 Though now so wide its waving branches flow;
 And work the simple vassals mickle wo;
 For not a wind might curl the leaves that blew,
 But their limbs shudder'd, and their pulse beat low;
 And, as they look'd, they found their horror grew,
 And shap'd it into rods, and tingled at the view.

So have I seen (who has not may conceive)
 A lifeless phantom near a garden plac'd;
 So doth it wanton birds of peace bereave,
 Of sport, of song, of pleasure, of repast;
 They start, they stare, they wheel, they look aghast,
 Sad servitude! such comfortless annoy
 May no bold Briton's riper age e'er taste!
 Ne superstition clog his dance of joy,
 Ne vision empty, vain, his native bliss destroy.

Near to this dome is found a path so green,
 On which the tribe their gambols do display;
 And at the door impris'ning board is seen,
 Lest weakly wights of smaller size should stray;
 Eager, perdie, to bask in sunny day!
 The noises intermix'd, which thence resound,
 Do learning's little tenement betray:
 Where sits the dame, disguis'd in look profound,
 And eyes her fairy throng, and turns her wheel
 around.

Her cap, far whiter than the driven snow,
 Emblem right meet of decency does yield:
 Her apron dy'd in grain, as blue, I trowe,
 As is the hare-bell that adorns the field:
 And in her hand, for sceptre, she does wield
 Tway birchen sprays; with anxious fear entwin'd,
 With dark distrust, and sad repentance fill'd,

And stedfast hate, and sharp affliction join'd,
And fury uncontroll'd, and chastisement unkind.

Few but have ken'd, in semblance meet pour-
tray'd,

The childish faces of old Eol's train;
Libs, Notus, Auster: these in frowns array'd,
How then would fare or earth, or sky, or main,
Were the stern god to give his slaves the rein!
And were not she rebellious breasts to quell,
And were not she her statutes to maintain,
The cott no more, I ween, were deem'd the cell,
Where comely peace of mind and decent order
dwell.

A russet stole was o'er her shoulders thrown;
A russet kirtle fenc'd the nipping air;
'Twas simple russet, but it was her own;
'Twas her own country bred the flock so fair;
'Twas her own labour did the fleece prepare;
And sooth to say, her pupils, rang'd around,
Through pious awe, did term it passing rare!
For they in gaping wonderment abound,
And think, no doubt, she been the greatest wight
on ground.

Albeit ne flatt'ry did corrupt her truth,
Ne pompous title did debauch her ear;
Goody, good woman, gossip, n'aunt, forsooth,
Or dame, the sole additions she did hear;
Yet these she challeng'd, these she held right dear!
Ne would esteem him act as mought behove,
Who should not honour'd eld with these revere:
For never title yet so mean could prove,
But there was eke a mind which did that title love,

One ancient hen she took delight to feed,
The plodding pattern of the busy dame;

Which ever and anon, impell'd by need,
 Into her school, begirt with chickens, came;
 Such favour did her past deportment claim:
 And if neglect had lavish'd on the ground
 Fragment of bread, she would collect the same;
 For well she knew, and quaintly could expound,
 What sin it were to waste the smallest crum she
 found.

Herbs too she knew, and well of each could speak
 That in her garden sipt the silv'ry dew;
 Where no vain flow'r disclos'd a gaudy streak;
 But herbs for use and physic, not a few,
 Of grey renown, within those borders grew;
 The tufted basil, pun-provocking thyme,
 Fresh baum, and marygold of chearful hue;
 The lowly gill, that never dares to climb;
 And more I fain would sing, disdaining here to
 rhyme.

Yet euphrasy may not be left unsung,
 That gives dim eyes to wander leagues around;
 And pungent radish, biting infant's tongue;
 And plantain ribb'd, that heals the reaper's
 wound;
 And marj'ram sweet, in shepherd's posie found;
 And lavender, whose spikes of azure bloom
 Shall be ere-while, in arid bundles bound,
 To lurk amidst the labours of her loom,
 And crown her kerchiefs clean, with mickle rare
 perfume.

And here trim rosmarine, that whilom crown'd
 The daintiest garden of the proudest peer;
 Ere, driven from its envy'd site, it found
 A sacred shelter for its branches here;
 Where edg'd with gold its glitt'ring skirts appear.

Oh wassel-days! O customs meet and well!
 Ere this was banish'd from its lofty sphere:
 Simplicity then sought this humble cell,
 Nor ever would she more with thane and lordling
 dwell.

Here oft the dame, on Sabbath's decent eve,
 Hymned such psalms as Sternhold forth did mete.
 If winter 'twere, she to her hearth did cleave:
 But in her garden found a summer-seat:
 Sweet melody! to hear her then repeat
 How Israel's sons, beneath a foreign king,
 While taunting foe-men did a song intreat,
 All, for the nonce, untuning ev'ry string,
 Up-hung their uselefs lyres——small heart had they
 to sing.

For she was just, and friend to virtuous lore,
 And pass'd much time in truly virtuous deed:
 And, in those elfins' ears, would oft deplore
 The times, when truth by Popish rage did bleed,
 And tortious death was true devotion's meed;
 And simple faith in iron chains did mourn,
 That nould on wooden image place her creed;
 And lawny saints in sinould'ring flames did burn:
 Ah! dearest Lord, forefend thilk days should e'er
 return.

In elbow-chair, like that of Scottish stem
 By the sharp tooth of cank'ring eld defac'd,
 In which, when he receives his diadem,
 Our sov'reign prince and liefest liege is plac'd,
 The matron sat; and some with rank she grac'd,
 (The source of childrens and of courtiers pride!)
 Redress'd affronts, for vile affronts there pass'd;
 And warn'd them not the fretful to deride,
 But love each other dear, whatever them betide.

Right well she knew each temper to descry;
 To thwart the proud, and the submissive to raise;
 Some with vile copper prize exalt on high,
 And some entice with pittance small of praise!
 And other some with baleful sprig she 'frays:
 Ev'n absent, she the reins of pow'r doth hold,
 While with quaint arts the giddy crowd she sways;
 Forewarn'd, if little bird their pranks behold,
 'Twill whisper in her ear, and all the scene unfold.

Lo now with state she utters the command!
 Eftsoons the urchins to their tasks repair;
 Their books of stature small they take in hand,
 Which with pellucid horn secured are;
 To save from finger wet the letters fair:
 The work so gay, that on their back is seen,
 St George's high achievements does declare;
 On which thilk wight that has y-gazing been,
 Kens the forth-coming rod, unpleasing sight, I ween!

Ah luckless he, and born beneath the beam
 Of evil star! it irks me whilst I write!
 As erst the * bard by Mulla's silver stream,
 Oft, as he told of deadly dolorous plight,
 Sigh'd as he sung, and did in tears indite.
 For brandishing the rod, she doth begin
 To loose the brogues, the stripling's late delight!
 And down they drop; appears his dainty skin,
 Fair as the furry coat of whitest ermin.

O ruthless scene! when from a nook obscure,
 His little sister doth his peril see:
 All playful as she sat, she grows demure;
 She finds full soon her wonted spirits flee;
 She meditates a pray'r to set him free:
 Nor gentle pardon could this dame deny,
 (If gentle pardon could with dames agree);

K k 2

* Spencer.

To her sad grief that swells in either eye,
And wrings her so that all for pity she could die.

Ne longer can she now her shrieks command;
And hardly she forbears, thro' awful fear,
To rushen forth, and, with presumptuous hand,
To stay harsh justice in its mid career.
On thee she calls, on thee her parent dear,
(Ah! too remote to ward the shameful blow)!
She sees no kind domestic visage near,
And soon a flood of tears begins to flow;
And gives a loose at last to unavailing woe.

But ah! what pen his piteous plight may trace?
Or what device his loud laments explain?
The form uncouth of his disguised face?
The pallid hue that dyes his looks amain?
The plenteous show'r that does his cheek distain?
When he, in abject wise, implores the dame,
Ne hopeth aught of sweet reprieve to gain;
Or when from high she levels well her aim,
And, thro' the thatch, his cries each falling stroke
proclaim.

The other tribe, aghast, with fore dismay,
Attend, and conn their tasks with mickle care:
By turns astoni'd, ev'ry twig survey,
And, from their fellow's hateful wounds, beware;
Knowing, I wist, how each the same may share;
Till fear has taught them a performance meet,
And to the well-known chest the dame repair;
Whence oft with sugar'd cates she doth 'em greet,
And ginger-bread y-rare; now, certes, doubly sweet!

See to their seats they hie with merry glee,
And in befeemly order sitten there;
All but the wight of bum y-galled, he
Abhorreth bench, and stool, and fourm, and chair;
(This hand in mouth y-fix'd, that rends his hair);

And eke with snubs profound, and heaving breast,
 Convulsions intermitting ! does declare
 His grievous wrong ; his dame's unjust behest ;
 And scorns her offer'd love, and shuns to be carefs'd.

His face besprent with liquid crystal shines,
 His blooming face that seems a purple flow'r,
 Which low to earth its drooping head declines,
 All linear'd and sully'd by a vernal show'r.
 O the hard bosoms of despotic pow'r !
 All, all, but she, the author of his shame,
 All, all, but she, regret this mournful hour :
 Yet hence the youth, and hence the flow'r, shall
 claim,
 If so I deem aright, transcending worth and fame.

Behind some door, in melancholy thought,
 Mindless of food, he, dreary caitiff ! pines ;
 Ne for his fellow's joyance careth aught,
 But to the wind all merriment resigns ;
 And deems it shame if he to peace inclines ;
 And many a sullen look astance is sent,
 Which for his dame's annoyance he designs ;
 And still the more to pleasure him she's bent,
 The more doth he, perverse, her 'haviour past resent.

Ah me ! how much I fear lest pride it be !
 But if that pride it be which thus inspires,
 Beware, ye dames, with nice discernment see,
 Ye quench not too the sparks of nobler fires :
 Ah ! better far than all the muses lyres,
 All coward arts, is valour's gen'rous heat ;
 The firm fix'd breast which fit and right requires,
 Like Vernon's patriot soul ; more justly great,
 Than craft that pimps for ill, or flow'ry false deceit.

Yet nurs'd with skill, what dazzling fruits appear !
 Ev'n now sagacious foresight points to show

A little bench of heedless bishops here,
 And there a chancellor in embryo,
 Or bard sublime, if bard may e'er be so,
 As Milton, Shakespeare, names that ne'er shall die!
 Tho' now he crawl along the ground so low,
 Nor weeting how the muse should soar on high,
 Wisheth, poor starv'ling elf! his paper-kite may fly.

And this perhaps, who, cens'ring the design,
 Low lays the house which that of cards doth
 build,
 Shall Dennis be! if rigid fates incline,
 And many an epic to his rage shall yield;
 And many a poet quit th' Aonian field;
 And, sour'd by age, profound he shall appear,
 As he who now with 'sdainful fury thrill'd
 Surveys mine work; and levels many a sneer,
 And furls his wrinkly front, and cries, "What stuff
 " is here?"

But now Dan Phœbus gains the middle skie,
 And liberty unbars her prison-door;
 And like a rushing torrent out they fly,
 And now the grassy cirque han cover'd o'er
 With boist'rous revel-rout and wild uproar;
 A thousand ways in wanton rings they run,
 Heav'n shield their short-liv'd pastimes, I implore!
 For well may freedom, erst so dearly won,
 Appear to British elf more gladsome than the sun.

Enjoy, poor imps! enjoy your sportive trade;
 And chase gay flies, and cull the fairest flow'rs;
 For when my bones in grass-green sods are laid;
 For never may ye taste more careless hours
 In knightly castles, or in ladies bow'rs.
 O vain to seek delight in earthly thing!
 But most in courts where proud ambition tow'rs

Deluded wight! who weens fair peace can spring
Beneath the pompous dome of Kêsar or of king.

See in each sprite some various bent appear!
These rudely carol most incondite lay;
Those, saunt'ring on the green, with jocund leer
Salute the stranger passing on his way;
Some builden fragile tenements of clay;
Some to the standing lake their courses bend,
With pebbles smooth at duck and drake to play;
Thilk to the huxter's sav'ry cottage tend,
In pastry kings and queens th' allotted mite to spend.

Here, as each season yields a different store,
Each season's stores in order ranged been;
Apples with cabbage-net y-cover'd o'er,
Galling full fore th' unmoney'd wight, are seen;
And goosb'rie clad in liv'ry red or green;
And here of lovely dye, the cath'rine pear,
Fine pear! as lovely for thy juice, I ween:
O may no wight e'er pennyless come there,
Lest smit with ardent love he pine with hopeless care!

See! cherries here, ere cherries yet abound,
With thread so white in tempting posies ty'd,
Scatt'ring like blooming maid their glances round,
With pamper'd look draw little eyes aside;
And must be bought, tho' penury betide.
The plumb all azure, and the nut all brown,
And here each season, do those cakes abide,
Whose honour'd names th' inventive city own,
Rend'ring through Britain's isle Salopia's praises
known*.

* Shrewsbury cakes.

Admir'd Salopia ! that with venial pride
Eyes her bright form in Severn's ambient wave,
Fam'd for her loyal cares in perils try'd,
Her daughters lovely, and her striplings brave :
Ah ! 'midst the rest, may flow'rs adorn his grave,
Whose art did first these dulcet cates display !
A motive fair to learning's imps he gave,
Who cheerless o'er her darkling region stray ;
Till reason's morn arise, and light them on their
way.



END OF VOLUME FIRST.

